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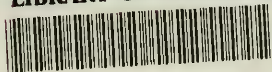
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Parmenas Taylor Turnley, at 71 years of age.

REMINISCENCES

OF

Parmenas Taylor Turnley

From the Cradle to Three-Score
and Ten

BY HIMSELF

FROM DIARIES KEPT FROM EARLY BOYHOOD.

WITH A BRIEF GLANCE BACKWARD THREE HUNDRED
AND FIFTY YEARS AT PROGENITORS AND
ANCESTRAL LINEAGE

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INTRODUCTION.

THERE seems to be in the human heart instinctive desire to preserve one's race and name coeval with man's advent on earth, and is shared alike by the barbarian and the civilized! Ambition animates a large portion ; while hope, we may suppose, lingers in the minds of the remainder! Things real as well as imaginary flash up to the mind as possibilities ; and we travel on with mind and hopes sustained and accelerated by—what *may be*—and too often fail to utilize what is, and what has been! It is said there is nothing new under the sun? This must mean that what is has been before and shall recur in the future? The desire and ambition to excel others in the race of earthly existence, and to stand pre-eminent is, and always will be, the potent force to move men to great action ; and this too, quite regardless of any moral phase of means to an end! Success alone really succeeds! and absolute, visible, tangible force is the Archimedean lever that conquers, and at the same time becomes the corner-stone of all kinds of human government, since the world began! Therefore it is that the art of destroying life by war opens the widest field for success, and the creating of heroes ; and will always be the chief factor in founding and controlling human governments!

Mankind are worshipers of idols ; the more enlightened preferring the *man hero*, rather than the dumb stock and stone! It is *war* that creates heroes! therefore the masses crave war! A few people here and there, at different epochs and periods, in sentimental moods of despondency, or of occasional religious fervor, may decry the strong arm of the sword, and advocate tribunes of arbitration ; but such advocacy will never prevail ; and such peaceful tribune will ever be the iridescent dream of the imagination! No human government was ever established, save by absolute physical force—nor one ever maintained except by the

exercise of that force. We, of these United States, never tire of boasting of our *un-warlike* popular government, forgetting for a moment that our boasted government was created in blood and slaughter ; and that it has been maintained in deeper seas of bloodshed, and loss of life and destruction of material wealth, than all other nations of the earth have expended during our century of existence! The period is rapidly approaching when military force, on a colossal scale, will be invoked to determine and settle the disputes between contending political parties and factions in our government ; and to suppress the corrupting elements and rottenness now fast accumulating! The power of concentrated wealth must and will rule nations and peoples, in the future as in the past! To this end the heterogeneous masses of the American Republic, gathered from all parts of the earth and called the populace, who are tickled, for the time being, with the appellation of sovereigns ; and exercising for a brief period the shadowy fiction. called *vox populi*—which in turn is the basis for that other fiction, *Voice of God*—will be set aside and kept in bounds by the strong arm of power, while superiors will maintain human government commensurate with the intelligence of the superior elements! The scramble for spoils of office is a barrier to good government by the populace. Equally erroneous is another feature of our American Republic, which is the boasted contention that State and Church are separate and distinct, and shall be kept so—that politics and religion have nothing in common! This is not true ; never was, and never will be! No government formed by men since the world began was based on any other foundation than some kind of religion! The most savage and barbarous tribes on earth have no conception of government, save as a religion! Equally so, do all higher civilizations merge, finally, its aims, efforts and motives, in the religious sentiment dominant among them. The weaker sects will be subdued, and the one stronger prevail! Every political party works under the inspiration of a *religion*—and all so-called political campaigns in a popular government are in fact religious contentions—and religious campaigns! Even as I write this Introduction, and the autumn leaves are falling silently on my grassy lawn, Harrison and Cleveland are before the people for the presidency ; both parties being managed and commanded by *political religionists*, with a deep and pious fervor in the heart of every leader, determined to down his opponent.

The moral turpitude of motive has no place in the action. One party's religion is its politics, while the other party's politics is its religion; and in both parties, the incentive is a craving for power and the spoils of office as the chief object of government! The republican's political religion forces him to detest and abhor the democrat's religion, and vice versa! I am aware some will call this merely political differences; but, as I have said, it is religious differences, all the same—and these contentions must of necessity terminate in armed conflict, the same as have been since human government began on earth. Bullets and not ballots must be the final arbiter! Religion is a sentiment eternal in the human heart, and shapes men's conduct in the establishment and control of human government. The earliest record we have of government among men is the alleged record of the alleged Moses! Whether Moses and the record were realities or mere fictions, it is of little moment, since the narrative, in the light of thousands of years experience and observation, demonstrates that absolute power will rule independent of all imaginary moral features! Moses found no difficulty in obtaining orders from Deity to put to death all other tribes and peoples who presumed to offer resistance! His example has been followed closely ever since! Even our modern Moses, Brigham Young, of Utah, held frequent council with Deity in Emigration Canon, in Salt Lake Valley, and received orders from Deity to exterminate his male enemies; and, like the first Moses, to parcel out the virgins among his people! All this was right at the times and places; because, *power must rule on earth* as Deity of infinite power rules throughout the universe. The earthly *Moses*, of back date, created his Deity or his God to suit his purposes; so, also, our modern Moses (Brigham Young) managed to meet a Deity or a God in *Emigration Canon*, in Utah, altogether in accord to his desires and plans. (How simple the thing seems when we look at it in its true light!)

Ernest Seymour Turnley, Deceased August, 1891, in his 17th year of age.

PREFACE.

WHEN only a stripling boy, devoted to the monotonous drudgery of farm and field, the feeding and care of hogs and cattle, I was much given to carving my name and the date on the bark of large beech trees (very numerous on the premises), with my cheap Barlow knife; and from that I went further and appropriated a half filled business journal (no longer used) to the use of recording incidents, events and happenings, personal to myself. For what purpose I did this, I could hardly have explained, but no doubt it was largely from curiosity. I continued this practice, of recording personal items, as I grew in years and observation, and when twenty years of age I was tempted to review the same and to eliminate the three-fourths of juvenile surplusage and arrange in proper order the remaining fourth of the more salient incidents in a connected manuscript for my amusement and better information. This work I did at spare hours, extending through several years, and the effect was to lead me to keeping an improved diary for the future. Finally, when genius and skill produced the type-printing machine, I proved my appreciation of the invention by contributing many dollars to various and sundry estimable young women who had mastered the art of using it, by which means I had put into type print the accumulated entries culled from numerous diaries, of all kinds and sizes, from the pocket memoranda to the quarto, and the same is piled upon my dusty bookshelves in what I call my den, where I write and think and smoke my cherished cob-pipe! Not until a year or two ago did it enter my mind to do more than leave this manuscript for my children's disposition. My only son, Ernest Seymour, when home from college during the Christmas holidays, 1890, read over some of the type manuscript, became greatly interested in the narrative, and then said, "I do wish you would have this printed in a book." When he returned for the summer vacation, June, 1891, he repeated his desire for the book, adding, "We cannot all have and use this single manuscript." The boy's point was well taken. I thought the matter over and told him I would do as he requested, and would probably have the book ready about the time he

would finish college, say, during the World's Fair in Chicago, May, 1893. This was early in July, 1891. Little did he or I, then dream of what was to come to us both in a few short weeks. He went to bed Friday night, August 14th with a high fever, which soon developed into malignant typhoid, of which he breathed his last in his father's arms at 1:20 P. M. Monday, August 24th, 1891, in his 17th year of age. (See Appendix No. 1.) This sudden ending of his young life gave him rest. It may be he is the gainer! Not so with me. However, I have tried to reconcile my mind to the inevitable, and as a loving reminder of the erst-while robust, vigorous and most genial and promising boy, I hereby carry out the promise I made him, and in memory of my dear deceased son, I print the manuscript in book form, only for personal friends and family. There is little in it of much interest to any others than my immediate family, my relatives, college mates and personal friends; although many others may find food for reflection, and possiby discover some words of interest touching personal traits of character of some who are mentioned or alluded to in the following pages, but always with feelings of friendship and presented in a true garb. The reader may smile at an occasional pessimistic utterance, as possibly meant for a joke or a bit of extravagance, but will also remember that many a truth is spoken as if in jest!

As I write these last finishing lines, I am sitting in the tower attic of my *Hormazo** at Highland Park, elevated more than a hundred feet above the turbulent waters of Lake Michigan, close to the unceasing roar and noise of the rolling breakers pitching over each other, as if in haste to strike the shore, all in full view from my windows; the blue waters dazzling in the clear sunlight of a lovely November day, Nature could scarce present a more charming view, than meets my eyes at this moment; but still there ever comes to my mind, the sad and unanswerable question, "Why should my son of 16 in the bloom and vigor of youth, sink to death in arms three score and ten? Why not *I have expired in his arms?* Is it possible he accomplished his work at 16, while I am still behind with mine past 70?"

PARMENAS TAYLOR TURNLEY.

HIGHLAND PARK, November, 1892.

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* "Hormazo"—Lawn and garden.

REMINISCENCES FROM DIARY.

CHAPTER I.

The following pages of reminiscences, from diaries of some of the ups and downs of a long, and rugged, but by no means eventful, life is hardly a biography, or autobiography, but merely a rapid, personal narrative of commonplace events and wanderings of one who is without fame, fortune or many friends.

True, I have labored in fields of hazard, glory and success with many who did win fame and fortune, and who have been gazetted to the world as the greatest, of our Nation's era, while I—the quiet plodder and unambitious—enjoy my reward in having helped others to greatness. For, if I had not, at the opportune time, on many occasions, interposed my aid, some of the stars of record might not have shown so brightly. Some of them possibly not at all.

While a cadet at West Point, and since that time, some things occurred which might have been different, and some persons most interested, but not most deserving—*possibly*—were yet the most fortunate in acquiring fame, through timely aid from others, on whom they had no claims.

Had I not on the cold December night (25th,1843), assisted by one other cadet, helped Cadet Ulysses S. Grant to reach his room in the barracks—through deep snow returning from "Benny Haven's" with

tobacco and a little whisky, of which he had swallowed too much to help himself—perhaps his career might have been different to what it was, for he most certainly would have been caught and dismissed from the military academy!

Had I not personally and alone, at great hazard to myself, rescued Cadets S. D. Sturgis and E. A. Burnside, at midnight, January 16, 1846, from the snow-drift on the hill side near the cadets' hospital—too drunk to help themselves—and certain of dismissal if discovered—(and discovery staring them in the face)—what might have been the change in their records?

Had I not rescued Cadet George E. Pickett from a similar condition on the night of February 14, 1846, what might have been the result of his after-life? And who would have made his record at Gettysburg?

Had I not interposed on behalf of Capt. Phil. Sheridan to save him from a court-martial which would have dismissed, if not cashiered him, for refusing, in writing, to obey the orders of good old Gen. Curtis, while in camp near Springfield, Missouri, January, 1862, where might Sheridan have landed? And who would have made that famous *ride?*

But I always, through life, did what I could for my friends above named, at the propitious moment—and also for many others who gained distinction. But, as all is well that ends well, I have only to say, God bless their souls, long live their names and greener grow their memories. Albeit, they, each one, owed to the writer, in spirit of friendship and comity, more than they seemed ever to think of liquidating. It may be they were built in a way to think mainly about themselves, while their great luck was foreordained and

consisted in having others to aid them, whose service was theirs as if by inheritance, without price, merely by the laws of luck. So mote it be, for good luck is better than a fortune earned by personal labor.

Neither can I claim fame or fortune (and so far as I have experienced) any large number of friends from ancestry. This may be because none of them were hanged, beheaded, exiled, or accused of piracy, or ever became conspicuous in outlawry or popular crimes of their day and time, which goes to show that my progenitors were a quiet, inoffensive set of do-nothings. Those of them who came to this country from England belonged to that pitiable, and to me uninteresting, class called "poor, but honest." Whatever the Sunday-school books may say, close observations of a long life inclines me to think that few men, the world over, who gained fame fortune and renown, considered poverty any great reward for the double virtue of honesty. Having myself most prized the latter, I am content therewith, and have no longings for fame or fortune.

However, it seems to me germane to my subject and not derogatory to ancestral memory, while instructive to kinsfolk, to say a few words concerning the lineage from which I sprouted, and then, like *Topsey*, "*jest growed.*"

The Turnleys were a family in England, of note and standing, as far back as Queen Bess. Prior to 1550, my far back progenitors are recorded as a family with a Coat-of-Arms, in the register's office in London; and while such pagan and idolatrous trappings add nothing to character, yet it tickles the vanity of some people; and some of my now poverty-stricken kinsfolk scattered over the earth may some day possess themselves of

other people's earnings and become so rich in worldly trash as to want to revel (in imagination at least) in the dreamy past and borrow prestige from ancestral stars? Besides, we are advancing rapidly in this line as a nation and making annually a few thousand plutocrats, millionaires and nabobs in our Republic, by special laws requiring the masses to contribute a constantly increasing stream of tribute to a favored few, who will ere long be the rulers of the country, and will then desire and boast of those pagan relics called "Coats-of-Arms." Lightning of this color may strike some of my kith and kin, and they will then prize highly such badges, and my departed spirit may receive a credit in the distant future which my ashes may not respond to or appreciate.

However, when the Herald College was burned in London, with scores of other records, coats and blazonry, the Turnley Coat-of-Arms was destroyed. Those who were especially interested in such things had their records restored; but the Turnleys neglected this for many years. This is a further evidence that the Turnleys had deteriorated and *lacked sagacity* and *promptness* to follow lines that led to greatness.

This restoration of record was finally made, however, and the record will be found in Randal Holmes' Academy of Armory, published during the reign of Charles II. The "*Turn Cup Lil*," as the arms represent, page 480, Vol. 1, of Fairbairn's Crests of Great Britain and Ireland.

EXTRACTS FROM THE RECORDS IN THE HERALD'S OFFICE.

"An Academy of Armory, a storehouse of armory and blazonry, containing all things worn in Coats of

Turnley.

Arms, both foreign and domestic, with the terms of arts used in each service, by Randal Holmes, of the City of Chester, Gentleman Senior in Extraordinary to His Majesty King Charles II, and sometimes Deputy for the King at Arms, MDCLXXXVIII, Book II, Chap.—, Page 74, Sec. C. V. (105). He beareth Argo Turn-cap flour; Fliped: by florists termed Mastagon fliped."

"These are born by Turnley."

Page 140, Vol. 1, of Fairbairn's Crests of Great Britain and Ireland:

Turnley's Coat of Arms—"On a mount vert: an oak tree ppr. pendent and sinister side a shield *gu* charged with a cross pattee or perseveranda, pl: 75, cr: 2. Cross pl. 141." or, more clearly translated, "Turnley's Coat of Arms, first the shield and the pattee cross, with the crest, a green oak tree on a mound, pendent on the left side a reddened shield charged with a pattee cross; that is, a cross in which the arms are very narrow at the inner ends and broad at the outer ends. Plate 75, Crest 2. Cross plate 141."

Richard Turnley was an ensign with the Earl of Essex, and embarked from Plymouth against Spain, which resulted in the capture of Cadiz. He was in another expedition under Essex for the protection of Ireland from threatened invasion by Spain. Several members of the family held positions of honor and trust during that period. John and Francis and Edmund Turnley (the first two as ensigns and Edmund as cornet) joined a squadron of cavalry, and when Cromwell became Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, those three participated in that memorable, but discreditable battle of Drogheda. After their discharge from the

service two of them turned their faces homeward (to England) but John concluded to remain in Ireland, and settle there in business, married, had children and thus planted the name in the Emerald Isle. (Mr. John Turnley, Esquire, of Drumnasole, Glenarm, County Antrim, is one of the product of John Turnley of Ireland. He was living as late as June, 1892, about 73 years of age.) Francis and Edmund continued their return toward England, but tarried one year in Wales to see how they liked the people and the country. Francis liked it so well, (or rather liked one of the lassies so much) that he married and settled there for good. Edmund alone finally reached England and there lived and raised a family, a descendant of whom (Mr. Joseph Turnley, Esquire, of Tudor House, Burgess Hill, Sussex, near London) was lately living. Francis, of Wales, is the one accountable for the Turnley progeny in the United States. He had a family of sons and daughters, and after a time removed to Monmouth, England, where he died in 1690. His two elder sons he named also, John and Francis, and these two brothers are the progenitors of the Turnleys in this country. I omit notice of Edmund Turnley's offspring, as also of another of the family named James Turnley, who resided in Gloucester, England, all of whom had sons, and the name and connection became quite usual in parts of England, Ireland and Wales. (Not to mention a few illegitimates in India and some English colonies.)

I am only interested in the two sons of Francis of Wales (John and Francis) who came to the United States. They were born in Monmouth, England, in 1660 and 1662, and after reaching their majority, they crossed the channel to Bristol, England, where they

married and had families. In 1692, having been tempted by the favorable inducements offered by William and Mary to emigrate to the colonies, they together embarked for the new country from the then port of Bristol, for Norfolk, Virginia, with their families. John, the elder, settled in or near Bedford County, and Francis in Spottsylvania County, Virginia. Francis' offspring I will not trace, as I come from the John of Bedford County and later of Botetourt County. Both of these brothers, however, had sons and they followed the confusing custom of naming each of their eldest for his uncle; so that it is John and Francis continued to the extent of a serious confusion to trace them; although now and then the names of Edmund and James come in. Francis' first son was born also in Monmouth in 1691. So also John's eldest was born in Monmouth in 1690. The two fathers died in Virginia at ripe of ages, and the two cousins took their places in the world, with limited education and less patrimony. This John succeeding his father in Bedford County, became of age there in 1712, married and had two children, the eldest of whom he named John, of course, and that John, born in 1737, *was my great grandfather.* His father died when he was only nine years old, and the boy was apprenticed to a brickmaker and mason. In that day and time the unfortunate apprentice boy was worse off than a bond slave. He continued with his master till nineteen years of age, when he ran away, and concealed himself in another county till the matter blew over; but followed his well-learned trade of laying brick. Finally, at the age of twenty-four, he was married to Mary Handy and in 1762 his first child, and only son,

was born and named George; that George was my grandfather. This boy, George, was a well-grown fourteen year old lad when the Revolution (1776) began, and joined the Continental troops as a conductor of pack horses with supplies in parts of the country where wheeled vehicles and other means of transportation could not be had. He continued in the military service (never reaching above a private, or train-boy) till the close of the war in 1783, by which time he was of age and returned to his father's place in Bottetourt County, Virginia, penniless and ragged. His father was a poor man, owned only a small patch of land for bread and garden purposes, but made his living by his trade, laying brick. He had only two children; this son George and a girl named Elizabeth. George soon tired of the dull and unpromising prospect in the old shanty in Bottetourt County and set out on foot, to seek something more inviting in the region of country along the upper tributaries of the French-Broad, the Pigeon and Holston rivers, in what is now Eastern Tennessee, but was at that time a territory of North Carolina. He spent some time among the Indians then occupying that region, and liked it so well he returned to Virginia, and induced his father to pull up stakes and accompany him back to the French-Broad river where they drove their new stakes in 1785, in the rich lands and cane brakes, thirty miles east of where Knoxville now is. Meanwhile the sister, Elizabeth, had, about the close of the war, married in Bottetout, a Mr. George Graham, a Scotch mill-wright and excellent mechanic. They also followed the Turnleys to the French-Broad. Thus it was the Turnley tree was planted in that new territory.

Grandfather George cut logs and erected a snug cabin, 15x20 feet, in the edge of the cane-brake, hewed out "puncheons" for the floor and rived out clap-boards for roof and doors, and in March, 1791, married Lottie Cunningham, of Shenandoah County, Virginia, but who with her mother and brother had followed the Turnleys to the new country, and located a few miles from them. In that little cabin on February 27, 1792, their first child was born, named John C. Turnley, and he became father to the man who writes these lines.

John C. grew up on the farm and in the shops at his father's till seventeen, then worked with his uncle, (the aforesaid George Graham,) at the cabinet trade for three years, when he went to work on his own account. The war with Great Britain (1812) being on hand, John C. with half a dozen others walked 120 miles to Nashville, Tenn., and volunteered as soldiers in Capt. Kenaday's company which was afterward attached to the First Tennessee Regiment of Infantry. The company descended the Cumberland and Ohio river in a flat boat to Cairo, Illinois, thence, to what was known at that time as *Chickesaw Bluffs*, but now the city of Memphis; thence to Walnut Hills, Mississippi (now known as Vicksburg); from there he began his soldiering on foot under General Andrew Jackson, chief in command, through which it is unnecessary to follow him in this narrative. After his discharge he had a long tramp back to Tennessee through forest and swamp, with few and far-between habitations to rest at, suffering severe sickness and dangerous fever, but finally reached Knoxville and resumed his cabinet and carpenter work. In 1818, he married Miss Mahala Taylor, and went to housekeeping in Dandridge, the county seat of Jeffer-

The Old Turnley Home of 1790, Mt, Pleasant, on the French Broad River, Tennessee.
From a Water Color by the Author 1840.

son. His first two children were girls, but the writer changed the luck by coming into this world as the third, the sixth of September, 1821, in the litttle village cottage his father had erected preparatory to his marriage. In 1824, he concluded to move eight miles east, on the state road, and erect wagon-making and blacksmith shops, to benefit by the then stream of travel and "movers" seeking homes in Middle and West Tennessee, and the new States of Indiana and Illinois.

I have at greater length than I intended traced the line of the Turnleys, mainly to show my own personal starting point in this world of strife and labor. The information is of no value otherwise. Father named his new location Oak Grove because of the dense growth of white, black and red oaks, in the midst of which he built his huge log-house, two stories high, of large hewed pine logs. He had a postoffice established there (it being seven miles to the next nearest office), himself the postmaster, which he held for thirty-seven (37) years. September 15, 1828, having just entered my seventh year, little old John Farrell began his winter school in a small log-house a mile and a half distant from our home, and reached by only a foot-path through dense forest and thick underbrush. It was decided that I should accompany my two elder sisters to that school; for which purpose I was provided with a small Webster's spelling-book and a cheap wool hat. I had to wait until October for my first pair of shoes to be made by an itinerant cobbler, who traveled from house to house and made and repaired shoes for families. My eldest sister was ten and the other eight years old, and I well remember mother's injunction for us to "go fast to and from school and never leave the

foot-path on any account." In fact, for three children so small, a mile and a half through almost impenetrable forest was hazardous to say the least. I continued going to that school until Christmas holidays, when the old pedagogue, Farrell, sent a line to my mother not to send me back again for I could never learn anything; that I had been the whole term, from September to Christmas, on the one same lesson in the spelling-book and still did not know it. This surprised mother and put her on her mettle. She sent for Mr. Farrell to come, take supper and stay over night to talk the matter over. He came, but insisted I was too stupid to benefit by going to school, so I staid at home. Mother, however, did not give me up (in fact, mothers seldom ever give up a child), but to her many household cares and labors she added that of having me sit for an hour, forenoon and afternoon, and with her assistance and explanations learn my book. It is needless to say I made good progress. The next year another teacher opened a school only half the distance from us, and I attended that, but mother gave me extra instruction, at nights, at home, otherwise I would, perhaps, again have been marked as too stupid to learn. The reason of this was plain enough and ought to have commanded the attention of the "schoolmasters" and parents, but did not. I was small of my age, and lived in mortal fear of the master, would sit quietly for hours on the hewed log bench (my little feet not reaching the floor by six inches) without a word being spoken to me by the teacher, who was fully occupied with the forty or fifty older scholars, some grown up boys and girls.

This neglect of me in the school-house left me *helpless*. In fact, I really was not as quick to see and learn

as many others, unless prompted by help and explanation. I continued to attend, for three months in the year, those neighborhood schools till 1831, (just ten years old) when my services at home required all my time in helping to feed the cattle, make fires and chop wood. My father, meantime, put me into arithmetic, to prepare me to measure lumber, grain, etc., and when 12 years of age I was fairly proficient for one of that age. By this time, father had completed his water-mills (to saw lumber and grind corn and wheat) and I never got time to attend school thereafter, but picked up all I could at home with the aid of father and mother. My two older sisters, however, were better favored and were sent off to the girls' seminary at the county seat village (Dandridge).

I thus grew up on the farm in summer and in the mills in winter, assisting in all the work. None of my family would ever own slaves, so we had all white hired help. Many years later, by inheritance, mother got one or two house servants, slaves, from her mother's estate. Father was away from home a great deal, he attended the courts in several neighboring counties and did the law business of the neighborhood. He was appointed state's attorney, or prosecuting attorney, for the district, which took most of his time, the consequence was, I grew older than my years by having to plan and manage all work at farm and mills.

So time passed and I grew up in practical every-day hard work. I would spend a week with two or three hired men cutting and hauling *saw-logs* to the mill, then start the mill and cut the logs into lumber to fill the bills people gave me for houses, barns, etc., they wished to build. This would be my work from November till

March, when I would consign the mills to other hands and proceed to cleaning up the farm and fences, and prepare to start two or three plows—never later than the 15th of April.

The autumn of 1840 was made memorable by the unprecedented interest and activity all over the country during the political campaign of William Henry Harrison (whig) and Martin Van Buren (democrat) for the presidency. It was about the silliest political exploitation this country ever witnessed. The real points of issue were the same then as ever before and ever since, and as ever will be in human government—namely: how to tax the masses for the classes. The whig party was the ultimate product of the old federal party, and that old party was a collection of the submissive tory element of revolutionary period. It was and is and always has been, the world over, the very opposite of true democracy, or of true republican government. The main points at issue were to have a higher tariff tax tribute levied on the masses for the special benefit of a few hundred or thousand manufacturers; second, to charter a United States bank under the sophistical plea as a safe deposit for the public moneys: then for the general government to launch out into a general system of public improvements, such as roads, canals and extensive improvements of natural water ways, etc., etc. Our tariff taxes then were only about twenty per cent. and the whig party (Henry Clay, of Kentucky, at its head) wanted it increased to twenty-five or twenty-eight per cent. The bank was ostensibly to serve as a place of deposit for the public funds, but in fact those public funds were to be used for the private enrichment of favored individuals,

(the same as Cook county, Illinois, officials have annually for twenty years in defiance of law, stolen from the people fortunes every year). The scheme to have the general government undertake and do all public work, was, in fact, to make the works cost as much as possible; and secondly, to be executed and carried on by combines and favorites. Very few public speakers in East Tennessee, in that campaign, cared to go very deeply into the merits of the questions. The Democrats, so far as they could challenged the Whigs to mutual discussions, but the challenge was seldom accepted.

After I had finished "laying by" the corn in August of that year, I took my first lesson in stump speaking against Harrison; I canvassed most of my county against a United States Bank; against internal improvements, by the general government; and against any increase of tariff taxation; of course, I got my data and arguments from the leading low-tariff democrats of that day But cool discussion and sober reason were not just then popular, or in demand, and the whole campaign was carried on with whoop-whoop-hurrah for hard cider, log-cabins and coon skins. The effort was to put the whig party in power and to make a saint and hero of old man Harrison, to do which he was depicted as a very humble old man, who had fought the battle of Tippecanoe (a locality still existing in Indiana), lived in a log-hut with coon skins for doors and windows, and his favorite beverage was alleged to be *hard cider!* The whole thing was a shrewd farce—but as only one man in ten is governed by anything but show and noise and fallacy, so in that case, nonsense carried the day—"Granny Harrison"

was elected. He had the grace to die soon after inauguration, and John Tyler, the vice-president, succeeded to the presidency. Tyler too went back on some of the declarations of his party and vetoed a bill passed creating a United States Bank, on which account he was cordially abused and execrated by the friends of that measure for many years after. Old General Harrison was quite the opposite in fact to the humble denizen of a log-cabin. He was a full blooded F. F. V., and had been in public office almost from boyhood—the recipient of a salary from the public, and he improved opportunities to make good investments for that day and time, in the new frontiers and in Ohio. He had valuable landed property at North Bend, on the Ohio river, and when he could no longer get an office under the general government, he turned his attentions to the then young and growing city of Cincinnati, where he held the best paying offices the city and county afforded. The facts showed he was a wealthy man for that period. His sons were numerous, and his grandsons, nephews and grand-nephews difficult to count and all born with a label "For a public office." As a general thing they have secured office, and have all been true to the theory and doctrine that the masses should care for and enrich the classes, and yield willing obedience to the latter as their divinely appointed paternal governors.

One is fully justified in believing that this has been the question at issue among men since—long before Moses' time, and will be so long as men are on this earth.

The foregoing is quite enough to say about a boy from his cradle to his nineteenth year. Boys are

pretty much alike, and are uninteresting animals in infancy to all save fond mothers. Troublesome and vexatious in youth, and apt to give others much anxiety as they grow older. I discover I have said nothing about my *maternal grandfather*, who, more than many others, deserves a more extended notice than I have space to spare. My beloved and sainted mother, Mahala Taylor, was the daughter of Colonel Parmenas Taylor, after whom the writer was named. Parmenas Taylor was born in April, 1753, near the line between Virginia and North Carolina, but in which State I never learned. He entered the Colonial Army the same year the Revolution of 1776 began, and continued therein until its close, 1783. He was Captain in Colonel White's regiment of North Carolina, was taken prisoner by the English and kept for nearly a year; during which time they made him work in their arsenals, repairing guns, by which he became a pretty good gunsmith. After that war he married Colonel White's daughter, Betty, and he also removed to a rich body of land on the French-Broad River, on the opposite side, however, from my grandfather Turnley. Taylor was six feet six inches tall in his bare feet, weighed 210 pounds, at the prime of life, not fleshy but muscular, active and powerful in strength. He was a member of the convention which formed the first State Constitution of Tennessee, was a fine land surveyor, and a much respected justice of the peace. He had two brothers, Richard and Joseph, one older than himself, and the older brother was the father of Zachary Taylor, of Mexican War fame, who was elected President of the United States, November, 1848; took his seat March, 1849, and died of a *combination of political worriment*,

importunities of office-seekers and bilious colic, July 9, 1850. Zachary Taylor was a sterling man much like his uncle (my grandfather).

CHAPTER II.

The spring of 1841, in Eastern Tennessee, was unusually wet. Rains prevailed generally. And early in February all water courses were running full—many of them out of their banks. The French-Broad River overflowed in many places; and my father's river bottom lands, which were bounded by the south bank of the river for more than a mile in length, were covered with water varying from a few inches to six feet in depth, according to the undulations of the surface. The cold rains and high water delayed spring plowing, while the water over the low bottom lands prevented, all work on that part of the farm. This high water, however, favored the flat-boat business; and those boats—by scores—began to descend the river so soon as the water had fallen sufficiently to make the steering, landing and management of loaded flat-boats practically safe.

These boats, as then constructed, have measurably gone out of use—though a much larger and better "scow" or flat-boat has been introduced on the Ohio River to carry coal. The Tennessee flat-boats of that day were generally from forty-five to sixty feet in length and eighteen to twenty feet wide, consisting of two side gun-wales (or in Tennessee vernacular, "gunnels"), hewed out of a large tree, poplar generally, the length the boat was to be, and as wide as the tree would make, say eighteen to thirty inches, and hewed

to a thickness of about five inches on one edge, and three on the other; cross-timbers. four by six inches and in length equal to the width of the boat; also, "streamers," or "stringers" three by six, with "head-blocks" at the ends, comprise the frame-work of a flat-boat. Then the bottom of two-inch plank, generally put on crosswise of the boat, fastened with wooden pins—requiring an auger hole to be bored for each pin—and generally eight pins to each plank. This was before the large nails or "spikes" had come into general use. It will be perceived that boring holes and making and driving the pins was no small part of the work. Say a boat fifty feet long and twenty feet wide—requiring fifty planks one foot wide to bottom it—and through each plank and into the stringers were eight one inch auger holes bored never less than five inches deep, this made at least four hundred auger holes and four hundred pins necessary. Nor was the present patent auger then in use, but only the old auger with its handle, requiring two motions to make one revolution. The boat was framed and bottomed "up side down," and when "calked and pitched," neighbors and friends were invited (as to "log rollings") to come and assist in turning it over. Of course, it was framed as close to the water's edge as practicable, and when ready to be turned over, a large pile of brush was first placed close to the edge of the water, partly in it, on which the boat would fall as it went over. This eased the shock and prevented breaking the timbers. Once in the water, studding, or posts, two by four, of proper height, were morticed into the upper edge of the "gunnels" and the upper ends of these posts were connected by arched boards

for rafters, on which were placed the roof boards, which were always laid crosswise of the boat, and only one-half inch thick so they would bend to the curve of the arched rafter. This comprised the old time Tennessee and Mississippi "flat-boat," hundreds of which descended the rivers annually with such products as the people had to spare for sale. Bacon, corn, flour and potatoes comprised the farmers' products, which could only find market by floating down the rivers on these boats. The few small iron works and forges, likewise, shipped surplus iron, nails and castings; as did the small salt works their surplus salt, over and above local consumption.

I have somewhat digressed from my narrative in order to describe the flat-boat, mode of construction and use, simply because the thing is so nearly out of date and forgotten that ere long some school children will wonder what a flat-boat was, in times long past.

To return to the farm. In April, 1841, my father had gone down the river with the flotilla of these boats and left me to manage the farm. I had four hands hired, and by the 1st of April had the oats sowed on twenty acres, and on the 5th of May had nearly all the corn planted on sixty acres of land, and the first planting was up ready to plow, about the 15th of May. I was plowing, myself, with a fine fast walking young horse, one of my own breaking, the corn about ankle high, when the post mail arrived at the office, "Oak Grove," which was on our farm though a mile from where I was at work. At dinner that day I received a large white envelope from Washington City. It proved to be an appointment as cadet to West Point Military Academy. A formidable document for a

green farmer boy like myself to receive or fully comprehend. Father being away, and having all I could do to carry on the farm work and looking after the water saw-mill and a grist-mill, I did not give the paper much consideration for some days. My mother had read it, however, and recalled the fact that two or three years previously, Mr. William B. Carter, then a member of Congress from that district, had staid all night at our house on his electioneering trip, and had said that when he again visited Washington City he would place my name on the "Roll of Applicants" for a cadetship. This circumstance, however, had been forgotten till this letter brought it to mind. What to do or say about it was the question. Had father been at home, the matter would have been more easily solved. Personally, I was about equally divided, in my own mind, whether to accept or decline. Mother wished me to decline it. I continued at my work in the field with the other men, not really thinking much about what I would do.

The educational requirements to pass the first examination were briefly narrated by a printed slip in the communication, that one must read and write a correct and legible hand, understand the four ground rules of arithmetic, vulgar and decimal fractions, simple and compound proportion, etc. After reading it carefully, I did not believe I could meet the requirements. I had never been to school, save two months in the winter season, for about four winters, all told less than twelve months of schooling, and that at the little log school-house a mile distant in the woods, conveniently situated to accommodate the farmers' boys and girls.

The farming boys worked harder at "town ball" and "bull pen" than at study and so had I. In fact,

about the only education I had was obtained at home. My two older sisters taught me how to read and spell, the little I knew; mother taught me to write a little also, and my father directed me in arithmetic so far as to enable me to measure saw logs and lumber at our water mill, to measure and weigh grain, flour and bacon, and and to weigh out and compute the price of live hogs in the pen, in the autumn, when they were to be driven to market in Georgia and the Carolinas; but I was far from "proficient" in the "four ground rules," nor did I know fractions of any kind, as well as a West Point examination contemplated. All these facts I considered, and I was not assured of my ability to accept; besides, there was no money in the country—"shinplasters" were used as a substitute and none of it was good beyond the State line. In fact, much of it, issued by counties, was good only in the county, and it required silver and gold, or else eastern money, to pay one's way to New York. This phase of the matter made my acceptance very doubtful. However, just then, to my surprise, my father arrived home. He had arranged to have others take the flat-boats on to New Orleans from Ross', Gunter's and Detto's landings on the Tennessee river (now the city of Chattanooga), and this left him free to return home. He at once took up the subject and said, by all means, I must accept and go—even if I had to walk! He had just walked more than half the way from Detto's landing home (over a hundred miles), and was prepared to recommend any amount of *leg-service* to me—so active and robust! Mother rather held back—she preferred I should stay at home. I was then old enough to manage affairs on the farm and at the mills. Father never was a good

manager of such matters, he was away from home a great deal, which had usually thrown such management on to my mother, and she realized the fact that I, her oldest son, was just then competent to relieve her of much care and vastly improve on father's slipshod and uncertain methods. This is not flattering to one's sire —but, like Washington, I must tell the truth. However, it was decided I should accept, and the first thing to be done was to go to Dandridge (the county seat), eight miles distant, and spend ten days reviewing and being instructed in these "*four ground rules of arithmetic!*" This I did, and assumed to graduate therein in that ten days! This was nearing the last week in May, and, as yet, I had made no progress in collecting money for the long trip. The distance was about eight hundred miles, with the old fashioned country two-horse stage hack running most of the way to Winchester, Virginia, thence to Baltimore, and might be by stage or the recently started steam cars, or by boat, on to New York City; but it required about ten cents per mile, fares, besides other expenses. I scoured the neighborhood in my effort to exchange a hat full of "shinplasters" for silver or gold, but with all of my efforts could only raise thirty-six dollars and thirty-six cents in hard cash! Meanwhile mother had put up into a pillow case what clothing she supposed I would need—every article of which was made in the house from cotton and flax raised on the farm—thinking, of course, the stage that carried me would carry my bag. But as I failed to raise the money to ride I had to walk, and therefore could not take the bag, nor all the clothing. This was a first lesson in reducing baggage. I tied up a simple change of socks and shirts in a large cotton

bandanna, and on the bright morning of June 2, 1841, I set out on foot on the main stage road for New York, by way of Winchester, Virginia, leaving after breakfast, about eight o'clock. That night I slept at a farm house on the State road near Greenville, Tennessee, having made thirty miles. The next day, June 3d, I reached the village of Elizabethton, which I thought to be about thirty miles. It was a pretty hard day's walk, as the sun was intensely hot. I was quite ready to fall asleep soon after I had supper at the little frame cottage-like tavern. After an early breakfast and paying my bill, which was sixty cents, I resumed my tramp on the old State road. Reaching Abingdon, Virginia, after dusk, I stopped at the old Washington Hotel, and being very tired, immediately after supper bathed my feet, which were beginning to feel very sore, as they naturally would, being much blistered, for I had unfortunately started out with a new pair of shoes instead of wearing my old ones. The next morning I felt very sore all over, and little like resuming my travel on foot, but my limited cash was a fact I could not ignore. I was up almost with the sun, and called for early breakfast. I learned that the two-horse mail coach, or hack, would leave that morning for Wytheville, fifty-five miles; I debated in my mind for a minute and concluded to invest five dollars in stage fare to Wytheville, and thus gain at least some rest for my sore feet while making the distance. I paid my bill at Abingdon, $1.25, and was off in the stage. I was glad of the chance, for the day was intensely hot, so that the horses really did not average over six miles an hour. I had a good night's rest at Wytheville, an early breakfast, paid my bill, seventy-five cents, and by six A. M., June 6, was again

on the road. I reached Pulaski, a distance of fifteen miles, by noon, where I got a dinner for twenty-five cents, rested two hours and then pushed on to New Castle, ten miles further; making twenty-five miles that day. My feet by this time had become very sore and blistered. It would have been a relief to have gone bare-foot but for the gravel and macadam roads. I bathed my feet in warm water—which I discovered was more soothing and healing than cold water, took an early breakfast, and that day reached Christiansburg, twenty-five miles. After paying my bill of fifty cents I started out again, reaching Salem, by way of Shawsville, a distance of thirty miles.

That night the man I stopped with asked me many questions as to where I was from and where I was going. I answered him frankly and he seemed much surprised that I should be on such a long journey a-foot. Before retiring to bed, I learned he owned a saw-mill near by and he was regretting the severe sickness of his sawyer (a negro man slave). He had promised a lot of lumber by a certain time and had the logs at the mill with everything in readiness only the sawyer. I told him I was a practical and experienced sawyer, and if we could agree as to terms, I would stop over a few days and saw up his logs. He then asked me what I would charge. I told him I would go early in the morning and look at his mill and logs and give him answer by breakfast. I asked him about what amount of lumber his mill would cut a day. He said his negro man had cut as much as twelve hundred feet between sunrise and sunset. So I went to sleep and before sun-up a negro boy took me to the mill, which I found to be a little old country "under-shot" or

"fluterwheel" crank and sash saw-mill, with plenty of water-power, and a fine lot of nice pine saw logs on hand. Returning to the house for breakfast I told the man I would run his mill three days for three dollars a day. He would not give me this, but would give two dollars a day (the rates at which the best carpenters and mechanics were then working for in that part of the country). I declined this. Then he asked me what I would charge per hundred feet or per thousand feet to cut up his lot of logs. I figured a moment and replied, that if he would furnish me an able and active man to carry out the sawed lumber, and assist putting on logs, I would cut up his pile of logs for two dollars per thousand feet, or twenty cents per hundred, but that I must have the man to work regardless of hours night and day. This woke him up to the fact that I meant business. He was not long in accepting my offer and I was glad he rejected my first. After breakfast (this was June 9th) he assigned me a fine, active negro man as my help, and by dark that day I had cut 1,500 feet. After supper, with two lanterns and a pine knot fire in the mill-yard, we resumed sawing and by sun-up next morning, I had put out another 1,500 feet; that day (June 10th) I put out 2,000 feet by dark, and that night I put out 1,500 feet, and by day dawn had cut up the last log, making a total of 6,500 feet in 48 hours, half of which was night work. The man came to the mill just as I was putting out the last log, and saw the work was all done. He was satisfied, but dumfounded at the rapidity with which I had slashed up his pile of logs. He paid me $13.00 and I gave him $2.00 of it for my board and lodging one night. After a good

old-fashioned Virginia breakfast of biscuit, fried chicken, good coffee, milk and butter, I resumed my tramp and slept that night, which was June 11th, at Fincastle, making only 15 miles, as I was pretty well used up, having worked constantly for two days and nights, without sleep. I venture the assertion that negro man never had such a roust-a-bout in his life before, I guess he slept two days and nights to make up lost time. June 12th I went to the Natural Bridge, 20 miles, and the 13th I reached Lexington. I cast long and wistful glances at the fine Lexington Military school, and bemoaned, if I did not curse my ill-luck, in not having the almighty dollars that would enable me to enter that college instead of trudging on the hot roads to the east.

The weather was dry and the heat intense, in fact, that was one of my hardest days' travel, but I made the trip by dark. This was my ninth day on the road. Next morning, June 14, I awoke with the morning drum, paid my bill, seventy-five cents, and that day made Staunton, thirty-five miles distant. Next day, after paying my bill of seventy-five cents, I started out, and reached Harrisonburgh, thirty miles. June 16th, paid bill, seventy-five cents, and that evening found me at Woodstock. Next day paid bill of seventy-five cents and trudged on, reaching Strasberg by noon, where I had dinner, for which I paid twenty-five cents, rested a short time, then pushed on, reaching Winchester that evening, making thirty-three miles that day—very tired and foot-sore.

RECAPITULATION.

Cash at starting, June 2, - - - -	$36.36
Received for sawing lumber, - - - -	13.00
Total, - -	$49.36

ITINERARY—FROM DANDRIDGE, TENN., TO WINCHESTER, VA.

1841—June 2,	To	Greenville, Tenn., -	30	miles,	cost	$0.75
" " 3,	"	Elizabethton, Tenn., -	30	"	"	.60
" " 4,	"	Abingdon, Virginia, -	30	"	"	1.25
" " 5,	"	Wythville, Virginia (stage),	55	"	"	5.75
" " 6,	"	Newcastle, Virginia, -	25	"	"	.75
" " 7,	"	Christiansburg, Virginia,	25	"	"	.50
" " 8,	"	Salem, Virginia, - -	30	"	"	.75
" " 9 and 10,		Run a saw mill and received, net, $13.00.				
" " 11,	To	Natural Bridge, Virginia,	35	miles,	cost	1.00
" " 12,	"	Lexington, Virginia, -	30	"	"	.75
" " 13,	"	Staunton, Virginia, -	35	"	"	.75
" " 14,	"	Harrisonburg, Virginia,	30	"	"	.75
" " 15,	"	Woodstock, Virginia, -	30	"	"	.75
" " 16,	"	Winchester, Virginia,	33	"	"	1.25

Total time, 15, days; distance, 418 miles; total cost, - $15.60

Deducting the 55 miles ridden in the stage would leave just 363 miles walked in twelve days, making a daily average of thirty and one-quarter miles; and likewise deducting the five dollars stage-fare would leave an average daily expenditure of eighty-eight cents.

That night, after supper, I bathed my feet, as usual, and was soon sound asleep in that historical village of Winchester—not, however, until I had made inquiry as to the route to Baltimore. I learned that the steam cars plied between Winchester and Baltimore daily, making the trip in a few hours; that the fare was $2 50, and while dropping to sleep I determined to ride on the first steam cars and railway I had ever seen. Accord-

ingly, bright and early on the morning of June 15th, I got a hasty breakfast, paid my bill and went to the railway station, with my bundle, and was soon on my way to Baltimore, where I arrived that afternoon.

I plied the conductor and brakeman, on the way, with questions as to the best and cheapest way to get on to New York City, and was told that by a boat leaving Baltimore almost daily, I could secure cheap and speedy passage. They also discovered I was a green, backwoods specimen, quite as innocent of wrong-doing as I was the ways of a big city and they were very kind in directing me to the proper wharf and office to find a vessel. I thanked them and greatly profited by their good counsel. I found a freight steamer about leaving and went on board that night. I made myself at home after paying my passage, which was $3.75. I paid for such meals as I called for, the total cost of my transit from Baltimore to New York being $4.50, where I arrived June 20th. When quiet on board, I took account of my cash and found I had expended from Tennessee to Winchester $15.60 from Winchester to Baltimore, $2.50 and thence to New York $4.50, making a total of $22.60, leaving me still in pocket, including my saw-mill earnings, $16.76. Arriving in New York, at one of the piers or wharves, but exactly where or the name of it I failed to note on my diary, but, by inquiring, I was directed to the Fulton hotel, even that I failed to note or locate for future use and all I could recollect about it was, that it was by ten times the largest "tavern" I had ever seen. I ambled up to the clerk's counter, and he poked a pen at me, whirled his register in my front, to register my name which I did. I wrote

my name only at first, but the clerk, after casting his eagle eye on me a second time, pushed the book back to me and said: "Please state where you are from." I did so, writing "Tennessee" and added in the column for remarks, "For West Point." I thought I could see the cold sweat drop from that clerk's forehead, when he read what I had put on his register. I verily believe, had I not added where I was going, that I would have been fired out and turned over to the police. Because my appearance, in homespun pants, coat and vest, with no cravat but a high, old-style homespun shirt collar I had put on at Winchester, shoes that never had seen blacking, although well greased with hog's lard, my face and hands bronzed yellow and tough, with unkempt hair for I had not seen comb or brush for over three weeks, and a very slouch, well-worn, straw hat of the country make and style well bleached by the sun. Altogether, I was a rare specimen, indeed, to stumble into a large hotel in a large city, and expect to escape suspicion of appearing in disguise. When the clerk read West Point as my destination, and his cold chill had passed, he leaned over the counter and said: "I suppose you are a new appointment to West Point and on your way there." "Yes, sir;" said I, as cool and self-possessed as though I were the equal of the scores of well-dressed and well-mannered gentlemen then promenading the lobby of the hotel. "Will you have supper?" "No, thank you, I took supper on the boat which brought me from Baltimore," I replied. "We will have to give you a room very high up to-night, we are so crowded," said the clerk. "No matter," said I, "anything will do me for the night." The clerk

motioned to a lad sitting on a bench near by, who came forward and reached for my cotton bandanna and contents, but I kept hold of it till the clerk said: "This boy will show you the room." This remark explained matters, and also gave me the opportunity to ask the clerk if he could inform me as to the best route to West Point, which I understood was about fifty miles above that city, on the Hudson river. I shall never forget the kindly, even pitying look that clerk gave me at that moment. "Yes," said he, "do you wish to go in the morning?" I said I did. "Then you will take the steamer, George Washington, which leaves after noon for West Point and other places on the Hudson river." With this definite information to sleep on, I followed the boy up more flights of stairs than I kept count of, then, traversing a long hall, reached the room assigned me. The boy carried a lamp which gave a very good light; but I felt nausea at the odor of the oil in it, and learned from the boy that it was whale oil. That was my first acquaintance with the disagreeable odor of whale oil. I have never since got to like it any better than at first. Whale oil is to me, the most nauseating and disagreeable article of commerce and it was my ill fortune to be compelled to use it daily for five long years thereafter. I had a glorious night's rest and sleep. The rumbling noise in the streets below my room was sufficiently deadened by distance and intervening walls as to rather lull me to sleep, and it was 7 o'clock the next morning before I woke. My toilet was not of the kind which required much time, and I think I had washed face and hands and was ready to leave my room in about five minutes after waking from sleep. I opened my door and took

a searching look down the long hall, then recalled the uncounted number of stairs I had ascended and concluded I had best pull a bell cord I saw hanging in my room and see if I could get a guide. Very soon a boy came up in answer, and I told him I wanted to be piloted to the clerk's office, which was promptly done. To my surprise, the clerk of the previous night was not there—but a new one—in fact one of the proprietors was then on duty. He gave me a most withering look, but said not a word. I moved up to his counter and remarked: "I would like to have breakfast with you, if agreeable." "Are you registered?" "Yes, here's my name," pointing to it on the open book. "Have you a trunk?" "No, sir; I have only this bundle in my hand." "Did you sleep in this house last night?" "Yes, thank you, very nicely. I had the best night's rest and sleep I have had for some weeks." The man looked amazed for a moment, turned to the book to see the number of my room, then drummed his fingers on the desk a few seconds, and motioned for a boy to show me where to get breakfast, I leaving my bundle on his counter. A tiptop breakfast I got, too, regardless of cost, because my mind was not on the cost of breakfast. I thought of nothing different than the Tennessee and Virginia twenty-five cent breakfasts; when through I repaired to the counter to pay my bill and was told it was two dollars. I thought that was pretty steep for a bed and breakfast, but paid it, and said nothing. I have often wondered since then he did not ask pay in advance. I then asked him if he would be so kind as to send a boy with me to the first steamer leaving for West Point. He gave me another searching look and said: "Yes; here boy, get your hat and show

this young man to the steamer George Washington, and hurry back." With that I bid him "good by" and reached over the counter to take his hand, but he only gave me one finger, and looked as if he felt ashamed at doing even that. Of course, it was ridiculous in me to offer to shake hands with a landlord whom I had never seen before, and never would see again; but I was a child of a backwoods country custom, and too green and unsophisticated to discover differences between rural districts and Gotham. No doubt that proprietor began to feel a real sympathy for one so green as I was.

Leaving the ever memorable Fulton Hotel, after that sumptuous breakfast, morning of June 21st, the "boy" soon guided me to the steamer. I thanked the lad and gave him a parting hand shake. It never occured to me to offer him a dime, which, in my backwoods village, would have been an insult; but I have since felt no doubt that the boy was disappointed, not to say disgusted, not to receive what in later times is the ever expected "tip." Excepting the freight boat I took at Baltimore, I now boarded the first steamboat I had ever seen, and as I discovered the people on it were free and easy to stroll round at pleasure, I imitated them and was not long in exploring nearly all parts of the vessel. Being safely on board, I was not anxious as to the hour she would start, but was so as to when we would arrive at West Point. This, I learned, would be at six P. M., so I made myself easy. I was not up to the custom and convenience of depositing my bundle with the porter, but kept it in my hand while wandering about, or by my side when seated. The forenoon was a long one to me. At twelve M. a bell sounded for

the crew to take dinner, in which, however, I took no part, as my breakfast was too recent and ample to feel hungry. I contemplated with no little wonder the throngs of people who began to come on board early in the afternoon, and by two P. M. we were off, puffing up the Hudson. I had worked one year at home with an older cousin, a mill-wright, in building the old-time water saw-mill, and grist-mill, and I had personally run that kind of mill on my father's place every winter for three years, and was therefore somewhat conversant with *wheels in motion*, when propelled by a power I could see and handle; but steam, as a power, quite baffled my comprehension, while massive iron machinery was such a contrast to the rustic wooden appliances, I was lost in admiration of the apparent ease and accuracy of all the parts in motion. I began to wish West Point was out of my mind and that I could begin an apprentice engineer on that steamer. Learning upon inquiry that we were approaching West Point, I stood near the guard rail to see all I could, and watch our landing. In those days all steamers landed some distance above what is known as "Gees" Point, at the "Battery." The boat swung into shore gracefully and a line was thrown over a stake, the gang-plank run out, and I was one of three, only, who got off there. Meeting a soldier, on guard, in his uniform, walking his post, I asked him where I could find a *tavern* for the night. Fortunately, he was not an American, or he would have laughed at my greenness, but being a polite Irishman and a trained soldier he readily took in the situation and thought only of what I required; he directed me to the West Point Hotel, on top of the hill, then kept by Mr. Rider. The

soldier pointed to the path I should follow to reach the house and resumed his post. This was about half-past five P. M. when I reached the hotel and asked for accommodation for the night, but was informed that I could not get room or bed. The desk clerk asked me if I was a candidate to the academy. I replied, "Yes." "Then," said he, "you can have supper after a while, and we will manage to give you a blanket on the floor." "All right," said I, "anything will suit me." With this he took my bundle and gave me a paper check. I turned my bewildered mind to contemplating the many army officers in their bright uniforms, and a score of cadets with their neat fitting gray coats, bullet buttons and short tails; all flitting out and in, escorting ladies and pretty girls around the gravel walks. This continued till after dusk, when I was told I could have supper. After supper the large military band assembled in the yard fronting the hotel piazza, with lanterns and music. It was the period when the annual examination was in progress, and the board of visitors and board of examiners were there together with many citizen visitors, army officers, etc., etc. General Scott was conspicuous on the piazza, as also his wife and three daughters, Misses Cornelia, Camilla and Ella, whom I afterwards became acquainted with. I had never seen or heard a military band before, and when they began playing (as was the usual custom at the evening entertainment for the guests at the hotel) I became absorbed in the music. I walked around the musicians, viewed them from every standpoint, in doing which I unconsciously walked over some nice flower beds, because the hotel yard was, in fact, laid out in flower-beds with gravel walks between, but in my abstracted state of mind for

the music I failed to see them till an orderly on duty came to me and told me, I must not "tread on the flower beds." This brought my attention to my involuntary vandalism, right there in the midst of everything that was refined and elegant. I felt so ashamed of myself that I went to the clerk in the office and asked for a blanket and a soft board. I fell asleep under the lulling strains of that music.

Bright and early the next morning, June 22d, I got a little breakfast, inquired of the clerk how and where I could find the proper person to report to, and he kindly sent a boy with me to the office of the adjutant of the post, where I sat for an hour till that officer came in to his work. I then presented my credentials, signed the book, and was assigned to a 12x14 room, in the then old "South Barracks," along with four other *plebes*, or candidates, some of whom had arrived only a day or two before, and were awaiting examination for admittance. As years have fled, and the scythe of time has laid all save myself in its swath, it is fitting that I name them: Charles P. Stone, of Massachusetts; George Edwards, of New York; James T. Armstrong, of Tennessee; R. E. Graves, of Kentucky, and I made the fifth. Only Stone, I think, had a mattress, the rest were provided with a blanket and all lay on the floor. The four named had three nights experience in being "hazed" by the older cadets, and I was therefore a new subject to work on. The first night, I was roused up after midnight by a couple of older cadets coming into the room, where they found me, like the others, on my blanket on the floor. They ordered me to get up, and put my blanket on the wide but very short shelf at the side of the fire-place and lie there, giving me as a reason

that no more than four were allowed to sleep on the floor of those rooms, and my four room-mates had prepared the way by telling me the same thing the previous day. As I afterwards learned, these four room-mates had been let into the secret, and helped to carry it out by their advice to me that day, and their assent to the fact, of course, induced my verdant soul to acquiesce. Never was a harmless trick more thoroughly successful. Greenness hardly expressed my supreme verdancy. I had never even been to boarding school, where tricks became common amusement, and I could not think of questioning the orders of those fully equipt fellows whose solemn countenances and stern words seemed to carry conviction. All this time, my four room-mates pretented to be fast asleep, but in fact were stuffing their night-shirts into their mouths to keep from laughing. My desire was to obey orders, which I did promptly. The amusing part of it was, the shelf on which I was to take my place was put into each of those rooms just alike, and just fitted in between the side of the room and the brick jam of the fire place. It was a very wide shelf, (eighteen inches) but a little less than three feet long; as I was five feet five inches tall, it was evident that little comfort could be expected from a bed on that shelf. By day-light, Armstrong woke up with a horse-laugh at me (his brother Tennesseean) for sleeping on the shelf. I soon discovered the trick, and joined the others in their laugh. As a soothing balm to my feelings I found out that only a few nights before one of them had "slept on the shelf." This was the only attempt to "haze" me or any one else in that room thereafter.

While the new candidates are thus assembling, the four old classes are being examined on their year's

course, the senior class to receive diplomas; and in order to keep these new arrivals busy, as well as to gradually discover their proficiency, they are divided into sections, 12 to 18 in a section, and are daily marched to the Academic Hall and there recite to some of the old cadets on arithmetic, grammar, writing, etc., etc. I was assigned to one of these sections and began recitations. To my sorrow, I soon discovered that I was far behind the others in the section. I made up my mind to try and get my appointment extended over to the next year. Mathematics required familiarity with the four ground rules of addition, multiplication, subtraction and division, also to perform with facility and rapidity all examples in vulgar and decimal fractions, converting rapidly one kind of fraction into the other and dividing, multiplying and subtracting one from the other. Also in simple and compound proportion to understand and perform any example given you at the blackboard. In English grammar, must be familiar with the parts of speech, be able to parse any sentence given and thoroughly understand all rules and subjects usually taught in the higher academies and schools, as comprehended under the head of orthography, etymology, syntax and prosody. In descriptive geography, to name and locate the natural grand political divisions of the earth and be able to delineate any one of the States or Territories of the United States, with its principal cities, rivers, lakes, sea-ports and mountains. In history, name periods of discovery and settlement of the North American continent, of the rise and progress of the United States, and the administrations of government. It is not strange, that a few days in the section room, with fifty others reciting on those subjects (many

of whom had been through a three years' course in college, and scarcely one but had spent years at school), convinced me that I was a back number and not at all up to the requirements. Thus believing, I appealed to the chaplain, Professor M. P. Parks, himself an old graduate, to aid me in getting the War Department, at Washington, to withhold my appointment till the following year. My appeal was successful, and I went to Mr. Z. J. D. Kinsley's preparatory school, a mile and a half below West Point, and began a thorough course of preparation. This gave me a year's start. While at Kinsley's, during the winter and spring of 1842, there came to his school two grandsons of President Harrison, who had died April, 1841. These two boys were cousins and had been with their grandfather at the White-house till his death, but soon thereafter arranged to prepare to enter West Point in June, 1842. I had so far progressed by January, 1842, that I received from Kinsley my board and tuition and ten dollars a month for teaching a class in mathematics, among whom were the two Harrison boys, James Finley Harrison and Montgomery Pike Harrison. The former died of dissipation, the latter graduated in 1847 and was killed by Indians, in 1849, near Colorado river, Texas.

CHAPTER III.

That winter and spring of 1842 at Mr. Kinsley's school was the most pleasant and useful nine months I ever experienced. Kinsley was a graduate of West Point in 1819, served in the United States Army till 1835, when he resigned, having served sixteen years.

His aged mother owned and lived in a comfortable home, a mile and a half below West Point, on the high banks of the Hudson river, near what was then called "Buttermilk Falls" (now called "Highland Falls"). He married a lady of some means, and after leaving the army took up his residence with his mother, and there started a classical and mathematical school especially designed to prepare young men to enter West Point. In 1841 he completed a much larger and better equipped house for the purpose, a few hundred yards from the old, and moved into it in the autumn of 1841. His name was Zebina Jenkin Duncan Kinsley. He was on duty at the Academy from 1821 until his resignation in 1835, as instructor of tactics, during which time the cadets gave him the sobriquet of "Old Zeb." It was remarked by many that I very much resembled him in features, and as a consequence I also got the nickname of "Zeb," partly because of this supposed resemblance and also because I had lived at his school. His wife, son and two daughters constituted his family, and all lived in the same house, his children taking the same course of study as other pupils, the wife doing all she could to look after the comfort and well-being of the young men and boys comprising the school. She was one of the kindest, sweetest, and most sympathetic persons I ever met, and was to all those about her a mother in the many things which young boys far from home so much need. Death has long since claimed every one of that family. Mrs. Kinsley died of apoplexy soon after I left there in 1846.

Mr. Kinsley died from the effects of a fall from his horse or buggy, August, 1849. The two daughters, Harriet and Louisa, were lost from the great passenger

steamer *Henry Clay*, when she was burned July 28, 1852, three miles below Yonkers on the Hudson river. The steamer was racing with the new steamer *America*, and the intense heat set fire to floor under the boilers. Some buckets of water near by were thrown on the floor, but had no effect, as the flames immediately passed up through the companion stairway to the upper decks. The boat was at once put about for shore and ran to the shore under full head of steam, her bow almost touching the Hudson River Railway tracks. Those who were in the forward part of the boat succeeded in gaining dry land, but the greater portion of passengers were in the rear end of the boat, farthest from shore, and the terrific flames and smoke were blown directly on them, forcing them either to burn or jump overboard. Of course, they chose the latter, but such a mass of panic-stricken men, women and children were, to a great extent, helpless in the deep water, and being blinded by smoke and heat, actually crawled over each other till many sank together! Over fifty people lost their lives in that dreadful catastrophe, among them the two Kinsley sisters. Also Professor Baily's wife and daughter, of West Point, who had just gone aboard to go to New York. It all happened about 4 o'clock p. m., July 28, 1852, in broad daylight and must have been a flagrant neglect of duty, or a wanton disregard of human life. The only remaining one of the family was Edward, the oldest child, then about twenty-five years of age. He and his two sisters occupied the elegant and spacious mansion, where his father had kept his preparatory school, and when Harriet left her room that day to take the steamer, she had left many articles of her

discarded wardrobe lying loosely on the bed and chairs, only closing and locking her door. Edward soon heard of the loss of his sisters and was so crushed that he scarce realized anything for weeks. He became gloomy and taciturn, sought seclusion from all society for some years—he did not even open, enter, or see the inside of his sister's room till fifteen years after her death. But Edward finally roused himself and entered slightly into society, married a daughter of ex-Senator Hale, and accompanied him as minister to Spain; but he too, the last of the family, died in 1890, and, as I have understood, without children!

Early in June, 1842, myself and the two Harrison boys and two others closed our relations with Mr. Kinsley's school, and walked up to the Military Academy one day and reported for examination. We were assigned to a room in the Cadet Barracks. All passed the examination, and the thirtieth of that month marched with the other cadets into camp, to begin the military life of a four years' course—guard duty, drill of the soldier and police work constitutes the main duties of the "plebes" (as the fourth class is called while in camp during the months of July and August annually).

On the 31st of August, however, the camp was broken up, and all moved into their assigned rooms in the barracks, to begin recitations the 1st of September, under the several professors and instructors for the ensuing year. The first year comprised mathematics, French, artillery and infantry tactics and the use of small arms, algebra, geometry and trigonometry and descriptive geometry. The second year comprised descriptive geometry continued, with spherical pro-

jections, shades, shadows and perspective analytical geometry, surveying and calculus, together with French continued, drawing, tactics and cavalry exercises. The third year came natural and experimental philosophy, chemistry, drawing, tactics, artillery and cavalry and practical military engineering and astronomy. The fourth and last year, continued military and civil engineering, mineralogy and geology, ethics and international law, ordnance and gunnery, practical military engineering and tactics of artillery, cavalry and infantry. This completed the four years course, and happy, indeed, were the boys who got their "sheepskins."

The entire corps of cadets are divided into four companies or two battalions (without regard to *classes*) for the purpose of drill and manœuvre, designated Company A, B, C and D. These companies are officered from the three oldest classes, the oldest class furnishing a cadet captain and three lieutenants to each company; the next oldest class supplying one orderly sergeant and three other sergeants to each company, and the next (or third) class supplying four corporals to each company. The fourth class (called the *plebes*) are the candidates who are admitted annually in June, and this class remain privates during their *first year's course*, but at the beginning of their second year they become *third class* and are eligible to the position of corporal. This is by selection of the army officer who is the commandant of the corps. Of course all can not be corporals, as only sixteen (four to each company) are required, and the effort and intention is to select those who have the best military bearing, the most proficient in drill, and the best general conduct.

My preparation in studies at Mr. Kinsley's school gave me an opportunity to pay more attention to the military part of the course and to the details of drill. As a result I was one of the first advanced to the position of corporal and drill master the beginning of the second year, which I retained; and the following year I was advanced to orderly sergeant, and to the grade of a commissioned officer the fourth year. The class that entered June, 1842, was a large one, numbering 116, only 48 of whom, however, graduated in June, 1846. I was not especially ambitious to excel in my studies, because I well knew that it was impossible for me to compete with those who had passed almost as many years in school before going there as I had months. All I aspired to was to know my course well, and also to be among the first in drill, discipline and exercises on the field. This I fully achieved. There used to be, and is yet, a wide discrepancy in the juvenile and boyhood educational acquirements of boys who go to West Point. Some of them, especially in the Eastern States and in the larger cities, were in former years thoroughly prepared by several years schooling, while boys from the South and West, in most cases, as well as the interior of some Middle States, were far behind. Boys of only mediocre talents who start to school at ten or twelve years of age, and continue till sixteen or eighteen, acquire the faculty of study, which boys of even brighter minds lack, but who have not had books and schools. Still, all must master the entire course to the satisfaction of the Academic Board.

Early and continued training of the mind at school, even though idleness and truancy may be marked fea-

tures in the juvenile, he still acquires knowledge and strengthens his memory, so that he more readily appropriates what he reads in his text-book. In this early acquisition the Eastern and urban boys excelled those from the more rural parts of the country, and particularly those Southern and Western boys who had no schools to go to at home! With determination and unflagging application to his books, however, a boy, though greatly deficient in early schooling, can forge his way onward and upward to the ranks of those more favored. Not all of such, nor half of them, however, have the heart and energy to make the effort, and gradually drop out one by one and return home to pursue in civil life less exacting mental labor. As I have stated, of the 116 who entered with me in June, 1842, only forty-eight finally graduated at the end of the four years.

For auld lang syne I will give a list of these, for a larger number of them made their mark during the war among the States (1861 to 1865) than any other graduating class, and also served with distinction in the Mexican War.

1. Charles S. Stewart graduated head of class. He was a son of Chaplain Stewart of the U. S. Navy, and was appointed from New Jersey.

2. George B. McClellan from Pennsylvania, a son of Surgeon McClellan.

3. Charles E. Blunt from New York City, but appointed by the President at large.

4. John G. Foster from New Hampshire.

5. Edmund L. F. P. Hardcastle from Maryland.

6. Francis T. Bryan from North Carolina.

7. George H. Derby from Massachusetts.

The foregoing seven were all commissioned in the Engineer Corps.

8. Jesse L. Reno from Pennsylvania.
9. Clarendon J. L. Wilson from Virginia.
10. Thomas M. Whedbee from North Carolina.
11. Edmund Hayes, Pennsylvania.
12. Darius N. Couch, New York.
13. Henry B. Sears, Massachusetts.
14. William Dutton, New York.
15. John A. Brown, Maryland.
16. Thomas J. Jackson, Virginia.
17. Albert L. Magilton, Pennsylvania.
18. Truman Seymour, Vermont.
19. Colville J. Minor, District of Columbia.
20. Charles C. Gilbert, Ohio (appointed at large).
21. Marcus D. L. Simpson, New York.
22. Rufus J. Bacon, Maine.
23. Henry A. Eheninger, New York City.
24. Oliver H. P. Taylor, Rhode Island.
25. Samuel D. Sturgis, Pennsylvania (at large).
26. George Stoneman, New York.
27. James Oakes, Pennsylvania.
28. William D. Smith, Georgia.
29. George F. Evans, Maine.
30. Dabney H. Maury, Virginia (at large).
31. Innis N. Palmer, New York.
32. James Stewart, South Carolina.
33. Parmenas T. Turnley, Tennessee.
34. David R. Jones, Georgia.
35. Alfred Gibbs, New York.
36. George H. Gordon, Massachusetts.
37. John D. Wilkins, Pennsylvania.
38. Joseph N. G. Whistler (at large).

39. Thomas Easley, Virginia.
40. Nelson H. Davis, Massachusetts.
41. Thomas R. McConnell, Georgia.
42. George S. Humphreys, Maryland.
43. Cadmus M. Wilcox, Tennessee.
44. William M. Gardner, Georgia.
45. Edmund Russell, Pennsylvania.
46. Archibald B. Botts, Virginia.
47. Samuel B. Maxey, Kentucky.
48. George E. Pickett, Virginia.

There were eleven others from previous classes who graduated in the class of 1846, making fifty-nine. The military and civil service of all will compare very favorably with a like number of any class that ever graduated at the Academy.

I feel at liberty here to relate just one incident of my cadet life which, at the time it occurred, was serious, but when viewed in retrospection is amusing. In the spring of 1843, when every cadet was applying himself to reviewing his year's course in studies for the approaching June examination, I was sitting at my table, about eight o'clock at night, deeply immersed in my text-book by the sickly light of the detested whale-oil lamp; when Cadet A, from Massachusetts, stepped into my room and requested me to be with him the next morning immediately after the reveille roll-call, at Kosciuszko's Fountain, under the hill three hundred yards from barracks, to act as his second in an encounter with another cadet on a point of honor. I was intimate with Cadet A, and could not well refuse his request. I told him I would be there on time, but did not ask him any questions, or the name of his adversary, nor what weapons he would use, which he knew

he must supply himself. I was nearly three years his senior and I treated it as a boyish quarrel or joke, so he departed to his own room, which he had left without getting permission. I went on at my lessons for half an hour, when in stepped Cadet B, from Vermont, with whom I was also intimate as a friend. He had no time to sit down, but walked up to my table and said: "Turnley, I called to ask you to be my second to-morrow morning just after reveille roll-call at Kosciuszko's Garden, and I hope you will act for me." I was not a little surprised to be thus called on to officiate for two different cadets, at the same time and place. I closed my book and applied my drowsy intellect for a moment to the subject duello! B's looks showed that he also felt surprised at my delay in giving him answer. I rose from my chair and led him back towards the door, out of hearing of my roommate, who was Thomas J. Jackson, and who was also deeply immersed in conic sections at the moment. I then made known to B that only a few moments before I had a similar request from another cadet, to act for him at the same place and hour. This was a poser to him, and for an instant he was silent. He then asked me who the other party was, and I told him. He dropped his eye to the floor of the wide hallway outside of the room door for a moment, then turning to me said, in a low voice: "All right, Turnley, you can act for us both; all we want is fair play, and I know you will see that each one gets it." It was then my time to feel a rather undue responsibility, but I said: "All right I will meet you both at Kosciuszko's just after reveille in the morning." At the same instant the drums and fifes on the pavement below struck up the

Tattoo, so we parted. I did not sleep easy that night, for I had thoughtlessly, from kindness to two young heroes, got my foot into an uncomfortable hole. Nothing was surer to result in dismissal from the Academy, than for it to get to the knowledge of the army officers there on duty that a duel had even been proposed, much less carried out, and all accessories would share the same fate with the principals.

A was about eighteen years old, of a leading family of Boston, a strict member of the Church and a regular communicant, a fine figure, had good address, and was scholarly for his age. B was the son of a clergyman and also about eighteen years old, quiet and gentle in manners, and I puzzled my sleepless head that night, wondering what on earth could have occured to produce a conflict of last resort between two sons of the first families of old, staid New England. Had some of our fiery Southern hot-heads been the parties, I would not have considered it strange, or out of the way. I was a Tennessean and not altogether a stranger to hasty settlement of nonsensical disputes between hot-heads. However, speculation on my part that night was useless, so I put in the night as well as one could who had at least jeopardized his future success. But I then and there made up my mind (as I had been chosen by both parties) that I would have my way at all hazards. As soon as reveille roll-call was over and ranks broken I hastened off past the little chapel, thence northeasterly and down the high bank to the little marble basin on a small greensward, called Kosciuszko's Garden, or fountain. (Called Fountain, I suppose, because seldom, or never, did I see water about it.) A was the first one to arrive and I at once

informed him of B's visit just after his—and his request that I act for both. Said I: "It is for you, A, to object, and then I will withdraw from both sides." "No" said he; "I am entirely willing for you to act for both of us." As I have before said, I was nearly three years older than either of them, and had seen too much of such nonsense and false notions of imaginary loyalty to courage to permit me to allow my two friends to make fools of themselves and cause the dismissal of all three of us from our chosen field of work. I therefore sat down on the marble basin and asked them to do the same, and then and there give me their two small Derringer pistols with the powder and balls. I also exacted from each (as I proceeded to load the pop-guns) a positive promise that they would most implicitly obey me in everything I required of them, in word and letter, without delay or hesitation. Both promised on honor to do so. Then it was I felt relieved and out of the woods (as we say in the wild west). So I proceeded to ask A, as he was the first to call on me, to state fully what B had done to anger him to the point of fight. He related half a dozen things, not one of which seemed to me worth a serious thought. I then asked the same of B, and it clearly appeared that he had in the main only replied to what he felt were "flouts" and insults offered by A. So I heard them both through. "Now" said I; "fellows, do you know that all three of us are on the verge of prompt dismissal from West Point, for what we are now doing?" No answer came from either. I continued: "I have heard each of your complaints against the other and, sincerely, conscientiously, and on honor, fellows, I do think it is a foolish and false exhibition of

courage to settle your flimsy and really nonsensical disputes in this way, and thus jeopardize our future. Now, you have promised me on your honor to do what I require of you in this matter, and your performance of that promise is the highest test of courage you could possibly have. Therefore, as I sincerely like you both and equally as friends, I say let me keep these little pistols for the present, and you shake hands across my lap as consistent members your church requires you to do, and forgive each other all that you have felt heretofore to be an intended insult."

A pause of only half a minute ensued, when, true to promise, each reached his hand across my lap and followed the motion by the words: "I am sorry for what I have said and fully forgive you for what you have said and done." A happy ending was this; and we all three returned to the barracks and our rooms, thence to our usual breakfast and daily recitations. So ended the incident, and so continued both parties and myself warm friends during their lives, both being now deceased. A resigned soon after the close of the Mexican War and made a business trip to South America, returned, and was consulting engineer on sub-marine operations for proposed bridges over the Susquehanna river by the Philadelphia, Wilmington & Baltimore Railroad Company, became president of the Nautilus Diving-Bell Company, of New York City, and after that superintended alterations of the Victoria Docks, London, England, till 1860, when he became a merchant in Liverpool, England, where he died. B continued in the army till 1876, when he was placed on the retired list. He made a most enviable record for gallantry and a skillful commander, both in the Mexi-

can War and in our domestic war between the States in 1861 and 1865. He became an invalid and went to Europe, where he lived and traveled till his death, after years of suffering from Bright's Disease, complicated with many other ailments, all of which he bore with amazing Christian fortitude and courage.

So ended the diverse careers of two of my intimate associates in early life. Both younger than I, yet they have preceded me in paying Nature's last inexorable debt, while I still linger on the shore, musing, in mental retrospection, over long ago incidents of the ups and downs of a long life!

The final and last examination (June, 1846) let all of us free to visit our homes on a two months' furlough. A like furlough was allowed to the class in 1844 (the end of the first two years), but the long distance to travel to my home (Dandridge, Tennessee), and by stage, most of it, besides the great cost of making the trip within the two months (July and August), determined me not to avail myself of the leave, but to remain in camp and continue at my duties. I was made orderly sergeant and could progress in drills, cavalry exercises, etc., and have as much recreation as I cared for, attending the dancing lessons and weekly hops at the dancing academy. It was a trial for me to come to this decision, because I had then been absent from home three years, and I well knew my mother would anxiously expect me. Her deep regret at my first leaving, on that 2d of June, 1841, was as vivid in my memory as at first—even more so—for never did a more unselfish love exist between a mother and son than between us, and time had strengthened the tie and embalmed the maternal and filial affections all the more indelibly by

the long separation. But I was governed by my means and the long distance (over 800 miles), made still longer by the mode of travel, which would be almost over the same road I had walked in June, 1841. I felt, therefore, that I could best defer my visit another two years and possibly make it the longer and more satisfactory to us both. Little did I then realize, however, what was to be the sequel. Mother, in her home at Mount Pleasant, eight miles from Dandridge, was taken sick the last days in July with the prevailing malarial fever, and was virtually salivated to death by her ignorant or careless physician, and died August 10, 1844, praying to her last conscious moments for my return! Of course I was ignorant of her sickness until I received the letter, about the 25th of August, telling me of her death. Then, indeed, did I regret I had not made the trip, but regrets availed nothing, and I bore my grief in silence, but found it difficult to muster energy to do my daily work, especially to fix my mind on my book. However, as nature works relief, so I gradually resumed my work till the glad ending of my course of studies, 30th June, 1846. Meanwhile the Mexican War had broken out and everything in the military line was excitement and activity. It became doubtful if our class just graduated could get the usual two months furlough. The usual custom, however, was not changed and all departed for their homes, there to await orders from the War Department.

Passing through New York City and Philadelphia I stopped at Baltimore and spent a day with my classmate, John Brown, whose mother and sister lived there, and he had pressed me to call on them as I passed through. Leaving Baltimore the 6th day of

July, I took the route by Lynchburgh, Virginia, and called on Lieutenant Julius P. Garesche, a graduate of 1841, who was there in charge of the recuiting depot.

Receiving from him information as to the best route to my home in Tennessee, which was by canal-boat to Richmond, thence by stage, I continued my journey July 10, engaged a seat in the stage on the 13th, and had a jolly time on top of the stage for many days, viewing the beautiful farms in Virginia. This stage line consisted of the usual two-horse Troy spring coach with room inside for six passengers, but generally had only four, and made fairly good time, as things moved in that day and time. To my surprise and discomfort the line came to an end at Jonesboro, Tennessee, and only a horseback rider carried the mail from there past my home, forty miles distant. I could not carry my small trunk on a horse, so I was forced to hire a wheeled vehicle to take me as far as one would agree to go. This I succeeded in doing the next day. A man got up a horse and spring wagon and took me to Newport, thirty miles, for $3.00, full stage fare, arriving Saturday night. I tarried at old Mr. Rhodeman's noted tavern, till Monday morning, and put in Sunday morning strolling arround the old circus grounds, where in July, 1834, I had taken my two older sisters and some other girls to the first real circus we had ever seen. About 10 o'clock I went to the grove on the hill where the Rev. Mr. Ross and the noted William Ganway Brownlow were advertised to discuss some bible questions. Ross was a Presbyterian, fairly well educated, of mixed blood it was said, but a gentleman. Brownlow was a Methodist and one of the

dogmatic, pugilistic, iconoclastic kind. Mr. Ross was sick at home, ten miles distant, and those assembled to hear the discussion were disappointed, I among them, and Brownlow had it all to himself.

The next day I hired a horse and went ten miles to my father's, and sent a buggy to bring my trunk and return the horse. I was thus once more present with my family after five years absence. It took me some days to renew my acquaintance with the people and the place. The trees about the yard had grown, but the hills had all shrunken very much. The French Broad river which skirted the farm for over a mile, a swift running, limpid stream, 400 yards wide, and which in my childhood I had looked upon as a mighty big river, now looked to me a very small stream. The creek which circled the high hill or promontory on which the homestead stood and in which in my boyhood days I vied with the scores of geese and tame ducks paddling in mud and water, actually looked insignificant and dried up. Fences had been moved, the apple, peach and pear orchards had changed amazingly; many trees had disappeared; several cherry trees were dead, and one of the many large mulberry trees, fifteen inches in diameter, where I used to shoot the gray squirrels when they came to feed on the berries, had been uprooted and gone. Going to the old water-mill (saw and grist-mill) which I had tended day and night from fourteen to nineteen years of age, in winter months, all was changed. The long mill-dam of several hundred yards which I had, when ten years of age, watched the men building, was in decay. High waters had torn off the top logs, and no repairs had been made. True, sufficient water still reached the

wheels to give them a lazy, sluggish motion, but stillness seemed to reign where my recollection pictured noise and activity. In fact all around the 800 acres of the premises I saw nothing as I had left it, and only a lonely sadness came over me as I strolled about in solemn silence. The youngest of the family, a sister, whom I left a little slim eight-year-old child, had grown to almost my own height. I could hardly recognize her. My only brother, whom I had left a merry, active little fellow of thirteen, had grown to be a tall man, overtopping myself by an inch in height, and the big "timber-wheels" or "log-wagon" with which he was then hauling saw-logs to the mill, and the same I had used years before, when I thought them the biggest, highest and most powerful wheels ever made, looked to me now diminutive and cart-like. The canoes and skiffs about the old mill, although the same size I had once used so much, looked to me now as mere toy boats. Then, in the house there was a void that only a loving mother can fill.

The shoal or rapids at the foot of which the mills were located was a clear fall of water four feet in six hundred yards, and the width of the river four hundred yards. The water was not deep on the shoal, only one to four feet, but very swift of current. The canoes used at that day were carved out of a solid poplar tree, generally from twenty-four to twenty-six inches in diameter, and scarcely heavier than an Indian bark canoe of like size, but much stronger. I began to use that canoe at ten years of age, and when fifteen, by frequent contests with other boys and men poling up stream over rapids, I was readily accorded the palm and premium. Nothing claiming to be a "canoe man" in

all the county could excel me, and few even proved fair competitors. I could pole my canoe over rapids and shoals with a skill and ease that the strongest man would fail in doing. Hence it was that the most memorable sport and pleasure of my childhood and boyhood days were those I spent about my father's mill in those shoal waters. Naturally, therefore, on return after years of absence, that I should recall those days and feel sadness at the changed condition of things! Thus I roamed around the mills, the river, the creeks and the hills for weeks, almost as lonesome as if I had been among strangers, and viewing scenes and surroundings for the first time.

Two persons only had not changed so very much to my mind; one was old Granny "Hannah," a family negress house slave (a heritage from my maternal grandmother's estate), and the other old Mark, also slave-in-*law* (but practically as free as I). He was head man of all work, even the boss over white hired men, at farm and mill! He it was who taught me to swim and navigate these rapids—while good old Hannah, still the ever faithful, viligant house servant, cook and laundress and maid-of-all-work, who had nursed and cared for us white children in infancy—and *spanked us, too, scores of times*—seemed the only substitute in the old home for my deceased mother! Then it was I realized how much I loved good old "Granny Hannah."

I sought relief from this loneliness by horseback excursions around the settlements, visiting former friends and acquaintances, many of them cousins; but here again I met disappointment. Almost at every house, some had died, but more had married and gone

elsewhere. About the second week I received by mail orders to proceed to New Orleans and there join my regiment (Second Infantry), which had been ordered to leave Sackett's Harbor (where it had been stationed some years) and proceed to Mexico, via New Orleans.

CHAPTER IV.

This order was actually a relief, for I was anxious to get out of the changed scenes about my old home. I spent a few days bidding good-bye to friends, and took a two-horse stage hack southwest through Knoxville, Chattanooga, to Nashville, stopping a day and night (or one stage) in Bradley county, Tennessee, to see my eldest sister, married and living a few miles off the road, and whom I had not seen since 1840. After four days and nights staging over the mountains, through a lovely country, crossing to the right bank of the Tennessee river at Chattanooga, thence on through Murfreesboro and crossing Stone river, I reached Nashville, where I got a steamboat to New Orleans. That was my first trip on the Mississippi river. In New Orleans I stopped at the St. Charles Hotel one day and a night, and learned my regiment had arrived and was then four miles below at the old New Orleans barracks, awaiting transportation on the Gulf to Brazos Island. I lost no time in reporting myself to Lieut.-Col. Bennett Riley, who commanded the regiment in the absence of Col. Hugh Brady, who was too old and feeble to take the field. Adjutant-Lieut. E. R. S. Canby, and all the officers (twelve or fifteen in number) were busy fitting themselves out with mess furniture and camp conveniences needed for the field in

Mexico. I was not slow to follow their example. Being green and ignorant of the practical, in marching and camping on the field, I had to learn from those older officers, nearly all of whom had served in Florida and elsewhere for some years. Finally, the steamer *Massachusetts* arrived at the wharf to take the regiment on board, and twelve hours after we were steaming down the Mississippi river to the Gulf, 120 miles below New Orleans. I never had been actually to sea, and as we passed out over the bar at the mouth of the river I was curious to know how it felt to be at sea on a ship. I had not long to wait. It took us nearly an hour to reach deep blue water, when the roll of the vessel began to make me feel anything but comfortable in the head and stomach, and in two hours more I was glad to crawl into a berth, where I remained during the 600 mile run to Brazos Island. Oh, how sick and miserable I was! I then vowed if I ever returned from Mexico, it would be by land. The bar at Brazos Island was very rough when we arrived there, and we had to drop anchor for a day outside; finally, the breakers subsided sufficiently to make it safe to put on steam and pass inside the bar to the wharf.

Brazos Island is a strip of sand-made land about three miles long and half a mile wide, bounded by the Gulf on one side and by the Corpus Christi bay on the other, and just opposite to Point Isabel. This island was utilized by General Taylor for a supply depot, being the only place near there that sea-going vessels could easily reach and unload. Several large storehouses had been erected of timber taken from Mobile; large water tanks constructed, and roofs con-

nected therewith to store the rainfall, for there was no fresh water to be had near the island. Major Forbes Britton of the United States Army was the chief commissary in charge of that depot, and he was on the little improvised wharf, ready to receive and welcome us as soon as a gang-plank was put out.

Just here I must mention an incident, not at all favorable to my own shrewdness and worldly wisdom. I was the subject of many innocent jokes afterwards. When leaving New York I had provided myself with a very nice and good silk umbrella, worth about six dollars, and which I had kept for use all the way on my travels. I found it even more useful against the sun's hot rays than against rainfall; besides, it had become a companionable walking stick. When I stepped ashore at Brazos Major Britton, whom I had never seen before, but heard of, as he was an old officer, a graduate of 1834, and with kindliest feelings for young graduates, to whom he was ever ready to give fatherly advice, and point out what should be the young lieutenant's course just entering on the real military life of field campaigning, greeted me cordially. Britton was a fluent talker and as suave and polite as a French dancing master. He invited me at once to walk with him a few hundred yards to his quarters, which were in one end of a large storehouse, where he had four small rooms partitioned off, one as kitchen, one as dining-room, a smaller one as bedroom with his cot and a chair in it, and then a larger one for his office. The commissary work was extensive, as may be inferred, since through that depot passed all the troops and provisions for the army in the field as far up as Monterey, more than two hundred miles distant, as well as for the depots, and stations, at several intermediate

points. This required much clerical work, for which half a dozen clerks and a dozen laborers were employed, Britton being the head and chief manager of all. Good commissary whisky was the beverage of that day—quite unlike anything we can now get. Its cost price was $2.42 per gallon by the barrel in New Orleans, was twenty years old, made in Cincinnati and Kentucky, and purchased by the Government in quantity and stored in Cincinnati, Louisville and New Orleans till required for use. Officers were permitted to purchase it at cost price. Britton was not a drinking man himself, though he took his daily toddy. He was a frank, open-hearted, companionable man, and entertained me for nearly an hour, going through his immense storehouses, where it was comparatively cool for September under a tropical sun on a sand island; at least under the shade it was not warmer than 95 degrees. Reaching his mess room, he brought out from a box in the corner a gallon demijohn of his good old whisky, and proceeded to mix a couple of toddies, one for each of us. I thanked him and said I did not drink anything but water. "All right," said he: "here's the best water we can get, but you will find it rather warm unless you cool it with some of this whisky." I smiled at the cooling properties of whisky. After drinking his toddy, he turned to me in the most serious and fatherly manner and said: "Lieutenant, I see you carry an umbrella, and I hope you will excuse me if I tell you that nothing will cloud a young officer's prospects in the army so much as to be seen carrying an umbrella, and allow me to suggest to you that, before other officers shall have met you with it, you deposit it in my storehouse and I will be responsible for its safety,

and return it to you when you call for it." I was just green enough and confiding enough to feel the most grateful thanks for his fatherly advice, and thanked him, handing my nice umbrella to him to "put away." The next day the troops all disembarked and marched three miles along the island to near the mouth of the Rio Grande, and boarded a river steamer for Camargo, one hundred and fifty miles up river. After I had left Britton's store-houses, and was well on my march with my company, out of reach of discovering the trick, Britton met the adjutant of the regiment, Lieutenant Canby, and invited him to step in and take a toddy before leaving, during which Britton got out the umbrella and spread it for the adjutant's inspection, saying at the same time: "Canby, I have been on this hot, blazing island for two months, having to travel about under the scorching sun without an umbrella, and have kept a sharp lookout for any man or officer who might come from the States with one, and only yesterday I discovered Lieutenant Turnley of your regiment had this splendid sunshade, just what I needed." "Well, how did you come to get it?" said Canby. "By Jove! I just told the lieutenant that to be seen with that umbrella would ruin his prospects as a young officer, and I told him I would store it away in my office till he should call for it. The lieutenant thanked me for my timely advice and handed me the umbrella. Now, Canby, don't give me away, but carry out the spirit of my advice." It was after many a hot day's march towards Monterey before Canby let the joke out, but when the officers all got it, I had a jolly time of it. The neatness with which Britton acquired a much needed umbrella I thought deserved credit, and I was more than recon-

ciled to the loss. In fact, it was not a loss, because I could not and would not have used it any way, and Britton knew this better than I did. But this did not relieve or mitigate my stupidity and credulity. I could just as well have had the credit for making him a present, or else taking five dollars for it, which he would gladly have given.

By sunset we were all aboard the river transport, and on our way up the Rio Grande passed Matamoras, thirty miles from Brazos, and in two days' run reached Camargo, an old Mexican town on the south bank of the little San Juan river, three miles from where it empties into the Rio Grande and only a few miles from the military post called Ringgold barracks. An encampment was selected for the regiment, but the company I was in (D Second Infantry) and two others were immediately detailed to escort a large supply train of wagons to Monterey, one hundred and thirty miles distant, and I was very soon on the hot, dusty road with the chaparral, or underbrush, so thick in many places that not a breath of fresh air could be felt. The road was only twenty feet wide, no rain for eight months; two hundred six-mule teams, two hundred pack-mules and a company of cavalry, all passing over this narrow, dry path, ground the surface into an efflorescent powder, almost half a foot deep. To wade through this, behind and between long lines of moving wagons, with a vertical, tropical sun beaming down on one's head, was a test of endurance a little more than fresh soldiers from far north Sackett's Harbor could stand. The result was more than half of each company fell by the wayside exhausted and overcome with heat and suffocation by dust. We had to put their

knapsacks into the wagons; oftentimes the men, also, with their muskets. By starting early in the cool of the morning and going into camp before the hottest part of the day, the men gradually became inured to the hardship, and we finally reached Monterey, where we found General Taylor encamped at what is called the "Walnut Springs," about three miles from the city. The train I went with had two wagons loaded with one hundred and fifty thousand dollars in silver (half dollars) packed in boxes made for the purpose at the mint, each containing one thousand dollars (or two thousand half dollars.) Lieutenant Colonel Clay, of Kentucky, also was with us, not on duty, but an invalid. Clay had been thrown from his horse in Camargo some weeks previous and broken his collar bone, but desired to join his regiment at Monterey. The chief commissary officer in Mexico was also with this train, Colonel Joseph Taylor, a brother of General Zach Taylor. While moving along one day through a dense chaparral blinded with dust, one of the wagons with specie (which were the front wagons) broke down, and of course stopped the entire train in the rear, nearly a mile long. I was on the rear guard with my company, and we all fell down in the shade to wait the starting of the train. After an hour had passed I went forward through brush and dust to the front to learn the cause of delay. I found the broken wagon unloaded of its seventy-five boxes of silver, which were piled up in the edge of the brush, making a nice platform, and Colonel Clay had made his bed on it. The chief commissary, Taylor, was abusing some poor officer (the quartermaster) for not having materials, tools and wheelwright along to speedily repair damages. The axle was broken, and, as it appeared,

no extra parts had been brought with the train, neither tools, save a saw and axe, nor could a mechanic be found. It was certainly a most slipshod outfit. I took in the situation and my early days and years of mechanical work at the saw-mill and in hauling saw logs thereto came fresh to mind. I never had seen Clay or Taylor before that trip, nor had they any knowledge of me further than that I was a recent graduate from West Point, as per the army register, which at that day was all too sufficient in the opinion of civilians and of a few officers of the regular army who were not graduates to mark me down as of no use practically. Both Colonel Joe Taylor and his brother, the General, were from civil life and did not expect a graduate to know much of anything other than *West Point books*, until they had been some years in the army.

I took in the situation, and saw at once the wagon must be abandoned or repaired. Close by I noticed a pretty straight mesquite sapling. (The mesquite is much like our locust tree, resembling it in appearance and in texture of wood.) I stepped out to where Clay and Taylor were resting on the boxes of silver, and said I could repair that axle in a short time so as to go on to camp, at least. Taylor asked me my name and to what regiment and company I belonged, which I answered, and Clay asked me if I was just from West Point. I said "yes," and they both smiled; but Taylor said: "Go ahead, lieutenant, and see if you can mend that axle." "Yes," said I; "I will mend it with a new one." He laughed again. I took off my sword-belt and coat, and said to Colonel Taylor: "Colonel, there is a company of Georgians about the mid-

dle of this train as a central guard, and I feel very sure that among those men there can be found one who can help me. Will you send back your orderly to get any such, a carpenter or blacksmith, to come forward and help me?" "Certainly," replied the colonel. Meanwhile I cut the mesquite sapling; other men lifted the wagon box off and got out the broken axle. We soon had a fire started and burned off the old irons, while I was shaping out the new axle. Very soon a tall Georgia volunteer, a regular backwoods rough carpenter when at home, came up. He was more recently familiar with use of axe than I was, and in less than two hours we had the old irons roughly put on the new axle. It was a rough job, but strong, and went not only to the next camping ground, but all the way to Monterey! This was told to General Taylor and his adjutant general, Captain Bliss, and became quite the talk about camp, being a feather in my cap. General Taylor wanted to know how on earth a West Point graduate ever learned carpentering or to mend wagons at West Point. He said he hardly believed I came from West Point; that I must be a volunteer fresh from the workshop and farm. Colonel Clay began to show his pride of State by suspecting I was from Kentucky. General Taylor, smiling, said he would recommend me for promotion, etc. I said nothing but left them, to find out from the register. I was not promoted!

About the 20th of November my company was ordered to return to Camargo and rejoin the balance of the regiment there encamped, under command of Lieutenant-Colonel Bennett Riley. My company (D 2d Infy.) was commanded by First Lieutenant and

Brevet-Captain James W. Anderson, a graduate of 1833 (who was mortally wounded at the battle of Churubusco, Mexico, August 20, 1847). Lieutenant Charles E. Jarvis was on duty with the company.

We left Monterey as escort to a large train of wagons and pack-mules designed to load with supplies at the Camargo depot and transport the same to Monterey. A Mexican priest at Monterey (whose name I have forgotten) had been secretly engaged in urging our soldiers of the Roman religious faith to desert the United States Army and join the Mexican government, and some of our soldiers had deserted under his influence. General Taylor concluded to arrest him, and send him out of Mexico to New Orleans, and the old priest was placed in charge of a corporal's guard for safe keeping (Corporal White and two privates), and guard and priest were all assigned to one of the six mule wagons in the train, and Lieutenant Jarvis placed in special command of the guard and prisoner. All went well for about half the trip, but when halting half an hour near Seralvo one hot, dusty day, the old priest was allowed to procure from the village some muscal (the beer drink of that country), and with his muscal returned to the wagon, and the train moved on. The road was a narrow path, lined on both sides with thick underbrush, the dust so thick one could scarcely see three rods distant, and the heat most uncomfotrable to anyone but a native. The two soldiers as guardsmen in the wagon with the priest suffered, as all others did, with the heat and dust, and fell asleep, sitting in the moving wagon, so that three hours after leaving Seralvo, when we halted to go into camp for the night, the two soldiers were found fast asleep and the old priest gone!

Of course all was excitement, and prompt effort made to make a search for him, but without avail. In fact it was about as easy to find a needle in a hay-stack as to find a fleeing prisoner in such dense chaparral and large prickly pears. Of course the two soldiers were put under arrest, as also Lieutenant Jarvis, and the next day we continued our march toward Camargo. Poor Lieutenant Jarvis was crushed. He had lost his prisoner by his two guardsmen sleeping on their post, or rather on their seats in the wagon, and the first query was, had they been bribed by the Roman priest or had they been drugged by the priest's muscal drink? Investigation showed the soldiers were not Romanists, in religion, and therefore not liable to be bribed on religious grounds; besides, they said they had accepted from the old priest several drinks of his muscal beer, after drinking which they said they became exceedingly sleepy, etc., and this, together with the heat and dust, caused them to fall into a deep sleep, while the slow-moving wagon only favored sleep. After arriving at Camargo and laying the matter before Colonel Riley and some delay and correspondence with General Taylor, it was finally attributed to the shrewd priest's muscal and to the inadvertency of the soldiers drinking it without suspicion.

Lieutenant Jarvis filed charges against Corporal White and the two privates for sleeping on their post, and he was released from arrest and returned to duty. The men were put in arrest to await their trial by court-martial. In a few days my company left Camargo for the little town of Monte Marelos, about one hundred and twenty miles distant, close under the Sierra Madra mountains and on the direct road between

Monterey and Tampico, where we arrived December 12, 1846. I never knew definitely what became of Corporal White and his two private soldiers, but I heard, *as a rumor*, that one of the privates died at Camargo of grief, and that Corporal White had been returned to Monterey, where he was serving out his sentence with a ball and chain attachment to his ankle.

On arriving at Monte Marelos we took possession of the place, taking the Alcalde's court-house for our main guard-house, and awaited the arrival of General Taylor with his forces from Monterey. During the few days we thus waited several of our officers got too sick to do guard duty and I had to perform the duty of officer of the guard, day and night, for three consecutive days. The headquarters of my guard were at the Alcalde's court-house, on the main plaza or public square, and I appropriated his big arm-chair to sit in outside of the court-house door in front of which sentinel No. 1 walked his post. Colonel Riley, the commander, generally visited the guard at night to see all was vigilant, and it was his visit one night or rather a little before daylight in the morning, that marked an event in my early service as an officer of the guard. Colonel Riley was one of the best and kindest men in the world, yet viligant, and exacting of all officers a strict performance of duty. About two o'clock in the morning the colonel came quietly walking up to my guard-house in the dark. Sentinel No. 1 challenged him with "Who comes there?" to which Riley answered, "Commanding officer," and the sentinel at once sang out, "Turn out the guard for the commanding officer;" to which Riley replied, "Never mind the guard," and then walked on up to where I was sitting in the big arm-chair, leaning back against

the adobe wall of the court-house, my arms folded, and my feet on the round of the chair, *fast asleep!* Riley put his hand on my knee and slightly shook it, but I showed no sign of moving, and he repeated the shake; still I was insensible to his touch, and he then said, as if speaking to himself, "Asleep, yes asleep, fast asleep on duty. Must be shot to-morrow morning." I was truly in a strange condition, a strange trance sleep. I was in fact dead asleep, which was not to be wondered at, for I had then been constantly on guard duty for sixty hours without sleep, and yet, strange as it was, I heard the sentinel's challenge and Riley's reply, felt his hand on my knee, heard him say "asleep, asleep," but I could not speak or move until his last words "fast asleep on duty.—Must be shot in the morning." At this moment my trance gave way so I could speak, but not move, and I quietly and calmly replied," Not much am I asleep, Colonel. Won't you have this chair?" The colonel was really taken by surprise, and, as he afterwards said, he was finally uncertain whether I was really asleep or only feigning, because of the quiet and composed manner and voice in which I replied to his last remark. I marched off guard next morning and soon after Colonel Riley sent his orderly to summon me to his tent, where I supposed I would be placed in arrest; but to my delight I was supplied with a delicious old-fashioned American toddy made by the colonel himself. He had his Quartermaster McKinstry, his Adjutant Canby, and some other officers present also, and took delight in relating to them just how he had caught me asleep the night before on guard. (Good old Colonel Riley died a painful death at his home in Buffalo in 1853, of a long and painful cancer which ate away his entire left jaw-bone.)

In a few days Taylor and his forces from Monterey arrived, but the same night word came that Santa Anna was approaching Monterey from Saltillo, and the next morning the entire force was put in motion back to Monterey, eighty miles distant. On arriving there the report was found to be wrong, so we again returned to Montemorelos and thence on, by disagreeable and fatiguing marches, all the way to Tampico, about three hundred and seventy five miles from Monterey. Of course we marched through many towns, villages and ranches on that long and fatiguing trip along the foot of the Sierra Madre mountains. After leaving Montemorelos we came to the town of Linares, thirty miles; then twenty-five miles to a ranch, then thirty miles to Villagran, then twenty-five miles to a camp, then Victoria forty miles, where we called a halt for some days. It was while we were encamped at Victoria that orders from General Scott reached Taylor, directing him to return to Monterey and take command of that part of Mexico, but letting the principal portion of his troops proceed on to Tampico.

While at Victoria also, we received news that Lieutenant John A. Richey, bearer of dispatches to Taylor, with a small escort of four dragoon soldiers, from Monterey, had been murdered at Villagran, January 13, 1847. Taylor immediately started back, taking with him Colonel May's dragoons, Bragg's and Washington's batteries. The little village (Villagran) where Lieutenant Richey was murdered, was only about forty miles from Victoria, and the rear guard of our forces had passed through it only a day or two before the murder. Taylor on his return to Monterey passed through the village, and I understood he stopped long

enough to investigate the matter and learn that the village priest was the chief actor in the murder, but he had fled to the mountains. Taylor threatened the villagers and Alcalde with punishment unless they apprehended and delivered up the murderers; but I never learned that anything was done, and Taylor had no time to spare from his march back to Monterey, thence on to Saltilio. It was now about the 15th of January, 1847. The manner in which Lieutenant Richey was murdered was cruel and revolting. When General Scott arrived at Brazos Island (the mouth of the Rio Grande) he tarried a short time to formulate orders, for he ranked General Taylor. His plan was, for Taylor to remain in command on the Monterey line of operations, to watch and check any move of the Mexicans in that part of the frontier, while Scott himself was to organize as large a force as he could and move by sea to Vera Cruz. Hence he sent full instructions to Taylor at Monterey (as Scott supposed Taylor to be there), but after his couriers were gone Scott learned Taylor had already gone south towards Tampico, and therefore he at once started other couriers with a duplicate of his orders southwesterly direct to Taylor, and which Taylor received in about six days at Victoria, whereas the first dispatches had to go first to Monterey, say 250 miles from Brazos. There, the next in command at Monterey (General William Worth) opened and learned the importance of the orders and immediately dispatched Lieutenant Richey with a few dragoons to overtake Taylor if possible. Taylor meantime was in camp at Victoria, more than two hundred miles from Monterey. Richey had this long distance to ride with only a few

horsemen as escort. At Villagran, only forty miles short of Taylor's camp, as stated. the lieutenant rode up to the Alcalde's house and asked to purchase a little corn to feed his jaded and hungry horses, at the same time directing his corporal and men to ride across the little creek, to clear space to camp for the night. This was a fatal error in poor Richey's judgment. He was a brave, active and vigilant young officer, a graduate of only eighteen months before, and he being so close to Taylor's encampment at Victoria, it was not strange he failed to realized his danger. He was told he could get some corn, and was about to turn his horse's head to his intended bivouac for the night, when at some obvious signal a lariat was thrown over his head and he was dragged off his horse on the plaza (a small public square) and brutally murdered. His dispatches, of course, were taken and a courier at once dispatched with the same to the nearest Mexican general, then somewhere south of Saltillo. These dispatches and orders of Scott from Brazos Island outlined the contemplated movements on Vera Cruz, and also gave Taylor general instructions for his work on the Monterey line, and when delivered to the Mexican general and carefully translated into the Spanish language, of course gave to the Mexican officers Scott's entire plan of campaign! Knowing all this Taylor hastened his return to Monterey, and thence on to Saltillo, drawing meantime all the volunteers available from the lower Rio Grande to move forward and join him. By this means Taylor was enabled to collect a paltry four thousand men to meet Santa Anna at Buena Vista (or more correctly at Angostura), where, with four thousand men, he fought the

memorable battle called Buena Vista, and beat Santa Anna, who had in round numbers twenty thousand men!

But I have digressed from my narrative, mainly to refer to Lieutenant Richey's cruel murder, whom I liked very much and with whom I was three years a cadet at the United States Military Academy.

Returning to my subject, our forces at Victoria resumed the march to Tampico, January 15, 1847 (Generals Patterson and Twiggs in command), and after many hard marches we reached Tampico, one hundred and fifty miles from Victoria, January 23d, and formed encampment on the high bluff overlooking the Panuco river and about four miles from the city of Tampico. Our first work was to clear off the thick underbrush composed almost entirely of the lime bush, so thick one could scarcely crawl through it. This lime growth is a slim, straight growth, generally not thicker than one's wrist, but twelve to twenty feet high, and bears the lime apple, almost identical in taste with the lemon, but much smaller. It required several hundred men with axes several days to clear a space sufficiently large for our encampment, which I and others, considered at the time a most unnecessary labor, considering we were only waiting there for transports to take us five hundred miles on to Vera Cruz.

General Scott, meantime, had sailed from Brazos to Lobos island, about eighty miles south from Tampico, and there anchored his flagship, to await our arrival, and, in fact, to have a general rendezvous at that island of his forces destined for Vera Cruz.

The day we began to embark the news reached us of Taylor's battle at Buena Vista, February 22, 1847.

After dropping anchor at Lobos island for a few days, the entire flotilla proceeded on to Sacrificious anchorage, which was in sight of Vera Cruz, but about twelve miles south of it. Troops and supplies were daily arriving, and Scott was hard at work formulating his plans for landing. For this purpose he had, before leaving Washington, ordered some sixty or more surf-boats, and these were coming along slowly, but it required some days of waiting before enough of them had arrived to enable us to land. Finally, on the 9th of March all things were ready, and the larger vessels, with troops on board, got under way, and ran up within two miles of the shore, but out of reach of the guns of the city or forts. The surf-boats were towed along behind the larger vessels till the latter dropped anchors. Then these pulled up alongside, and the officers and men at once passed from the vessels into these surf-boats, each one of which already had six trusty seamen from the naval ships, detailed to row them ashore. At a signal from General Scott's flag-ship, all the surf-boats pulled out in line, headed for the shore, about forty in number, and carrying the first division of troops, about 3,000 all told. It required only half an hour for these boats to reach near enough the shore to drop their kedges and allow every man (officers and soldiers) to step overboard into the water and wade ashore, which they did, and rushed to dry land as fast as possible. The surf-boats then returned to the transports and took the second division, and after that took the third and last division. I was in the last division, and we got on shore about 10 o'clock at night, and had the pleasure of lying on the sand beach in wet clothes.

By sunrise March 10, 1847, our little army of eleven thousand men were safely landed, and rapidly extending a line of investment around the city. Not an accident occurred, not a single life was lost in this phenomenal debarkation of troops on a hostile shore. By the 12th of March we had completed the line of investment—surrounding the city of Vera Cruz, cutting off all egress and ingress. This was not easily accomplished. Much labor, fatigue and patience was required to pick our path in the sand-ridges along a semi-circle around the city for a distance of six miles, from the point we landed to the waters of the sea north of the city. Of course we needed horses, mules and wagons, but had very few—only about a dozen carts had yet been landed from our transports, and less than fifty horses; and we hád to carry our luggage, camp equipage and provisions as best we could. Those sandhills, interspersed with chaparral, and every bush and twig having a thorn on it, made our march serious work. Nothing daunted, however, our soldiers, regulars and volunteers alike, carried and dragged our entire outfit of provisions and munitions with us, under a hot, burning sun. The 14th of March, what is called a "Norther" came up, which is a cold, strong, constant wind from the north, making man and beast to shiver —disagreeable anywhere, but mostly to be dreaded where the sand is all over and around us, and flying in every direction, filling eyes and mouth, nose and ears. This continued until about the 17th, when the wind began to slacken, and the naval vessels and seamen were able to begin to land our mortars and siege pieces and also mules and horses. By the 18th we got ten mortars and four twenty-four-pound siege guns on

shore, also two or three howitzers. That night the trenches to receive these guns and mortars were completed. By the 22d most of the mortars and two siege guns were in position ready to open fire on the doomed city. But before doing so General Scott sent a messenger to the city with a demand to the Mexican commander to surrender without loss of life. The Mexican general, or the governor of the city, or both, refused to surrender; and on the receipt of this refusal, General Scott ordered our batteries to begin fire. The batteries had been planted about 1,600 yards from the public square in the city. The firing was kept up all that day and night and part of the 23d. On the 24th we had planted additional guns, twenty-four pounders and one or two Paixhan* guns. On the 25th all of our batteries opened fire at once. This created one of the grandest scenes in warfare. The darkness of the night was made luminous by the blazing shells, which circled through the air in a constant stream. The incessant roar of heavy artillery, and the fall of heavy shot and shell on houses, churches and palaces in the city, mingled with the pitiful cries and yells of the people, was sadly and painfully grand, all the more so because it was the wail of innocent mothers and children. Great churches and cathedrals were perforated with our shot and shell, and reverberated, with fearful echo; while the entire water front of the city was made red by the broadside discharges of our naval men-of war. The castle of San Juan, a mile out from shore, with its hundred well-manned cannon, opened fire on our naval ships, which greatly added to the general

* A Paixhan gun is a large cannon like the Columbiad, made to throw both shot and shell.

din and roar of that fearful bombardment, but did no harm to our ships.

No more sublime and awfully terrible scene in warfare has ever been enacted than that witnessed from our trenches of investment, from about the 22d to the 25th of March, 1847! The accumulated science of ages, as applied by military art, was then and there aggregated, and put into fearful practice on the sandy shore of Vera Cruz, with the maximum destructive power!

Late on the evening of the 25th, the consuls of European nations, located in Vera Cruz, made application, by flag of truce, to General Scott, for them and the women and children to be allowed to retire from the city. But Scott replied that such could only be granted by application of the chief in command (General Marelos), the governor, and that, too, with a view of surrendering the city. General Scott had, several days before, sent safe-guards to all consuls, and they refused to avail themselves of the same—even the blockade had been left open to consuls and to all neutrals, up to the 22d of March. Scott had fully considered all these hardships, as well for women and children as for the consuls; but they had coolly declined to accept his humane offer, and it was rather late now to cry halt. Therefore, General Scott very properly declined to cease his firing. The result was, that on the morning of the 26th the Mexican general, in the city, sent a flag of truce, proposing to surrender the city without further bloodshed. Scott had just completed his plan to storm the city and take it by assault and the Mexican general's proposition rendered this extreme measure unnecessary. Generals Worth and Pillow, and Colonel Totten (of our engineer

corps), were named by General Scott as commissioners to meet the Mexican commissioners and arrange the terms of surrender. Late on the night of March 27th, articles of surrender were signed and ratified. So ended the siege and capture of Vera Cruz in March, 1847. During the fifteen days of investment (say from March 12th to 27th), we threw three thousand ten-inch shells, two hundred howitzer shells, one thousand Paixhan shot and two thousand five hundred round shot, the total weight of shot and shell thrown into that city was about half a million pounds, or two hundred and fifty tons.

The siege and capture of Vera Cruz by Scott was phenomenal, and was received by the military nations of the world as a marvelous application of military science, tactics and discipline. It gave to the United States a prestige for war not before dreamed of. Our loss of life was two valuable officers, two seamen, three soldiers and one musician. The loss of the Mexicans I have never been able to learn with any degree of certainty; but it was up into the hundreds.

The great warlike nations of the Old World think victory brightest when achieved in a carnival of death, and that laurels are greenest when plucked from a crimson tree. But this is not the estimate of the more civilized, humane and intelligent people. We Americans of this nineteenth century believe the achievement greatest which has cost the least loss of life, and where skill is substituted for brute force and strength—where science takes the place of brave but wasted energy.

On the 29th of March the entire city, with all military supplies and munitions, was delivered to our

forces; and my regiment (the First Infantry) was designated to occupy the same, while the rest of the army moved on toward the city of Mexico.

I have gone more into detail in the capture of the city of Vera Cruz than properly belonged to a personal narrative, but the event is altogether worthy of more than I have said, or can say, in praise of the military strategy and execution of that daring enterprise. General Scott, however, was, par excellence, the commander most capable of planning and executing such a military movement. It would require an abler pen than mine to do justice to the subject. Nevertheless, I am tempted to add a few lines descriptive of the locality, the obstacles to be encountered, the grandeur and completeness of execution. As before stated, General Scott had stopped a few days at Brazos island (mouth of the Rio Grande) to give orders to General Taylor, then supposed to be at or near Monterey, after which Scott proceeded by steamer to Lobos island, where a fairly safe anchorage could be had, about eighty miles south of Tampico and about 320 miles northwest of Vera Cruz. At this place the troops designated for the expedition assembled on vessels, and when nearly all had arrived anchors were raised and vessels proceeded to a place called Antonio Lizardo, in sight of, but ten or twelve miles beyond, or south of, the city of Vera Cruz. General Scott, on March 7th, made a reconnoissance of the city and surroundings on a steamer, accompanied by Commodore Cannor, for the special purpose of selecting the best place to land his troops, and he was not long in selecting the west shore of the little island of Sacrificious, in sight of, but some three miles from Vera Cruz.

That anchorage, however, was not large enough for all our vessels (numbering then over fifty), including men-of-war of the navy and transports. On the morning of March 9th the troops were mostly removed from the transports which had brought them there to the two or three ships of war, the magnificent frigate St. Mary being the one my regiment went aboard of. In the afternoon the entire fleet set sail for the place of landing, say six miles distant (and three miles south of the city), General Scott, on the old steamer Massachusetts, leading off. As he passed through the immense squadron, all with anchors raised and ready to follow, his tall form (over six feet) standing on deck, was seen by every one, and a loud cheer was given by the nearest vessel, which in turn was repeated by every vessel in the squadron. Two steamers and four or five gunboats had taken position to cover and protect the landing of the soldiers should resistance be made by unseen Mexican soldiers on the land. Every one expected, of course, to meet the enemy on shore, and preparations were made for this contingency. About 3,000 men and officers embarked in the first division, in forty of the large surf-boats. A signal gun was fired from General Scott's vessel to start for shore. The entire flotilla of surf-boats moved in line abreast toward the shore as fast as the seamen could pull. Arriving within a few hundred yards of land, where the water was less than three feet deep, all the soldiers jumped out, holding up cartridge boxes with one hand and carrying musket in the other, and rushed for dry land with all speed; not stopping, they continued on over the sand hills into the underbrush, and raised our flag. This was seen by the troops still

on the ships, and a tremendous shout went up from every throat. This first division reached shore about sunset, and in less than one hour the second division of 3,500 was landed, and by 10 o'clock that night the third and last division was safely on shore. I was in this third division, as before stated, and had a sound sleep in wet clothes on the sandy beach not 200 feet from the water. Thus it was in less than eight hours' time our entire army of 11,000 men and officers were landed, on a hostile shore, from seagoing vessels, without a single loss of life or accident. We were thus in sight of the spot where Cortez landed his small force of Spanish soldiers 330 years before, to subdue the Aztec American civilization, and we had now landed to subdue the Spanish Aztecs. Both came with inferior numbers, as if to illustrate the higher order and superior energy and moral power of the age. Both were urged on by that invisible spirit in man to carry forward the great drama of earthly strife—the assumed providence of a Divine Ruler to a higher civilization. What vanity to speculate as to results! Men may continue to speculate, but no data reliable is at hand to warrant a prophecy or a prediction. Man is the highest specimen of animal creation, yet brutal, barbarous, vindictive and revengeful!—lower in these respects than brutes and reptiles, which require no restraining government, while boasted man must be *governed* and *restrained*, or else become extinct on earth by violence to each other! In nineteen hundred years, under the teaching and inspiration of the highest and most elevating religion we have any record of, man has not yet softened or ameliorated, much less subdued, his barbarous nature; nor are men, as a *whole*

or in *mass*, capable of liberty or worthy even to exercise *privileges*. However, I am not going to moralize, but rather express the fact that skill and science were most completely combined and put into practice by General Scott's brain in all his pre-arrangements and combinations, which resulted in landing 11,000 troops from seagoing transports at Vera Cruz *without a single loss of life*, or accident! History fails to record any similar feat. The French at Algiers in 1830 landed 9,000 soldiers in one *entire day*. with no resistance on the part of the enemy, either by land or water, yet thirty-six men were drowned by upsetting of boats, whereas Scott landed 11,000 in less than ten hours with no loss.

Gen. Winfield Scott was no politician, albeit he was ambitious for political honors, and failed; but the United States never produced his superior, nor his equal,as a military general. The care and foresight with which he planned his battles, his exceptionally good judgment, and the ever mindful vigilance with which he saved, when possible, the lives of his soldiers and officers, placed Scott above all military captains of the nineteenth century. This is not undue praise (extravagant as it may seem since our great domestic war, and the undue worship of half a dozen pigmy generals) but simple truth—a truth which as a military student and officer for nearly thirty years, I feel it my simple duty to record for whomsoever it may concern. Gen. Scott at that time was sixty-one years of age.

Our domestic war between the states (1861 to 1865) was on the most colossal scale of any war of record, and was waged with energy and great sacrifice of life and waste of material, but not often, if indeed ever,

with skill or generalship on either side! There was ten times more personal ambition, selfish politics, and grasping avarice in the bloody drama than of science or skill. We may, even at a quarter of a century after its close, mark the sowing of seeds of decay of our boasted republic. There is no longer even a semblance of that high moral integrity and honesty of purpose in the administration of laws, either municipal, state or national, that characterized public affairs in the beginning of our popular government. Could the public men of one century past suddenly appear to-day in our courts and halls of legislation, and get even a partial glimpse of the dishonesty, corruption, bribery and bargain and sale of officials high and low, they would wonder they ever felt confidence in a popular elective government.

What the ultimate result of our rapid experiments may be, cannot be forecast, nor exactly when the finale shall come. But judging by what has been since man began on this earth, (and which one is warranted in supposing may have ante-dated some millions of years the time of the alleged Moses), one is not out of the way in predicting that by the year 1990, vox populi will have quite sufficiently proved itself a debauching and destroying *lie*, and refuge will be sought in the same old kingly system, with even greater than the present power of a Russian Czar. By that period our country will have, about four hundred and fifty millions of human beings, all striving, like bees and worms, to clamber over its neighbor, with no thought but for self, and to save them from self-destruction, the rich, wise and powerful few, must come to the rescue and wield arbitrary, even unlimited power.

We are piously cited to the biblical assertion that there is "nothing new under the sun;" hence our present experiment at popular government has doubtless been enacted scores of times in the distant past, and by the revolution of the Wheel of Time all nations and people return to their former place and condition, there to begin anew the ordeal of building up what we call higher civilization, which, when reached, another retrograde sets in.

The disorder of the twentieth century will contradict the absurd dogma that "all men are free and equal." Liberty, equality and fraternity are imaginary impossibilities in this world; equality is attained or even supposable, only in the grave, while the much vaunted liberty is an absurdity; and fraternity is the very shadow of fiction. The so called statesmen and the professional politicians in the United States are at liberty to smile at this prediction, as did many scoff at the idea of our late war. Even Lincoln, while he through policy flattered the multitude, yet at heart believed the truth of what I say.

One amusing incident occurred on the morning of March 13th, which I must mention, because it will indicate, to the uninitiated, the extreme venture which those in a besieged city must sometimes hazard. Santa Anna, with 20,000 men, was at that time not more than 100 miles from Vera Cruz on the road leading to the City of Mexico. He had been defeated at Buena Vista only a month before, but had hastened to the capital, organized a new army, and was pushing to relieve Vera Cruz The one great need was to inform him of the beleaguered condition of Vera Cruz, and urge him to come to its relief as soon as possible with a

force sufficient to raise the siege—as we say in military parlance. This scheme was cunningly devised by Gen. Marelos and almost succeeded. Its failure was mainly due to the humble writer of these lines as follows :

On the night of March 12th, I was detailed for picket guard on the circular line of investment. The line I was to guard was about half a mile long and the orders given me were to let no person go in toward the city or come out. This I strictly obeyed. But on the morning of the 13th when the sun was about two hours risen, and much smoke from numerous camp fires clouded the atmosphere, while I was drinking a little coffee from my tin cup, I descried in the distance (toward the city) a man coming toward me with a piece of wood on his shoulder. He was dressed in the garb of the "peons," (slaves or laborers) of the country, and walked like a serf or peon, so much so that one would hardly think of his being anything but a poor wood-chopper going to his work, for he also had an ax on his shoulder. Besides, he came directly toward me, apparently without the least fear or hesitation, which further indicated that he was a menial in some family in the city who was in need of a little wood fuel. He came to where I was standing, near my all-night camp fire, saluted me (a la peon) by raising his sombrero (hat) with the usual "Buenos dias Senor" (Good morning, mister), and then in Spanish said, "I wish to go out a little way and cut some wood, and my cart being broken I wish to mend it and haul in my wood." I eyed him for a moment and called my sergeant of the guard, who was only a hundred feet distant; he came up and I said : "Sergeant, this man wants to go out over the line to cut some wood and

mend his cart, but I would like to know what that stick of timber is he has with him; take it and examine it." The stick was about three feet long and 3x3 inches in diameter. The sergeant took it to the camp-fire and washed it clean, when, behold! an inch-auger hole bored into one end to the depth of eight inches and a roll of thin paper, all written over, was concealed, and mud and dirt covered the hole. The writing was in Spanish. I sent the man and piece of wood and writing to General Scott's headquarters tent at once, where it was discovered the paper was from Marelos in Vera Cruz, to Santa Anna to hurry up with his forces and relieve the city. And the man carrying the stick was a captain of artillery, not a peon or wood chopper by any means. I never learned what General Scott did with the man. I guess he let him go.

CHAPTER V.

During the siege of Vera Cruz I was on picket guard on the line of investment for twenty days and nights, without being relieved, and from the 9th to the 29th of March had not been able to change my clothes. During this time we had a cold wet "norther" for forty-eight hours, and I was in the sand-hills day and night with not so much as an overcoat. I took a severe cold, which by the 29th became serious and I had to go to the rear a half mile, and make my bed on my blanket under the chaparral or underbrush on the road-side. The next day a clear case of mumps appeared, and two days later a severe case of measles. Altogether, I was in a pretty bad condition, but as my company and regiment had to occupy the city, my captain, Albert S.

Miller, a native of East Tennessee near Knoxville, and a graduate of the Military Academy of 1823, had me taken into the city and comfortably cared for. The "northers" having ceased with the coming in of April, we soon had very warm weather. I became greatly reduced in strength, in fact I could not walk about, but kept my bed for ten days, with little prospect of speedy recovery. The army had gone on to Cerro Gordo (sixty-five miles), and was there preparing to have another battle. About the 10th of April a class-mate of mine, Fred Myers of the Fifth Infantry, was sent back from the army to Vera Cruz, perfectly helpless with inflammatory rheumatism, about the worst case of the kind I had ever seen. Our surgeon recommended that Myers be sent on a steamer, which was to sail in a few days to New Orleans.

My captain, seeing my weak and feeble condition, suggested to the colonel that I go with Myers to New Orleans and thence to Cincinnati to bring back five hundred recruits for the regiment and the general service. Of course, nothing could have pleased me more, and in a few days Myers and I were steaming toward New Orleans, distant from Vera Cruz about nine hundred miles. We had a slow, disagreeable sea voyage, and when we reached New Orleans Myers was still unable to walk, or even get out of his bunk. I therefore staid with him two days, till a vessel was ready to leave for New York, and put him on board. He reached home (New Haven, Conn.) early in May and there received news of the battle of Cerre Gordo. Myers finally recovered his health. I took steamer for Cincinnati and was ordered on to Pittsburgh, to gather all recruits I could, and report the same to the chief

recruiting officer in Newport, Kentucky (Major N. Macray). It was September before all the recruits were concentrated at Cincinnati, and about the 20th of September I left Cincinnati on steamer for New Orleans with 800 recruits, arriving there about the 1st of October; we soon boarded a sea-going vessel called The Fanny, and left for Vera Cruz. After six days out, the captain of the steamer told me the boilers were so crusted with salt that he must shut off steam and clean boilers, and he requested me to give him an order to run into Tampico to do this, rather than do the work at sea, with the vessel rolling and pitching, as The Fanny did all the time. He wanted an order from some officer, because of the terms of his insurance. I thought the matter over and concluded to give the order. Three days after we crossed the bar, and steamed five miles up the Panuco river to Tampico, where we lay twenty-four hours and cleaned boilers, then left for Vera Cruz. I was glad we had run into Tampico, for, while we lay there, the most terrific storm for years had swept that entire coast and that portion of the gulf and many vessels had been lost. Two transports with army supplies and horses on board were lost, and the third day out from Tampico we passed one large schooner, keel up, still floating, but her cargo scattered over the sea along our track, and all her crew lost! After three days run we entered the harbor at Vera Cruz and dropped anchor not far from the noted castle of "San Juan de Ulloa," about a mile from the "Mole," which is, in fact, the pier on which freight and passengers are landed in small boats, as deep draught vessels cannot get to the pier. It was sunset when I landed and proceeded to report to the commanding officer of

the city, who in fact was Lieutenant-Colonel Wilson of my own regiment. First Lieutenant Benjamin W. Arthur, a New Yorker, was his adjutant-general. I was directed to call on the post quartermaster for sufficient transportation for my 800 recruits to a camping ground a mile south of the city walls, and there form a camp. This was late in October. The yellow fever had prevailed in Vera Cruz all summer and created dreadful mortality among the troops and Americans stationed there. My own company, which I left in April 100 strong, had lost more than a third of its number but the disease had spent its force and no new cases had occurred for some weeks, and it was hardly supposable any more would occur, as cold weather had set in. I got the necessary wagons to haul the camp equipage, and got my eight hundred recruits safely landed on the pier about ten o'clock at night, and by eleven o'clock reached the place for a camp. The men preferred to throw themselves down on their blankets on the sand, rather than spend the night in darkness pitching tents. I preferred, myself, to get some sleep on the sand. Consequently, after putting out a line of sentinels, we all fell asleep. We had only a dozen guns for guard service and early next morning I went back to the city with a corporal, five men and a wagon to draw arms and munition for my 800 recruits, leaving orders for the tents to be pitched and a proper camp to be formed. I got the arms and returned to camp by noon. At once called up the men and issued to each a complete outfit for service. Before I was through with it, I felt as if I had a chill, and that night in my tent had a high fever and dreadful headache, in fact ached all over. At noon the next day I sent a messen-

ger to Adjutant Arthur requesting him to send a doctor to see me. In a few hours one arrived, and, although we were perfect strangers, he at once told me that I had yellow fever, and must go back to the hospital in the city. This I did and was attended by Surgeon John B. Porter, U. S. Army, who was an old surgeon in the army, having entered in 1833 and served in Florida, likewise had been in Vera Cruz that summer and gone through the scourge. Two days after I became delirious and knew nothing that transpired for two weeks, but finally recovered sufficiently to realize my surroundings. This was the only case that occurred in 800 recruits, and was thought to be rather phenomenal, considering it had disappeared early in October. I recovered slowly, and was not able for duty until near the last of November, when I returned to the command of my recruits, 300 of whom were destined for regiments stationed along the road to the City of Mexico.

Early in January, 1848, orders were issued for my regiment to move as part of an escort to a large supply train of 500 wagons, under command of Major Dixon S. Miles, of the Fifth United States Infantry, to the Mexican capital, 250 miles distant, and for me to continue in command of these recruits as part of the escort, but to deliver at the several stations on the route such recruits as belonged to regiments there stationed. This was a long and trying march for me in my feeble condition. I required a horse and equipments, being unable to march on foot. We reached Pueblo January 17; the 19th, Rio Frio; the 20th, San Martine, and we finally arrived at the City of Mexico January 23, 1848, where I delivered the last of the recruits, and then

joined my proper company and regiment. We rested a week or ten days in the City of Mexico, and received orders to proceed south over the mountains to the town of Cuernavaca, ninety miles distant, to protect the owners of haciendas or plantations from the uprising of their peons or serfs. This was rather agreeable service, and preferable to being idle in the city of Mexico, where the void, caused by nothing to do for thousands of soldiers and officers, was largely filled by much gambling and dissipation.

We spent two months on that trip,and saw the beauties of hacienda life, with the coffee, sugar, banana and orange fields, in perfection. After a few weeks in Cuernavaca (one of the oldest Aztec towns in Mexico), news came of the uprising of 300 peons or serfs on the large hacienda of a Mr. Felia, thirty-five miles southwest from Cuernavaca, and my company, with part of another, marched to the place to protect the owner and his family. This family consisted of Mrs. Felia and her two little daughters, ten and twelve years old. It was a large plantation, comprising over 60,000 acres, and fully half of it was in thorough cultivation, with sugar, coffee, oranges and bananas, with large sugar-houses, a fine church, with steeple and belfry, and extensive residence buildings. Its usual force of labor was 300 peons or serfs. Those peons corresponded to slaves, and they had by some means got the idea that our invasion of Mexico favored a revolt against their masters, and, procuring some rude muskets and ammunition, they threatened to murder Mr. Felia and family and sack the premises. Mrs. Felia and her two children took refuge in the tower of the church and shut themselves in until our arrival, when the rebellious peons hastily

scattered and disappeared. We remained there until orders came that peace was so nearly concluded by the commissioners in the city of Mexico as to warrant calling in to that capital all outlying detachments, and we received orders to return to Cuernavaca, and, with the regiment, proceed to the Mexican capital. This, of course, involved leaving Mr. Felia and family in as bad or a worse condition than they were before we went to their relief. While at his hacienda, Mr. Felia insisted on quartering our company in the church (which of course was his own property) and the officers in spacious rooms in his extensive mansion; also, that our officers should take their daily meals with his family in their immense dining-hall, which we thankfully accepted. It is needless to say we fared sumptuously and had a splendid time. Five courses generally marked our dinners, and three courses our breakfasts! When we learned that we had orders to return to Cuernavaca, Mr. Felia prevailed on the commanding officer (who was Captain John R. B. Gardenier of my own regiment, First Infantry) to delay twenty-four hours, so that he and family could pack up their valuables and accompany us, at least as far as Cuernavaca. This was agreed to, and we all made the march together over the rough, hilly road, the thirty-five miles to Cuernavaca in two days, passing the first night at another smaller hacienda on our route. At this stopping place we also had pressed on us a sumptuous 6 P. M. dinner and a good breakfast the next morning with most excellent claret wine at both meals. Those wealthy owners of haciendas spare no pains to dispense hospitality and secure comfort to their guests. In the course of conversation I learned that this splendid

French claret (as likewise many other luxuries and most costly household furniture, including immense parlor mirrors) was all packed on mules several hundred miles from the ports of entry on the sea-cost, such as Acapulco and Vera Cruz, the intervening mountains and rugged country making it impracticable at that day and time, and for centuries before, to use wheeled vehicles. Mrs. Felia was a very handsome woman of less than thirty years; clear, bright complexion, no tinge of the dark Mexican color, in fact she would have passed for American or English anywhere. She was one of twelve sisters, the third from the youngest. It was my pleasant luck to be specially assigned to be her escort to Cuernavaca, with the two little girls. I had learned Spanish enough to converse and I gathered much information as we journeyed over the hills. She had one married sister living in Cuernavaca, and,to my surprise, I discovered that during my few weeks in that town I had been on guard duty three or four times close to her sister's residence; also that the two attractive señoritas I had noticed in the yard near my guard station were Mrs. Felia's nieces. Several of her other married sisters lived in the city of Mexico, and she gave me a letter to one of them, to be delivered when I should arrive there, but my duties in preparing to vacate the country and march to Vera Cruz as a final departure from Mexico prevented me hunting the lady up, or delivering the letter. It is worth noting that the night before we left Felia's hacienda for Cuernavaca he had a dozen or fifteen trained pack-mules driven up to his house (by a dozen faithful house servants) on which were packed five thousand dollars in silver, a large number of valuable books and all sorts of valuable

silverware and other things which we took under our safeguard to Cuernavaca. This so occupied Felia's time that he was thankful his wife had such a gallant young officer as the writer to escort her and the children on the road. The reader must accord to me any amount of pride and vanity in realizing this. In fact, Felia and his wife became my very attached friends, which friendship I tried to deserve, and reciprocate. I became convinced that I could have stopped with him the rest of my life, with five times the salary I was receiving in the army. Had I done so, the result would have been that in less than five years I would have married the eldest daughter and been one to share his five million dollar hacienda and other perquisites. At least, such was plainly before me, for the girl was as lovable as she was beautiful and sweet-tempered. Such are some of the possibilities that never materialize in this world, but may in the next.

Having delivered Mrs. Felia at her sister's in Cuernavaca, I took leave of her and her charming little daughters, and in twelve hours we were on our tramp back to the city of Mexico over the same rugged, dusty and mountainous road we had traveled in February. The weather had become much warmer, for it was now May, and we suffered from heat and dust greatly. We reached the city about the middle of May, but were doomed to disappointment in our expectations of continuing on the coast and sailing for New Orleans. Some hitch had occurred in the negotiations for peace and my regiment was placed in quarters in the convent St. Domingo, in the city, and, worst of all, had to take part in "Division drills" two

miles outside of the city, for some weeks. Persifor F. Smith, who had been appointed colonel of the rifle regiment, which congress ordered raised in May, 1846, had been breveted a brigadier-general at the battle of Monterey September, 1846, and he was on duty with his rank, in the city of Mexico. He took special pleasure in officiating as commander on the occasions of those drills, in which to display his knowledge of tactics, by going through evolutions of the line with five or six regiments on the burning hot plain outside of the city. Those drills were a terror to the poor soldiers and subaltern officers who had to march out several miles on the great Mexican câuseway to the drill grounds early in the mornings and be chased over the fields for two hours, then march back to quarters in the city—all on foot—while those volunteer and newly made generals, and field officers, rode their horses with half a dozen attendants. Those drills were not only unnecessary, but a cruel punishment inflicted on American soldiers in a depressing climate; when there was no further call for military operations in Mexico. Among the line officers, curses loud and deep were justly and freely expressed on this subject. Lieutenant U. S. Grant, of the Fourth Infantry, whom I met at one of those drills, said he would "plead sickness rather than attend any such parades to gratify bob-tail generals." However, as all things have an end, so did these detestable drills cease to torture us.

Finally, peace having been confirmed by duly ratified treaty by the Mexican and American commissioners, our army was rapidly put in readiness to vacate the city and country.

For convenience and comfort of the men on the

march to Vera Cruz, which was the point to embark for New Orleans, the army was divided into columns or brigades, one to march a day behind the preceding. The column I was in was the first to move, and June 5, 1848, at 6 A. M., we marched out twelve miles on the road to our first camp, and the Mexican capital was virtually once more in control of the people of the country, after nine months' occupancy by the United States Army. The old capitol of the Aztecs, conquered and subdued by the superior Spanish race in 1522, had in turn been conquered and subdued by the superior race of Anglo-Americans in 1847, repeating and confirming the indubitable fact that the stronger, robust and enterprising will prevail among men as among other elements of nature! The theme is one to fascinate the philsopher and the moralist, to a greater extent than a private journal of reminiscences will permit me to dwell on. I am tempted, however, to give expression to a few thoughts as I tramped with my company over the long, hot road, two hundred and fifty-two miles to Vera Cruz.

The recorded events in history lead the mind far back, when two of the most advanced races of men from beyond the broad, deep waters of the Atlantic, left their native soil to seek fortunes and glory in this continent. The Spaniard came first, by a century, and planted his seat of empire on the Gulf of Mexico, and lost no time in extending his sway, over all obstacles and races, to the Californias. Proud and haughty, valiant and rich, he subjugated all inferior races, who became his slaves and vassals. The only revenge possible for the weaker was to favor a *martial* and *social* union, which would result in producing generations of

a *cross* 'twixt conquerers and subjects. This was accepted and continued for three centuries, in which time the progeny of that cross was, and is to-day what we call the Mexican. They caught the fever of separation from the mother country and Spanish throne, and achieved independence in 1828 (being encouraged thereto by the example set them by *another race* of men who had also come from beyond the Atlantic, but who fixed their seat of government far north, two thousand miles from the Spaniards' point of landing. This other race, without going into the mongrel crossings, may be called the Anglo-American. They landed also among unknown enemies, rude and savage tenants of the forest. While the Spaniard followed the Pacific coast for his dominion, the Anglo-American, starting at the coast of New Brunswick, moved south to the Sabine, and westward with the setting sun. This race also marched to victory and conquest. The natives of the forest gradually receded and disappeared before his steady march. Both races overcame the greatest obstacles and both founded empires greater than the world had ever known. Egypt and her teeming millions, with her world-renowned Nile, pale in comparison to the magnificent and fabulous growth of these two American Empires, planted side by side, on a new continent. Even Rome in her palmiest day (could her eagle-eyed rulers look down to-day on these New World empires) would be dazzled with the sight. Finally these two races of neighboring nations find themselves face to face in battle, and as Cortez with his superior men of that day struck his effeminate victims at Vera Cruz, so our superior northern Anglo-Americans struck the enfeebled cross between Aztec

and Spaniard, at the same place; and again, the stronger race wins the day! The Mexican, which is the cross between the Spaniard and the Aztec (principally the female), while superior to the Aztec, is not equal to the Spaniard of 1520; still less is he able to cope with our Anglo-American of to-day. A subjugated, or at best a subordinate, position is the destiny of all the races south of the United States. After this occurs we may speculate as to who shall conquer the Anglo-American. I leave the answer to those living, say, in 2090. There being no enemy near enough to subdue the people of the United States, it will remain for internal dissensions, political corruption and social effeminacy to destroy the unity and power of the nation! It will then be easy for a few intrepid leaders to organize and take control, not only of the United States, but also of Mexico, and establish an imperial empire, with a single head, under laws enacted by a chosen few in mockery of the fallacious theory of a "vox populi" government! This will be the end of the now boasted American Republic, and of all South and Central American republics. The three hundred millions of wage slaves of *that coming day* will know of "labor strikes" and labor organizations of the present day only by reading of the occurrences in reminiscences of the nineteenth century. Bond slavery, being too paternal, has for half a century been giving way to wage organizations; these in turn, after a few more decades of contentions and failures, will give way to a species of *wage slavery*; and this finally will become a wage vassalage, submissive to the will and decrees of the superior elements, and gladly yield to the Divine Right of Kings

on earth among men. Thus will the detested stone, rejected by the men of 1776, become the chief corner-stone, after all, of a new political temple! One man differeth from another man, as one star differeth from another star; one man differeth from another man, as the fool differeth from the wise man. Yea, verily, as the virtuous, industrious and learned differeth from the debased, slothful and ignorant, whose existence and temporal wants must be supplied by his superiors in the scale of humanity. To accomplish this, the superior must be master, and the inferior a slave or a feudatory tenant.

But I ask pardon for this digression, and still more for thrusting the future into the past and present, for that will come all too soon as we advance with increasing rapidity.

Our march to Vera Cruz (250 miles) was over the same route, of course, which we had traveled the year before. It was really a very hard march, because of the wet weather and too rapid marching for the poor foot-soldier. We reached Pueblo the 10th of June and Perote the 15th, where we halted and rested three days, to court-martial a half-dozen American brigands and robbers, or free-booters, renegade followers of our army, mostly our discharged teamsters, who amused themselves robbing ranches and maltreating the poor Mexicans on the way to the coast. While this trial and punishment was going on, myself and Lieutenant Thomas J. Jackson, First Artillery, improved the opportunity to mount our horses and make a visit to "Perote Cofre," which *appeared* to be only five or six miles from the town of Perote, where our camp was; but we found, after a long, hard day's ride, that it was

more than twenty-five miles! We left at six in the morning, and rode all day, reaching the top in a dense fog after dark, with a cold wind and occasional rain. That strange formation of nature, "El-Cófree"—*The Coffer*—(why so called I do not know) is a very high mountain peak, so clearly visible in the transparent atmosphere of that climate at great distance, one is led to think it much closer than it is. A vast body of heavy forest lies between Perote and the top of that peak—which makes it difficult to reach—while the last 300 feet up to the crater, or shaft, is over rough and precipitous rocks, requiring one to crawl at times on hands and knees. We found no signs that any other person had actually reached the summit, although it was too dark for us to be certain on this point. A mile and a half before we reached the top we discovered a castaway sheet of an old issue of the New Orleans *Picayune*—indicating that it had been used to wrap up a luncheon for some one who had preceded us, at least that far—but we failed to discover signs of their having reached the top.

As one draws close to the chasm,or the mouth of the crater, it is only safe to do so on hands and knees, and even then one shudders to look over the crest down the bottomless cavern, from whose depths there is ever ascending damp, cold fogs and wind, with such force as to blow one's hat off!

It took only twenty minutes to satisfy my curiosity about "Ei Cofree," and I was ready to descend the mountain side half a mile to where we had tied our horses. Jackson was also satisfied to begin our return, for it was then dark, and there was no road other than an occasional sheep path, with a long stretch of heavy

timber and many fallen trees which our horses had to step over, or go around. The first hour on return, Jackson lead off and I followed, then I lead and he followed; so we alternated that dark and rainy night, with no means of knowing, for a certainty, our course. No road nor habitation existed on our line of travel and with a full knowledge that those mountains were the hiding places of innumerable brigands and Mexican guerrillas made our situation perilous in the extreme, more so than Jackson seemed to realize, but I certainly did most fully! About midnight we stopped to consult as to what was best to do in order to keep the course we believed would take us back to Perote, where our army was encamped, but the impenetrable darkness made things uncertain. While thus debating our condition, we heard the faint sound of a sheep bell (just an occasional tinkle), and so soon as we could locate it we started in the direction of the sound, on foot, leading our horses through the bushes. In half an hour, as it appeared, we were close enough to distinguish two or three bells and we mounted our horses and moved on towards the bells. Very soon a dog came out and began to bark; this was evidence that somebody must be close at hand, and we turned our horses heads towards the dog. Halting for a moment to take our bearings, a voice ten rods in our front sang out, in Mexican Spanish: "Quien es?" (Who is it?) Jackson was in front and he did not know any Spanish, so he stopped and called to me, as I was trying to find his trail in the darkness and brush. When I reached him, the voice again said, "Quien es!" and I answered "Omigas," (friends,) and then asked in Spanish, "Who are you?" The man replied "Pastor ovejas" (a shep-

herd). I asked him if we were on the right road to Perote. He replied: "Not exactly, but close to it." The old Mexican herder was at first rather suspicious and a little afraid of two fellows, in midnight darkness in that out-of-the-way, unfrequented forest, and it required some minutes for me to explain to him who we were, and how we came to be there. I frankly told him that we were American Army officers, had made a trip to the "Coffer," (in Spanish "El Cofre,) meaning the high mountain pinnacle between Perote and Jalapa, and we were trying to get back to our camp at Perote, where our soldiers were. This satisfied the old herder and he was anxious to do anything for us that he could. I have no doubt he felt his own safety would be the better assured by our early departure. Just then I descried, in the darkness, close behind the old man, a boy who was as black almost as the night. I asked him who it was. "My boy," said he. "Does he know the road to Perote?" I asked. "Yes, he knows it." "All right," said I; "can he get on my horse, behind me, and pilot us to the town?" "Quien sabe," (I don't know) he answered. However, the offer of "Cinco pesos" (five dollars) soon enlightened the old man, and in ten minutes more the boy, declining to ride, was tripping it along in a path quite invisible to me, towards Perote. This was about two o'clock in the morning, so we continued in a walk, and as day-break began to light up the horizon, we could discover the smoke of our camp, and an hour after sunrise we reached our tents. I paid the five dollars, and the boy said he would go to his aunt's in the town of Perote, close by, and get his breakfast. So ended one of the most foolhardy and dangerous expeditions, that I was

ever a party to; and yet it was entirely such freaks that *Lieutenant Jackson took pleasure in.* This Jackson was my class-mate at West Point.

Resuming our march to the coast at Vera Cruz the 18th of June, we waded through slush and mud for several days, it being one of the hardest and most slavish marches I had to make in all the sixteen hundred miles I marched on foot in Mexico during that war! But my health was fairly good, the greatest boon to the soldier. The day we reached the sea-shore (July 3d) four miles north of Vera Cruz, a drizzling rain had fallen at intervals all day and we found that the expected transports to take us 900 miles, to New Orleans, had not yet arrived. The exposed sandy beach not being a favorable place to form a camp, General Kearney, who was in command, ordered the troops to move on five miles south of the city and encamp on the Madaline river, in a dense growth of underbrush and weeds. The Madaline river was a sluggish stream about one hundred yards wide, skirted on both sides by a little timber; the soil, being exceedingly rich, was covered with a luxuriant growth of weeds, vines and bushes. I was on the rear guard that day and did not reach the camp until nearly midnight, in pitchy darkness, when all but my own guard were quiet in sleep. I felt it useless to seek my own company, or even a favorable place to bivouac, and made virtue of a necessity, my guard and self lay down quietly on our blankets where we first halted, preferring rest and sleep to even a cup of coffee. By sunrise the morning of July 13th a courier from Vera Cruz brought information that a number of transports had arrived during the night and troops sufficient to load them were at once

ordered to countermarch back to Vera Cruz and go on board. My company was one to start, and by sunset I was safely on board of a steamer bound for New Orleans. This was the hour to rejoice! We were leaving Mexico for good, and some at least starting for home and friends. Although I dreaded sea-sickness, yet I recanted my vow made at Brazos Island to return by land and was prepared to endure it for the sake of reaching once more "God's Country" in the United States. Strange it was, too—I was not sea-sick one hour on the trip! The 900 miles from Vera Cruz to New Orleans was made in eight days and a half to the mouth of the Mississippi river, which, in those days, was about 125 miles below New Orleans; and the ninth day, which was July 22d, reached the wharf at New Orleans at 4 p. m. Hastily we disembarked; the quartermaster had drays and carts ready to transport our camp equipage and luggage through the city to a steamer awaiting us on Lake Pontchartrain. We marched the distance in an hour, and was soon on board, and steaming away to a place called East Pascagoula, on the lake shore between New Orleans and Mobile, in the State of Mississippi. This was a place selected by some officer (perhaps General Twiggs) as a suitable encampment, where the war men could be discharged—companies of the regular army be refilled with new recruits, and prepare for further service on the frontiers. I was in command of my company, the captain being absent sick. I had my first experience in making out discharges and final papers for those men in the company, who had enlisted in the war. The three or four regiments of regulars, and parts of regiments, (the First, Third and Fifth infantries)

formed as pleasant an encampment as was possible in the pine woods bordering on Lake Pontchartrain, and went to work discharging "war's men," and awaiting fresh recruits from different cities and recruiting stations. We passed the time as well as we could till late in the autumn, when orders came assigning the regular troops to their several stations elsewhere. While in camp there I received a letter from my father, from Dandridge, Tennessee, informing me my Grandfather Turnley had died Sept. 28, 1848. My company and one other embarked for Port Lavaca, Texas, thence to San Antonio, and from there to Austin, Texas, where we finally arrived near the end of the year 1848. We disembarked at Port Lavaca, marched thence 130 miles to San Antonio and encamped for two weeks five miles from the town on the Sallow, or "Salada" Creek, where we remained for a week or two. We then marched 80 miles to Austin, where we remained (the two companies) till March, 1849.

Captain John H. King, of Company I, First Infantry, was in command of the battalion of two companies, and his lieutenant was William L. Crittenden, while I was the only officer with my company. Lieutenant Crittenden resigned on the 1st of March, 1850, and left the service. Crittenden was a nephew of the noted senator, John J. Crittenden, of Kentucky, and was a brave, fearless officer—I may say a somewhat reckless fellow. He joined the adventurer, General Lopez, in his raid on Cuba in 1851. Crittenden was captured while trying to escape in a small boat or launch by a Spanish man-of-war, taken back to prison in Cuba, tried, sentenced, and was shot to death on the 16th of August, 1851, at the Castle of Atares, Havana harbor.

There were several in the expedition shot at the same time. Being paraded in line, and all things ready for the firing by a platoon of Spanish soldiers, the order was given for the doomed prisoners to kneel and receive their death shots. All did kneel, except Crittenden, who, when the order was given to kneel, sung out in a loud voice: "I never kneel except to my God." He dropped dead at the discharge of guns.

During our stay in Austin, I reconnoitered that town and the country round about, and the little river Colorado. In March we received orders to strike tents and march back to San Antonio. For what purpose we ever went to Austin was never yet made known, or even discovered by the powers who ordered the march. Gen. William Worth was in command of that department with headquarters at San Antonio, and on arriving there he ordered three companies under command of Captain Burbank to proceed westward, one company to stop and take post on the Liona river ninety miles from San Antonio; the other two companies to continue on sixty-five miles further to the Rio Grande, opposite the old Mexican town of *Presidio* and there establish a post. My company was one to go to the Rio Grande, with Captain Burbank. We found the place to be a most desolate sand plain, destitute of grass or fuel, but covered with starving grasshoppers! Captain Burbank was an old officer, had served in the army since 1829—a period of twenty years; one who strictly obeyed orders, but was at a loss to know what to do in this case. General Worth, in San Antonio, 150 miles distant, had given orders to establish a post at that particular point, yet, it was a place utterly unsuited for the purpose. I suggested to

Captain Burbank that we formulate a report to Worth, giving the desolate character of the place and send a courier back with it, and await Worth's reply—that we suggest in our report the better sites to be found farther up the Rio Grande. This we did, and in ten days we received General Worth's reply, authorizing us to select a place not more than thirty miles further up the river. This lead us to the place selected, now called Fort Duncan, where we established that post, sometimes called Eagle Pass. The site we selected was a plateau, back from the river a few hundred yards—in fact, a second plateau quite thickly set with musketo trees, resembling in all respects our old-time peach orchards in some of the Middle States, but not numerous enough to interfere with our pitching tents for a permanent encampment. No building timber existed anywhere within a hundrd miles of that part of Texas, but a fairly good article of silicious sandstone could be had on the edge of the plateau. My company was a mounted infantry company, and I was acting as quartermaster, commissary, adjutant—besides commanding the company in the absence of the captain. I had too much work for one officer, but soon formed a very well arranged camp and got a dozen soldiers, whose trade had been stone work, to quarrying stone, others to hauling it, and still others who went to work putting up a stone storehouse and hospital. I continued at this till October, when my company was detailed to proceed to the Liona river, there to await, and join as an escort, some two hundred freight wagons loaded with supplies for El Paso, and posts in that region. I was glad of the detail, and escorted the supply train as far as the Pecos river, say about

230 miles from San Antonio. At that point teams and escort, from El Paso, met our train and my company being relieved, I returned to Fort Duncan by the first of December and continued my work at that post till April, 1850. I was then again detailed by selection by General Brooks, in San Antonio, to fill my company to a hundred strong, from other companies, and escort another train of 300 teams and 500 beef cattle all the way to El Paso. Captain John T. Sprague, of the Eighth Infantry, went in command of the outfit, and I was the acting quartermaster and commissary. The distance from San Antonio to El Paso by our route was about 650 miles. Little did I then suppose, that almost by the time I should write up my notes and itinerary of that trip, a railroad would be projected and partly running daily trains almost over my old trail. Such, however, has been the progress in means to reach our acquired possessions on the Pacific Coast, by the Mexican War.

One important incident connected with this expedition, I think it proper to record. Captain Sprague belonged to the Eighth United States Infantry, and the regiment of which Gen. William Worth was so many years the colonel. Sprague had married Worth's daughter and had been for a long time on Worth's personal staff. He had reached the brevet of major for some service in Florida, in 1842. He had never seen much rugged service in the field. In fact Sprague was a scholarly gentleman, fitted for the "Sunday inspection," or the "Dress parade service," and had personally asked for the command of this expedition, merely to make a showing of field service. The officers with the expedition were: Brevet-Major John T.

Sprague, in command; Lieut. P. T. Turnley as commissary and quartermaster; Lieut. A. G. Miller, First Infantry; Lieut. James P. Roy, Eighth Infantry, and Lieut. Thornton A. Washington, First Infantry. I am the only one now living of the five. As the quartermaster and commissary of the outfit, I really had all the responsibility, which fact I fully realized at the outset. The route to be traveled was from San Antonio west, through the little villages of Castroville, Vandenburgh and Quihi; thence on to the Liona River (mentioned in previous pages) and thence sixty miles to the San Pedro river or, as it was called, "Devil's river;" then up that tortuous little river fifteen miles (crossing the stream in that distance no less than seven times), after which the trail ascended the hill five miles to a high, rolling prairie, which in fifty miles further led to the Pecos river or, more properly, the "Puerco river" or, as the Spaniards had named it two centuries before "El Rio Puerco." Puerco in Spanish means filthy, dirty, nasty, and certainly the old Spaniards had fitly named that river. It is one of the most difficult rivers to cross in all that region of country, although only 75 to 90 feet wide! Not a stick of timber can be found within miles of it. It is 8 to 12 feet deep, running smoothly and quietly four miles an hour—the prairie grass growing thick, even to the water's edge, and one never knows he is near the river till he is almost into it. It is difficult to describe the character of the water. Neither man nor beast can drink it and live. It will kill quadrupeds, and sicken man unto death, if he sticks to it a few days. As nearly as I can describe it—I will say—take a glass of ordinary spring water, put in it a tablespoonful of dirt or sand, then add a

teaspoonful of common salt and half that amount of magnesia, and you will have a specimen resembling the water of the Puerco river! There were no fords near our line of travel and the depth of water, swiftness of current and vertical banks made it impossible even to swim animals over it, as they could not get out on the opposite shore. Knowing these facts from my previous visit to that river, I had made requisition on the quartermaster at New Orleans, to ship, with other supplies, three iron rods 90 feet long and one inch and one-quarter in diameter, with fittings ; also 100 3-inch planks 10 feet long, so I could throw a temporary bridge across the stream. Arriving at the river, we went into camp for two days, in which time I put the bridge over, and we transferred our loaded wagons over it by hand. Meanwhile, I found a place five miles below where the river was wider and only four feet deep, with indurated clay bottom, enabling us to ford our 1,800 mules and 500 beef cattle at that place. All this being done, we resumed our march, and in four days we reached what my Mexican guide called the "Rose Pass," where there was abundance of excellent water and grass. This was merely a narrow pass over the ridge to a beautiful and extensive rolling prairie, stretching off westward toward the Rio Grande, which was still over ninety miles distant. We went into camp at this place, to cut wagon tire and mend up things generally —and also sent a pioneer party, with a guide, on to the front for a hundred miles to examine as to water and grass. After five days waiting our guide returned, and reported there was no water on our line of travel after leaving this place we were in, for a distance of

ninety miles. This was alarming. The problem was, how was it possible to take 300 loaded wagons, 1,800 mules, 500 beef cattle and 400 soldiers and teamsters ninety miles, in August, in that climate, without water. But there was no alternative. It had to be done. Each wagon had a ten gallon keg hung to the axel, and we filled every keg with water, which was ample for all the men for the trip. The prairie we had to traverse was grand in the extreme—although no rains had fallen since April, yet the native grass was nearly a foot high, and green. I had discovered that nightly dews were most copious. The entire field of grass was saturated during the night by the heavy dew fall, and animals feeding on the grass from midnight to sunrise would not only get food but also sufficient water to serve all purposes. This discovery solved the problem. We started out a hundred teams two hours before sunset with orders to travel till midnight, then halt on the trail, turn out the mules and let them feed till after sunrise, then hitch up and move on till noon, then halt and turn out till near midnight, and resume the march and so on till the ninety miles was made, which brought us to water. Each section of one hundred teams followed eight hours after the preceding and pursued the same method. The 500 beef cattle was the last section to leave. We made the march with the loss of but two mules and three cattle. I have always felt proud of that ninety-mile march without water for so many animals. I doubt if any horde of Bedouins ever performed a greater feat on the desert. At El Paso I delivered all supplies and freight, and after resting a week took up the march on return. It was back on the same 650 mile trail, with no occur-

rences worth narrating. It was late in the winter before I arrived again at the post of Ft. Duncan. After a rest of a month, I was ordered to open a road from that post to Laredo, 125 miles down the Rio Grande, and directed to build store-houses and hospital near the little Mexican town of Laredo, which I did. It is called Ft. McIntosh.

While at that work, I made occasional Indian scouts, for the Comanche and Lipon Indians were, in those days, numerous and dangerous to travelers. In February, 1852, General Brooks again detailed me, by selection, to report in person at his headquarters in San Antonio, to accompany Lieutenant-Colonel Bainbridge with a command to a suitable point on the Llano river some 200 miles northwest from San Antonio, and establish a military post. Brooks was soon relieved, and Gen. Persifer F. Smith succeeded him. Smith was a diseased dyspeptic, and cynical by nature. He derived more comfort from making others miserable than he did in temporary relief from his own bodily afflictions. We arrived on the ground and selected a site for the post early in March, 1852. It is called Fort Territt, for Lieut. Territt, First Infantry, killed at Monterey. Stone and building timber could be had within six miles from the site, and we went to work cutting and hauling logs to put up buildings. We had no saw-mill outfit, but hewed out everything by hand. I continued at this till June. In June, 1852, I had been promoted to first lieutenant. The troops of this Llano expedition were all of my own regiment and I was made regimental quartermaster. While thus engaged building that new post, it fell to my good luck to receive the detail as a first lieutenant from my

regiment, for a two years recruiting. Lieutenant-Colonel Bainbridge urged me very much to decline the recruiting detail, and remain with him building the post. But the very idea was preposterous, for I had then been in tents, in the hardest kind of frontier duty, since my landing at Vera Cruz with those 800 recruits in October, 1847, say nearly five years, and it will readily appear to a civilized person with what pleasure I looked forward once more to tasting the pleasures of home society in God's country. I had to wait two weeks for Lieutenant S. B. Hallabird to come all the way from Ft. Brown (opposite Matamoras) to relieve me as quartermaster. He finally arrived, and I soon made a transfer of all my public property and money and set out eastward. I reached San Antonio just in time to be present at the marriage of Lieut. Thomas G. Pitcher, of the Eighth Infantry, with Miss Mary Bradley. From there I went to Austin, Texas, thence by stage to Houston, where I spent a day with my uncle Andrew J. Turnley, thence on a steamer to Galveston, where, in two days, I took steamer to New Orleans. Leaving New Orleans, by way of Mobile to Montgomery, thence by stage through Wetumpka and Jacksonville, Ala., to Cedar Bluff, where my uncle, Judge M. J. Turnley, lived. I arrived there quite unwell, from a severe bowel complaint, which I feared the more because I had passed through parts of the South where cholera was quite prevalent. However, a few days' rest restored me and in that time I prevailed on my uncle and his wife to let their oldest daughter, Mattie (then twelve years old), accompany me to Charleston, South Carolina, to enter the Misses Bates'

fine seminary. Taking a horse and buggy from Cedar Bluff, Alabama, thirty miles to Rome, Georgia, where I reached railroad; and arrived safely at the Palmetto Hotel, Charleston, South Carolina, about the 1st of August. After installing my little cousin, Martha (or Mattie), in the seminary, I went on to New York and reported in person to Col. Joseph Plympton, Seventh United States Infantry, who was then general superintendent of the entire recruiting service. After a week's delay in New York City, I was given my choice of stations between Rochester, N. Y., and Chicago, Ill. I chose the latter, and the first of September, 1852, I arrived at the Tremont Hotel, Chicago, and relieved 1st Lieut. George W. Rains, of the Fourth Artillery, who had been in charge for a year.

Thus, I was, after five years of very rough life along thousands of miles of distant frontiers, settled down in a good hotel, in the rapidly growing city of Chicago, where I gladly forgot the eremite, and made arrangements to become once more civilized.

September, 1852, I relieved 1st Lieut. George W. Rains, of the Fourth United States Artillery, in the recruiting service in Chicago. I boarded a while at the old frame building called the Sherman House, on the corner of Clark and Randolph streets; then went to the newly opened Tremont, corner Lake and Dearborn streets. I opened my recruiting office on the second floor of 44 Clark street. It was a new brick building, owned or controlled by a Mr. Eddy. Soon after a Mr. Seth Pain opened a bank on the first floor, and Eddy and two or three women joined Pain in the banking business. All of them pretended to be of the growing fraternity called spiritualists, and called that

"The Spiritual Bank." Their conduct soon became a nuisance, not to say obscene and disgusting, and I removed my office west of the river, on Canal street. The next year I moved into the new brick on the west side of State street, second door south of Lake, where I continued it till the close of my tour of recruiting, and was relieved by Lieutenant Collins, Fourth Infantry.

My sojourn for two years in Chicago was a period of quiet rest from the rough life on the frontiers, and in many ways agreeable. Chicago at that time contained twenty-five thousand people, mainly old-time settlers from the eastern, northern and middle states of the Union; the Michigan Central and Southern Railways had just been completed, a great boom had commenced with real estate, in fact in all lines of business, immigration soon increased to enormous proportions. All parts of the old northern states and Europe began pouring into the new city vast populations, every one of whom was after the almighty dollar, and wanted enough of them to make them rich in the shortest possible time. The rapid rise in lots and acres amazed even the most sanguine, and turned the heads of not a few. With slight periods of stagnation and set-backs from wild-cat money, overtrading and balloon speculations, Chicago has to the present moved steadily on and increased in population and wealth, but not in morals. Even the great fires of October, 1871, and July, 1874, only added impetus and enterprise to the conglomerate mongrel hordes of human beings who sought Chicago as the Mecca of their fortunes, till at present the million of population, containing every class of human beings, every variety of character and condition of life, makes the city a *rara avis* among

cities of the earth. Its diverse elements of differing nationalities, customs, manners and religions, yet concrete in seeking worldly gain and temporal pleasures, stamps Chicago as entirely phenomenal. The rapidity with which it has grown by accretions from every civilized nation (as well as from the uncivilized), the latitude allowed and practiced in the ethics of business and pleasure, stamps Chicago as *no-nation's city.*

In this respect the human mass is yet to settle into some acknowledged unity and harmony, not yet definable. It is at present writing far removed from what we understand to be an American city, while it only partially reminds one of European cities. It may in time crystallize into a tolerant mass of "go-as-you-please independents" of many millions of people and finally for self-preservation seek safety in an accepted oligarchical government within its limits. Things marked in the decalogue as crimes in times past receive quite a different interpretation by high and low in Chicago. Thou shalt steal and thou may commit murder is the reading in Chicago. Women are great beneficiaries, however, of this advanced code of society and revised morals in Chicago, and we may hope in due time the female slave to brute man's will and passion shall cease. The hideous, cruel and worse than barbarous dictum, during all these many centuries past, that a poor devil of a man, and a poor pitiable creature of a woman, shall marry—*if at all*—for, "so long as both do live" on this earth, is, thanks to progressive Chicago, being rapidly consigned to a desuetude most hopeful and promising of beneficient results. It is opening the gates to a higher civilization by acknowledging and practicing the theory, that when two per-

sons of opposite sex meet and marry, ignorant of each other's inner life, temper, habits and disposition, the world's best interests and nature's eternal laws require them to separate, and each try again—if they must. Experience already begins to work a remedy, and while a few here and there again take chances in the bonds of misery, yet eight out of ten divorced couples fight shy of the hazard of second marriage, save as a business transaction, free from illusory sentiment.

Society in Chicago at that time was excellent, and hospitality was liberally dispensed in every man's unpretentious, but comfortable home. Then, as ever since, there were the three divisions of the city; each claimed its circle of contiguous, special friends, but a general and harmonious commingling for social intercourse was the rule. Especially were visitors and strangers temporarily stopping in the city most welcome and hospitably entertained. At that time, too, nearly every family was to the manor born Americans. I am at a loss just here, whether to transcribe from my diary the details of an episode which occurred to me while in Chicago. I have so often and so candidly, too, approved of St. Paul's injunction, that those do better who do not marry, it is scarcely good tactics to record one's own departure from approved advice, which will be, if not stultifying, at least confession of voluntary inconsistency. However, as the thing long ago became known, I may as well confess the act, and that is that on the twenty-first day of September, 1853, I married me a wife. The young lady in the case was Miss Mary Ryerson Rutter, a daughter of Doctor David Rutter, then living on the northwest corner of Wabash avenue and Madison street. She was not quite eighteen years

of age, while I was thirty-two, which no doubt accounts for my victory over youth, beauty and inexperience. However, I was at least considerate and humane after my victory, for instead of ruthlessly flying away with her from her home nest, I made her home my home for nearly two years, and it was not till the summer of 1855, when my official work called me to the upper Missouri river, that she and her babe and nurse followed me on a late autumn steamer leaving St. Louis for Fort Pierre, where I was stationed on duty. This will be narrated in subsequent pages.

CHAPTER VI.

While on duty in Chicago, as narrated at close of preceding chapter (November, 1854), I completed a design for a portable cottage for use of the army in the timberless frontiers and especially for use in Texas, New Mexico and Arizona. My years of service in that frontier, after the close of the Mexican War, had impressed me with a want of some kind of shelter better than the common canvas tent. Troops had to be stationed along the Rio Grande and other parts of a vast frontier on account of Indian incursions, and at places where no timber existed suitable for shelter; and by army regulations, only *permanent* quarters permitted the use of stone or brick. Consequently the troops had to live in tents year in and year out, alike in the cold "Northers" and under scorching suns of summer.

This condition of life prompted me to devise some kind of convenient and portable shelter, inexpensive, yet superior to the tent. My design consisted of *two* sizes of cottage, one 30x15 feet, with a movable parti-

tion, thus giving two rooms about 15 feet square each, for officers, and another size 40x18 feet, without partition, for the use of the soldiers, for hospital and for storehouse. Both sizes were entirely similar in construction, consisting of sills, 4x4 inches, with a groove on top side 7-8 of an inch wide by 1 inch deep, then a plate 3x2 inches grooved in like manner on the under side; and the walls, or sides of cottage, consisted of clear pine boards dressed both sides, 8 feet long and to exact width of 10 inches. This board stood vertically in the groove in the sill, and the edge of the board fitted into a stanchion 3x2 inches, dressed to exact dimensions, with grooves in the two opposite sides, half an inch deep, and at the corners where sill and plate crossed, corner stanchions or posts 3x3 inches were erected with concealed nuts or "burrs," let in to receive 5-8 iron screws bolts, inserted from under the sill and from top of plate. So that, when the side boards and stanchions were all set up, the whole is made firm by the screw bolts. The doors and windows were made complete *in frames* the exact multiple of three panels, the sash glazed and put in, also blinds, and the doors hung complete with locks and keys, and this frame containing door or window could be placed in position as the walls or the partition went up, and at any point in the walls desired. One of the smaller cottages, completed, weighed about 2,000 pounds, and could be readily packed on one of the ordinary army wagons, for transportation. The larger ones weighed about 3,000 pounds, and could also be transported on one wagon. When unloaded at the place required, it took three men about three hours to erect one, and one additional hour to put on the *roof*. This roof was also made in sections of

matched light pine, and put together with battens like the ordinary batten-door, and then covered with an asphalt paper, secured to the boards by light battens or strips. I submitted complete drawings of these cottages to the quartermaster-general (at that time Gen. T. S. Jesup), and stated that I would make one as a sample, at my own expense, if desired. The general replied that after examination, and my statement of cost, weight and durability, the department had concluded to order me to go to Cincinnati and construct twenty of the smaller and ten of the larger, which I proceeded to do. On arriving at Cincinnati, I selected Johnson & Morton's planing mill and factory as the best place to have the work done. That factory then stood on the Ohio river, at the extreme upper end of the city. Having other work on hand, I had to wait some weeks before the work commenced. By the first of March, 1855, the cottages were done, and I expected orders to ship them for Texas, but in a few days I received notice that the department had concluded to send the cottages to old Fort Pierre, on the upper Missouri river. This surprised and somewhat disgusted me, for I was by no means sanguine of the utility of the cottages in so cold a climate, and above all where blizzards were frequent and of unknown velocity. However, surprises were always in order from Washington in such matters, and I soon learned that a steamboat would arrive from St. Louis to take them on board, and that I would have them properly shipped, together with such extra stuff—nails, screws, etc.—as might be necessary.

During the spring of 1855, the War Department had determined to send an expedition after the Brulé

Indians, and some other disaffected tribes of the Sioux, then roaming along the North Platte river. General Harney was to command the expedition, and would organize his force at Leavenworth and be ready to start early in May, 1855. His course would be up the Platte river, over to Fort Laramie, and thence in the autumn to some point on the Missouri river, where it was designed his forces would spend the winter. General Harney was spoiling for a fight with Indians, no matter what nation or tribe, for the Indian was always Harney's favorite foe, and paradoxical as it may appear, about his only congenial friend. Why "this was thus," no mortal could ever tell, unless it was that both Harney and the Indians had somewhat similar ideas of warfare, and did not differ materially in their degrees of intelligence. Besides this Indian "hunt" there was another object in view, as it appeared in the minds of Washington officials. The Indian trading post known as Fort Pierre had been occupied by the American Fur Company of St. Louis for almost half a century, and the Company was desirous of selling it. The War Department therefore determined that Harney's expedition should winter his forces at that point after his summer campaign. But this necessitated concentrating at Fort Pierre the requisite clothing, subsistence and other supplies during the summer, so that when Harney should arrive there late in the fall, he would find ample accommodations and supplies. To do this and prepare Fort Pierre for such winter occupancy required a large amount of freight to go up the Missouri river, which at that time was a river little known to boatmen, with a stretch of more than twelve hundred miles uninhabited,

with not a settlement or wood yard, or other conveniences in all that distance. It was therefore determined that the quartermaster's department should purchase two steamers for this service. Major Vinton, U. S. Army, was the chief quartermaster at the time in St. Louis, where all matters connected with the work were being done, although Major E. A. Ogden, assistant quartermaster, was also in St. Louis, and was more especially charged with the matter of purchasing the steamers and fitting them out. Ogden, however, was unfortunate in his selection of steamers; but whether because of lack of judgment, or by reason of instructions from Washington, I never knew. What was really required, and the only kind of steamers capable of being made useful at that time up the Missouri river, was a small, light draft, wide and flat-bottom boat, with the least possible upper hamper, as the winds in that region are severe and frequent, while the shifting channels and shallow bars require light draft. Major Ogden, however, purchased two steamers the very opposite to these characteristics. One, called the Wm. Baird, was an immense double-stern-wheeler, very high between decks, very long and wide, made to carry a thousand tons, and to draw from five to seven feet of water. The other boat called the Gray Cloud, a side-wheel steamer, much better suited to the work than the Wm. Baird, but still too large and high in her cabin, and of too great draught. As I knew Ogden to be a careful and experienced officer, I was always at a loss to account for his selection of these boats for that unusual and exceptional service. On inquiry I learned that the Wm. Baird had been built by some parties for use on the lower Mississippi especially to

carry large cargoes of cotton, and was supplied with double stern wheels as an experiment, and she had proved an expensive failure; so much so that her owners were anxious to get rid of her. Also that the Gray Cloud was only a little less a failure to her owners, in lower Mississippi service, and that they also were anxious to sell. These things were in my mind all the while I was hammering away over sand-bars, trying to reach Fort Pierre during May and June, 1855, for I was the one detailed to take the two boats, with their cargoes, to Fort Pierre. Private vessels were there ready to transport any and everything the government required at a fair, though a good paying price, and I often wondered why it was that such had not been engaged instead of purchasing, manning, and running steamers by the department. However, all this amounted to nothing at that stage of the game, for the boats had been purchased, the Wm. Baird at forty thousand dollars and the Gray Cloud at about thirty or thirty-five thousand. In due time the Wm. Baird arrived at Cincinnati and I loaded all the cottages on her, and she set out for St. Louis, there to complete her cargo. I did not go on board, but went by rail via Chicago, where my wife and babe were, the latter then four weeks old, and which I had not yet seen. Leaving Cincinnati the 28th of May, I tarried in Chicago till the 3d of June, then hurried on to St. Louis. It was a great disappointment not to be able to take wife and babe with me. Two or three days is but a short time in which to inspect and become acquainted with one's first baby, but that is all the time I could give to it, and, so far as I could tell at that time, she was up to the average of her sex.

She is, at this writing, full grown and able to speak for herself, which she is at full liberty to do if what is here said be not sufficient.

On arrival at St. Louis I found the other steamer (Gray Cloud) taking on her freight for up the river, and the next day the Wm Baird arrived with her partial cargo from Cincinnati and at once began completing her load. In the meantime Major E. A. Ogden was busy perfecting the outfitting of the two steamers for their long and uncertain trip. Captain Thomas W. Fithian was put in charge of the Wm. Baird as master of vessel at a salary of $8.00 per day, or $250 per month, and a tall, lean, sharp-featured man by name of Pliny A. Alford was master of the Gray Cloud at the same rate of pay. As I afterwards learned, these two men were more or less pecuniarily interested in the sale of these steamers to the Government, but to what extent was not clear; each received eight dollars a day to command them, with board, etc. Each boat had a chief pilot at ten dollars per day and board, and a second pilot at $8.00 per day. Each boat's engineers (two on the Gray Cloud and four engineers on the Wm. Baird, she having two engines to work), received $5.00 each per day and board. One mate on each received $5 per day and board. One cook and one steward on each boat received each $3.00 per day. One blacksmith and ship carpenter on each at $4.00 per day, with twenty-five deck hands and roustabouts on each boat at board and $1.50 per day, completed the outfit. By a slight computation it will thus be seen that one of these steamers cost about $90 per day for the pay of the employes, say 35 in number, and the one army ration and a half allowed

to each person, at a cost of 25 cents the ration, reached fully $10 per day, making fully $100 per day as the least cost to Government for each vessel while not running; and when running of course cost of fuel must be added. It was not till the 5th of June that the boats were fully ready to cut cable, and as these large and badly suited transports drew about 15 inches of water when *light* (not a ton on board) it was discovered that only three or four hundred tons put them as deep in water as it was safe to count on, to reach Fort Pierre. Instead, therefore, of these costly *elephants* carrying the needed supplies (and troops) other and private transports had at last to be employed "at so much a ton freight, of course." Several companies of infantry had, meantime, been concentrated at Alton "twenty miles above St. Louis" to be taken on board, destined to garrison the post of Fort Pierre. The *private* transports hired to complete the work the two steamers had been purchased for but utterly failed to do, were the Arabia, Clara and Kate Swinny, all light draft side wheel boats, owned and operated by private enterprise: and were then taking on board the Fur Company's annual supplies; and also the annual supply of Indian goods, which the United States Government annually place at the disposal of the score of favored rascals, yclept "Indian agents." These three steamers had contracted with the Fur Company and with the Indian agent, to carry their annual supplies to such points as desired on the upper Missouri river, all of said points were at and above Fort Pierre, yet they could take on board much more freight if necessary. Hence the three steamers named were engaged to take

on certain of the troops at Alton, Leavenworth and other points, and deliver them at Fort Pierre. I finally left St. Louis, June 7, 1855, on the William Baird, as the chief quartermaster of the entire flotilla, "with nothing but *verbal* orders," to proceed there and enter on the usual duties of my office. Not a word was told me about the *purchase* of Fort Pierre. (It was afterwards developed that Major Ogden had carried in his pocket, the contract for the purchase for several days for the purpose of *giving it to me*, but had entirely forgotten to do so. Hence, my blissful ignorance.) That night (June 7th) I took on board the Wm. Baird at Alton, Company I Second Infantry, with its Captain Delosier Davidson and his First Lieutenant Thomas W. Sweeny, and the same day, the Gray Cloud took on board Company A, Second Infantry and Captain C. S. Lowell and his first Lieutenant Caleb Smith, while the Arabia took on board the headquarters of the regiment and Company G Second Infantry with Captain and Brevt. Major Henry W. Wessels, and his First Lieutenant N. H. McLean, (the adjutant of the regiment). These three boats, (the William Baird, Gray Cloud and Arabia), having their cargoes and troops complete, made a final start for up river, and were soon out of sight of each other, with no intercourse or communication till Leavenworth was reached. Meanwhile the Clara and Kate Swinny had gone on up to Leavenworth in advance, and there taken on board the rest of the troops designed for the up-river (excepting of course, those General Harney was organizing for his land Indian expedition). The Clara took on board the Brevt. Lieutenant-Colonel W. R. Montgomery, Captain Nathaniel

Lyon. First Lieutenant Thomas Wright, and Companies B and C Second Infantry, and the Kate Swinny took on board a detachment of recruits for the regiment, and Second Lieutenant R. F. Hunter.

There were also on board of the five vessels named (distributed as circumstances required), Assistant Surgeons Thomas C. Madison and David L. Magruder; Major A. W. Gains, Paymaster; Captain M. D. L. Simpson, Commissary; and Second Lieutenant G. K. Warren of the Top Engineers. All of the five steamers were freighted and provisioned, manned and equipped for the long, tedious and, at that day, uncertain navigation of the tortuous and deceptive Missouri river! The two Government steamers were directed to keep as nearly in sight and communicating distance as practicable. So little was then known of the channels of the river, and so numerous were the snags and sand-bars, that accidents were to be expected almost any day and hour, while a run at night was not often thought of, unless it was to reach a point where wood could be cut and put on board by the deck hands. A pilot can soon learn the channels in the Ohio and Mississippi rivers, but not so with the Missouri. Its banks and bottoms are a shifting mass of alluvial and recent deposit—sand and gravel—without adhesive properties and change and shift with every rise and fall of the water. Its main tributaries and head waters being as far as two thousand miles northwest from Alton (its mouth) and fed by the spring melting of thousands of square miles of snow-fall, which generally averages several feet in depth, creates a flood of water which begins to flow in April, and about the last week in April or middle of May reaches Alton. This is called, by

river men, the first or spring rise of the Missouri river, and lasts only about ten or twenty days, when it begins to fall rapidly and causes very great changes in the channels of the river. Where in the previous autumn the channel was well defined, and perhaps eight to sixteen feet deep, we may find, after the "spring rise" has run out a huge sand-bar of ten or a dozen inches only of water and a new, but tortuous and undefined channel cut in some other place, perhaps on the extreme opposite side of the river. These abrupt changes rendered it almost impossible for a pilot to "learn the Missouri river," as he could other rivers; and the most he can do is to acquire a general idea of channels and currents from the glassy or other features of the water. This the vigilant and intelligent pilot will gradually learn, but not the generality of men who, from some cause, get into the position of river pilots. At the time I write (1855) there was about one excellent and reliable river pilot for ten who pretended to be such, and even if there had been ten good to one bad, the Government would certainly have hired the tenth bad one. There was then in St. Louis (as exists in some degree in nearly all river towns) a kind of man-worship for a pilot, and this is not entirely without some reason—for a pilot's position and responsibility is very great, since many thousands of dollars depend on his efficient work. Hence the very high wages he receives, although his work is not half so hard as even the man who stokes the fire—but it is of a higher order. Ten dollars a day for a reliable and competent pilot is not out of the way if really an efficient man; but to pay the scores of pretenders and frauds this amount, or even eight, six, or five dollars a day, is the hugest swindle and outrage on the owners and patrons of river steamers.

However, as death ends all things and as the pilots and masters of the Wm. Baird and Gray Cloud have long since crossed over that river much deeper, wider and darker than the Missouri, we will not disturb their rest further than to say that they sought the best paying positions with very little care or consideration of their efficiency, or, rather, of their inefficiency. One of them, however, on the Gray Cloud, if watched close enough to be kept sober, was really a good, practical pilot and understood his work; more than this could not be recorded in their favor.

However, leaving Leavenworth, the Wm. Baird and Gray Cloud kept measurably together as far as Council Bluffs, and we were able to procure wood and coal fuel at many places on that stretch of the river. About St. Joseph (then a small mud hole of a river town) there appeared signs of cholera among the troops on one or two of the boats—on the Wm. Baird where I was, and a case or two on two other boats having the appearance of cholera. Although we had no doctor on this steamer yet we did the best we could with the boat's medicine, and had no deaths. We reached Council Bluffs in a few days and had so much sickness that we concluded it best to try and secure a doctor, if possible, to take passage with us for the rest of the trip. For this purpose we landed, and I visited the three or four shanties then comprising the embryo village of Omaha, and learned that a young physician and his bride had lately arrived there from Western New York, and it was barely possible he might be induced to take passage as the surgeon of our boat. I learned this man was Dr. George L. Miller and I lost no time in finding his little house and making known

to him my business. It was so sudden and novel in the way of service that he hesitated; and especially was it a surprise to his young wife, though they had no others in their household, and I rather urged the doctor to join us and bring his wife along. We had a very large floating palace with ample stateroom accommodations for more than a score of families, and Mrs. Miller was not long in seeing that she could have as nice a time on our boat as she could at Omaha, and in a few hours it was all arranged, and Dr. Miller and his charming wife were on board, and we were on our course again, ploughing the muddy waters and scrapping the sand-bars. The change of water and mode of life of the soldiers tended to create more or less sickness among them, but very soon even this began to decrease, and, while all felt a more comfortable assurance of proper care and treatment in case of sickness in that far-off, lonesome river frontier, yet our doctor in fact had but little occasion to prescribe his pills. Thus passed the days and nights of June, and a good part of July. Only by daylight could we attempt to run, and many times from 10 A. M. until sunset we had such high winds blowing that those immense floating palaces could not be steered, so we would "lay by" as they called it, at some favored place, and cut and carry wood on board. We were now far above all "wood yards," and it was necessary to supply fuel from day to day, from the wooded shores along the river. It was for this work that twenty-five deckhands and roustabouts had been placed on the rolls. It was no unusual thing to spend three or four hours cutting and piling on board fifteen or twenty cords of wood, and then start up, and strike a sand-bar in a few hours'

run, and there pound away till we consumed the supply before getting over the bar. The river was still falling slowly, with no prospect of any further rise during that summer (for we had now reached the last week in June) and were not far above the present site of Sioux City, still having the worst part of the river to traverse. We had all the appliances for "sparring" over sand-bars and shallow places, and on the Wm. Baird we had a competent crew of river men, at the head of whom was that prince of mates, William B. Dodson, of Cincinnati and lower Mississippi river fame.

While sparring and pounding on the bar just above and opposite the mouth of what was called L'eau qui court (a French word, literally "the water which runs") and latterly called the "Niobrara," I sent word to the Gray Cloud to drop down from her anchorage a mile above and "give a line" to the Baird and thus help her over the bar. This displeased the chief pilot on the Gray Cloud and he refused to obey the order of his captain (Mr. Alford). I sent a yawl boat up to repeat the order, and then the captain had his *assistant* pilot drop his boat down as ordered, and I soon heard of the chief pilot's attitude in the matter of not obeying orders. This chief pilot was Mr. Montgomery Douglass, an excellent pilot but more cross, stubborn and self-willed than even the average pilot. As a class, the Western river pilots can think of *nothing* superior to themselves when on board of his vessel with steam up. We finally got a line and help from the Gray Cloud and got over the bar, and both vessels landed to replenish fuel. While doing this I called Mr. Douglass on board and asked him the reason for his conduct. He evidently had several drinks aboard, and he replied

that he did not "ship" to fool along and help other "vessels or boats," and that he did not propose to do it; so I ordered his time made up and a check or order for it given him, on the chief quartermaster in St. Louis (the officer who had employed all the men on both steamers) and had him put on shore. He accepted the situation very quietly, and seemed to rather like his release from further service, not realizing just then the fact that on shore at that place he was one hundred miles from the nearest settlement, without road, compass or yawl boat! The place we were then at proved to be not the mainland, but a narrow wooded island, where we stopped the rest of the day and till the next morning, supplying wood. Mr. Douglass meanwhile blew off much of his bad whisky in walking over the island, and after dark came on board to sleep off the rest, which, of course, no one objected to. Before starting with the steamers next morning, the master of his boat (Captain Alford) went to him, and told him what a fool he had made of himself, and the captain added, that "this here trip ain't like we was on the Ohio or Mississippi rivers, in private boats, but here we are under the military and have the gol-darned soldiers to obey, and they are the bosses and not we." Douglass had cooled off, and soon took in the situation, and came at once to my little office on the William Baird, and wished to apologize for his conduct and to continue his work. This was all that was required, excepting that he would for the future obey the orders given him. He returned to his wheel and pilot house on the Gray Cloud and did his work well, and the good effects of the incident were visible on all employes on both boats. They all tumbled

to the racket that military orders had to be obeyed by all who drew their pay and rations from Uncle Sam.

The steamer Arabia meanwhile, had passed our Government boats, and had reached some shallow bars further up the river where she pounded and sparred for hours, and finally concluded to put off a large part of her cargo at a suitable place on shore, cover it with duck paulins, leave a watchman with it, and take the rest of her freight and the troops she had up to Fort Pierre, there discharge them, and return for the balance of her load. This they called "double tripping," and it often saved time though it made labor for the deck hands to unload and re load so much freight. This extra labor, however, was never an objection, in the work of steamboating, for if there existed, on land or water, in those days, a *cheaper animal* or inanimate article than a deck hand or a roustabout, I never discovered what it was. At a much later day, however, when building railways became a mania, it was discovered, I believe, that the average railroad laborer was even cheaper than those deck hands on steamers. During the colossal combinations, rings, steals and rascalities of building the Pacific railroad it was discovered that *one* railroad tie was worth *three* railroad laborers. Whether the relative prices have changed since those ties were watered two or three hundred per cent I have never learned.

The other vessels kept pounding and sparring over sand-bars, and made the best speed they could. One of the worst places we encountered was the bar at the mouth of White Earth river, where the formation is of clay and extends entirely across the Missouri river, and being of clay bed, no amount of scratching and ploughing the bottom enabled the current to wash out a channel

as was nearly always possible where it was merely a sand formation. Getting over this, however, we had little difficulty till we reached what is known as the "Big Bend" where snags, low water and bars caused great delay and much hard work. The "Big Bend" is an abrupt double curve in the river, somewhat in the shape of the letter S, where a ten or fifteen mile run up the river brings you to within five or six miles of where you started (measuring across by land). We had learned patience, however, and as our tedious trip was drawing to a close we were the more content to work and wait, and by perseverance we finally arrived at the barren plain of Fort Pierre on July 13, 1855 (all hands in reasonably good health), with both the Government steamers. The Arabia had reached Fort Pierre with her part load and had gone back for the remainder. In a few days more she returned and discharged the freight and troops destined for that point and re-adjusted her remaining freight (belonging to the Fur Company and the Indian agent), and continued her trip up river to still higher points. She had on board the Indian agent, a Mr. Vaughn, a mild-mannered kind of a man, differing in no particular from the usual class of political workers who (in those days and since) received their pay in this kind of appointments, in which the salary cut but a small figure in the greater remuneration which came from *selling* to the Indians their annuities for furs and robes, instead of honestly delivering the same as a gift from, and in the name of the Governor! It can not be out of place just here to express (in parenthesis, as it were) the indubitable fact, that in no feature of our Government, during its whole existence, has it more forfeited its just claim to honesty,

either in practice or intention, than by its systematic course of fraud and deception toward all the Indian tribes within its power.

Our first sight of the old Fort Pierre place was quite the reverse of flattering, and grew less so the more we contemplated the locality. It was a withering hot spell of weather. with a bright dazzling sun shining all over the barren plateau, while the semi-silicious soil reflected back the sun's rays into one's face and eyes with an intensity almost painful. Neither tree, nor brush, nor shrub, nor grass greeted one's most searching gaze over the seething waste! Such is the record in my journal of that date, 1855–6. Since then a pretentious, if not a flourishing town has sprung up in that locality and some critic may think I should change my record or retract, but, I can do neither, because it is the influence of the railroads, and the necessity of crossing the Missouri river at that geographical point which has forced the existence of some sort of a town. It is notorious that railroads create towns and villages in all sorts of places, where, otherwise, no such would ever be thought of. Apropos of my reasoning, I will recite what a popular preacher once said while traveling on the Union Pacific road, just then completed to Utah. He was admiring the sage brush through the car windows and taking a close look at the stations and embryo towns and villages bursting into view. One of his traveling friends asked him what he thought of some of the places they had passed as suited to become towns. The divine looked solemn for an instant and replied: "Well, my opinion as to town sites is not worth half that of railroad builders, but, sir, I am almost willing to believe

that when railroad builders reach his Satanic majesty's regions they will find it profitable to locate towns and cities in all parts of Pluto's inheritance." Such being a preacher's opinion, I think is confirmatory of my own theory as to the town of Pierre.

During all of our thirty or forty days travel up the river we had indulged the pleasing expectation that we would find shelter or reasonably comfortable quarters at Fort Pierre, as all understood that the Government had purchased the place, although not an officer or soldier had any definite knowledge or orders in the matter. As before stated, Major Ogden had carried off in his pocket to his new post of Fort Riley in Kansas, the written contract of purchase, made by the Quartermaster General with the Fur Company, so that every one, from commanding officer to lowest private, had arrived at the post which they were to occupy, with no knowledge or instruction whatever on the subject. The Fur Company's agent, Mr. Charles E. Galpin, however, was there waiting and ready to turn over the premises, and get a receipt, as per contract, and he also had a duplicate copy of the contract and furnished it for examination. The old "Fort" or "Fort Pierre" was the Fur Company's main, or principal trading station with the numerous tribes of Indians in that distant frontier for more than forty years, but had now become useless for that, or any other purpose, and was being abandoned as rapidly as the company could remove its men and tools to other places. It consisted of an inclosure of 200 feet square, with pickets placed vertically in the ground, and extending almost twelve feet above ground, with a large, strong gate, and this gave sufficient protection to the traders and

their men in case of hostile intent on the part of the Indians, many hundreds of whom were all the while camped on the prairie and the premises. On the inside of this inclosure, and ranged round near to the pickets, were a half dozen shanties ten feet high, covered with mud roofs and a dirt floor, called storehouses, having in the aggregate, about four thousand square feet of storage or about 40,000 cubic feet. This comprised all the buildings at the place, and, of course, our ideas of quarters vanished as but a very brief dream at the best. These huts scarcely served to cover our two boat-loads of supplies, and we had to pitch tents on the dry, scorched plain for immediate shelter. We were in the middle of July, the heated period of all the year in that part of the country, and we kept as cool as we could looking at the thermometer register 108° in the shade. It may not be out of place here to remark a fact which hundreds of thousands of people have since learned by experience, that while the region of country I write about can boast of more terrific blizzards and colder weather in midwinter than almost any other portion of the Union, yet it can also claim the prize for hotter July days than Texas! This arid, grassless, timberless plain at Fort Pierre sloped back westward from the river, a distance of more than a mile, to the foot-hills, and extended north over two miles to where a bend of the river approaches the foot-hills, and south a couple of miles to the little tributary called then the "Little Missouri River," but properly called "Bad River," which it was in every sense of the word. It was a narrow (not over 100 feet wide) sluggish stream, difficult to cross because of its mud bottom and high banks, while along its margin were the remnants of a former

growth of timber, reduced to little else than underbrush, having been shorn of everything which would make fuel for the trading post or material for its pickets and little huts. It was also a favorite camping ground for the various squads of Indians who constantly visited the trading post, and they had utilized for fuel even the smaller growth. It was a rare thing for the soldiers to get even a few armfuls of sticks as large as one's arm to cook food with, making it impossible to get an adequate supply of fuel on that side of the Missouri for winter. Nor was there any better supply of fuel on the opposite side of the Missouri river, which was at that point over half a mile wide, and too shallow on the east side for even a small boat to get within a hundred feet of the bank, but up the river on the east side at a distance of three or four miles there was a good forest of cottonwood growth. The first question to solve was how to get that wood. The steamers could not be used, for they drew too much water, and the wood was yet to be cut, the river falling, and no time to be lost in sending the steamers back down the river to St. Louis. Yawl boats belonging to the steamers, which we decided to retain, would serve our purpose for a time, till we could make some sort of scow or flat-boat with only a few inches draft. Meanwhile Captain and Brevet-Major Wessels had, on his own responsibility, taken possession of one of the smaller huts as his personal quarters, which the Fur Company's agent was inclined to construe as taking possession of the premises, and thereby tacitly accepting the same under the contract; but I denied that Wessels' action had any such force, and the agent then exhibited his copy of the contract of purchase, and requested me to offi-

cially "inspect and receive the property" as per wording of the instrument. For the first time I then learned the price to be paid by the War Department for that miserable, desolate piece of public prairie, or the few shanties, was $45,000. Every officer in the command read over the copy of contract with amazement, largely mixed with disgust, and without consultation or concert of thought, not one of them would have valued everything at the place worth forty-five hundred dollars. I proceeded to unload the steamers and erect the cottages on the plateau, stored the supplies and property wherever I could, inside and outside of the picketed space, but declined to receive, or receipt for the premises. I scoured the surrounding country for grass, wood and stone, and began to write my report of the trip and arrival, the character of the place, its resources and adaptability for wintering the troops at it, or rather *its lack of* all these conditions. I condemned it in every particular for these purposes. Meanwhile some 600 head of beef cattle had arrived on the opposite side of the river, having been purchased in Missouri and Kansas, and driven all the way up on land, by contract made by the commissary general, or his assistant, and Captain Simpson, C. S., was there to receive, inspect and give receipts for the same. These cattle, of course, were to be cared for, and killed as the wants of the troops required, *not* by the contractor but by some detail from the command, under an officer—not even Captain Simpson, for he was only on the trip to see and receive the cattle at the post, and turn them over to some subaltern destined to remain there, when he (Simpson) would turn his head toward Washington. These cattle had to be placed on

grazing ground, somewhere, with proper herders, and a squad of soldiers to protect them; also, hay had to be cut from the wild prairie grass and stacked up for winter use for the cattle and all other animals required to be kept, requiring not less than 200 tons of hay.

Fuel had to be provided for the troops, ranging anywhere from six to ten companies, for General Harney's command had been ordered to reach Fort Pierre late in the autumn, and winter there. This required more than fifty cords of wood per month, or to May, 1856, at least 350 cords of wood. Taken all in all, it was a serious matter for those charged with the execution of this work as to how it was to be accomplished, and I was the one mainly depended on to do it. Colonel Montgomery, the ranking officer, felt little interest in the matter, because he had already been cited before a general court martial, to be held at Fort Riley, Kansas, to be tried for some complicity in speculative transactions in land at that point, and he would soon start down the river, not to return that year, and perhaps never, while Captain Lyon would accompany him as a witness in his case. Captain Simpson, the commissary, also felt quite free from responsibility of wintering his 600 beef cattle, and Brevet-Major Wessells, the next in command, who was to remain there, was captain of his company, a very excellent, honorable man, pleasant in all his social and official relations, but without much energy or force of character in the line of creating something out of nothing, or of making ends meet where great difficulties existed, or, as the old darkey said, "when bofe ends is too sho't." The rest of the officers were lieutenants, without much ex-

perience, and less energy or resolution, but mainly devoted to such quiet ease and comfort as they could get in their tents, reading and smoking their pipes. It is not surprising, therefore, that the writer, being the only officer of the general staff, and especially depended upon for all necessary supplies and preparations for wintering such a command, should feel his responsibility with much intensity. As the dog-days of August were passing I explored the prairies for the best grass plats, selecting grazing-grounds for cattle; established camps for the guard, put a score of men to cutting grass (for winter hay) with the scythes we had taken with us; another score of men to chopping wood, five or six miles above the post and on the opposite side of the river; and such mechanics as I could find in the command I put to work to cut out cottonwood boards with the whip-saw, and built a scow or flat boat. This done, we could cross and re-cross the river, and also transport fuel, stores, etc., from place to place by poling and the cordelle. Meanwhile I completed and forwarded my report to the quartermaster general at Washington. The assistant commissary (Simpson) had also forwarded his report to his chief (the commissary-general) some weeks previous, and our reports differed considerably as to the character of the locality and the means and the practicability of wintering troops and animals at that place. Human nature is much the same the world over. Relieve one of real and pressing responsibilities, and the affairs of daily life present to his mind different pictures from those presented to the person who fills the place of all responsibility. The quartermaster's department in the United States Army has always been, since its organization,

par excellence the pack-horse of the army. Its duties are not only multifarious, but eternal, perennial, and increasing with time! It is the department which has to clothe and house, transport and warm the army, provide for the sick and bury the dead. In fact, the quartermaster's department is the *wet nurse* of the army, all other branches being but nominal, and in fact little more than sinecure adjuncts of the former. Fully realizing this fact, I felt, at the outset. the great difficulty of supplying forage, fuel and shelter for eight or ten companies, and a score officers, at such a barren and isolated place; and naturally so expressed myself in my report to the department. Not so with the commissary. He had viewed the half-green but stunted grasses on the wide-spread prairies during dog-days in the light of *grazing* for cattle, in the months favorable for grazing, but failed to realize the condition of things in mid-winter, when three feet of snow woule cover those half-green prairies. He failed to realize that a temperature of ten or twenty below zero would soon succeed the ninety degrees *above*, as then existed. He felt light-hearted under the inspiration of his speedy departure for civilization and God's country. Our separate reports, therefore, presented to our respective chiefs at Washington quite different phases of the same locality; and long after he had left I was the one to receive from the War Office a critical analysis of the two reports, with a pressing request from the quartermaster-general to explain why such different views should be entertained by two officers on the same ground. I was not in a hurry to answer his inquiries; in fact, I was not in a mood to do so, but busied myself at the work so necessary, to do

the best I could for the coming winter, and for the ap: proaching troops under General Harney. Finally, near the last of October, Harney arrived, with his dragoons and infantry. He had spent the summer on the plains, from Leavenworth up the Platte, via Kearney, to Fort Laramie (fighting Little Thunder at Blue Lake), thence across the plains some 250 miles to Fort Pierre (as had been arranged), to pass the winter. His command was tired, and in need of rest, and, of all other temporal comforts, clothes and quarters, and little of the kind did he find at Fort Pierre. About all we had for his command was provisions. The clothing designed for his troops had been started from St. Louis on a later boat, and it had only been able to reach a place called Puncas Island, some 200 miles by land below Fort Pierre, and nearly 400 miles by water; the same boat also had the forage designed for his horses. To say that General Harney was *mad* fails to express his true condition of mind. He devoted a few days to looking over the ground, read the office copy of my report, and the quartermaster-general's reply thereto; then read over the contract of the purchase, and learned from me that I *had not received the property*, and, after relieving himself of some of the pent-up indignation, he ordered a Board of Survey, consisting of Major A. Cady, Major Van Vliett and Surgeon Madison, to examine the whole premises, make a map of the same, and to report its probable value. In a few days this was done, and it was even more disparaging to the purchase-price and the place than my report had been. It was then forwarded by *mule express* to Sioux City post-office, then the nearest office where mails were delivered, say 280 miles, hav-

ing Harney's sulphurous remarks of approval thereon. It was too late in the autumn, however, to hope for forage and clothing to arrive, and Harney determined to put his dragoons on the march again, to where the boat was which contained these supplies, and they started out in a snow-storm to make the march—early in November—which was accomplished with much difficulty, and loss of animals by the way, with hunger and cold. This so relieved the wants at Fort Pierre that we managed to put in the winter without any severe suffering, though certainly without luxuries, or any great degree of comfort.

Soon after Harney's report, and the proceedings of the Board had been digested at Washington, I received very different letters from good old General Jesup (the quartermaster general). He regretted the department had been so over-reached in the purchase of that post, and closed by hoping I would meet the agent of the Fur Company and agree on such terms as would enable the department to close the whole "unpalatable" matter, etc. This, of course, was throwing the entire responsibility on me (although I cared very little about that) and the agent and I finally met and spent some days going over the whole matter. This agent, Mr. Charles E. Galpin, was a pleasant and intelligent man, was a good bookkeeper and ready accountant. He had been with the Fur Company for many years (coming originally from New York City) and he had managed all the company's affairs on the Upper Missouri river for a number of years with skill and success. He knew, as well as I did, that the old Fort Pierre purchase was not worth five thousand dollars, much less the forty-five thousand

stipulated in the contract; but such was the contract price of purchase, and of course he very properly claimed the "amount of the bond," such was his duty to his principals. But I was under no obligations to *certify* to anything but what I believed to be correct, and so we were hopelessly apart as to any settlement. Some weeks passed (Galpin having moved his *tent* or "*tepée*," with his Indian wife and children, a few miles up the river), and finally he came and dined with me and we resumed the conversation as to a settlement. He offered to fall five thousand dollars, that is, to take forty thousand dollars if I would certify to forty thousand. I gave no intimation of agreeing to this, and he then said that if I would sign the required receipts and certificates at forty thousand dollars, he would pay me personally one thousand dollars for my official act of acceptance. Of course, the moral turpitude of this offer Mr. Galpin did not for one moment, realize, or even suspect. On the contrary he believed his offer to be an honest business proposition! What convincing evidence this is that men are to a great extent just what their surroundings make them. Mr. Galpin had lived long among the Indians, and had become conversant with their modes of traffic, bribery and sharp trading, while the few white men he occasionally met, were government Indian agents engaged in the same and far worse methods, with the Indians and with each other. These agents were commissioned by the president to go to the various tribes of Indians and deliver to them the annual supplies provided by Congress as presents, annuities, etc., but who in fact, in many cases, if not in the majority of cases, sold the goods for ten times their value in robes, pelts and furs,

which they ultimately shipped to St. Louis or New York and sold for their personal benefit. Therefore Mr. Galpin could not well conceive that any other government officer had any other rules of action, or scruples of honesty, than the generality of agents he had been accustomed to meet in business at those distant trading posts. Such has been the demoralizing influences, among whites and Indians, in the management of our Indian affairs for a century. But why decry the frontier agents, when the chiefs of departments at Washington City are, and always have been, as bad or worse?

While I knew perfectly that Galpin's offer to me of the money was sincere, and he felt sure he would be accepted, yet I treated it more as a joke than otherwise, and suppressing my inward indignation offered him a cigar, and in a good-humored way remarked that he and I could never come to a settlement in any such manner, and that we had best so report our action, and refer the settlement back to the contracting parties at Washington. This was done and I have never known to this day just what was finally paid for "Old Fort Pierre." But I doubt if it was much less than the original price agreed on. In fact, in the light of later events, I have no doubt but what the price—forty-five thousand dollars—was all paid, and that the pretense to "inspection report," etc., was merely an assumed virtue to cover motives and matured intentions of officials and parties in interest in St. Louis and Washington City.

Meantime, cold weather was approaching. General Harney determined to spend the winter there with one officer of his staff (Captain Alfred Pleasanton) and I

removed the public stores from one of the shanties and fixed it up to give him two small rooms, one as a bed-room, the other for his office. His Assistant Adjutant General Major Wood, and his Assistant Quartermaster Captain Van Vliet, had left to return to St. Louis. The want of forage and the bleak and barren nature of the surrounding prairies determined Harney to send all the dragoon troops and horses to more favorable points some two hundred miles lower down on the river. Some went to old Fort Lookout, near the Big Bend, and others still lower to a place then known as "Puncas Island," a place a little above the Niobrara or L'eau qui court river, where shelter in the wooded bottoms for the animals in storms could be had and also grass on the slopes and in the ravines. Besides, the last steamer (Gray Cloud) which had been started from St. Louis late in the fall as before stated, loaded with corn, clothing and other supplies, had been forced by low water and ice, to stop at Puncas Island and remain for the winter; and the animals could thus get the forage required from the boat. The march of the troops from Port Pierre to that lower station so late in the season, say two hundred miles over bleak prairies, was a severe undertaking, especially with animals reduced by a summer campaign, and very little grass on the route, and no other forage to carry in the wagons. When Major Howe started on this trip (in November), nearly five inches of snow lay on the ground in many places, and it was scarcely possible to make the march without loss of animals; and, as it turned out, more than had been anticipated died, or were abandoned by the wayside. Major Howe did reach his destined place, however, and made his men

and animals as comfortable as possible in the wooded river bottom, not far from the steamer, from whose cargo of provisions, clothing and grain forage were obtained. Howe did not report very minutely, nor very promptly his loss of animals on his trip, in fact not at all till late in the winter, and Harney, who always had a supreme contempt for Major Howe, both as an officer and as a man, suspected all through January, 1856, that greater loss had occurred than Howe had reported. Finally the General determined, in February, to fit out a small escort and proceed over the same route to see for himself the signs of loss, and to learn the character of the country. With Captain Pleasanton, his aid, and an escort of a dozen men and a couple of teams and his ambulance, he set out on the same trail Major Howe had taken the previous November. Every day's march added proof to Harney's suspicion that Howe had lost more animals on his trip than he had reported, and by the time he reached Howe's winter camp and the steamer, Harney was "red hot," so to speak, and with his ungovernable Irish temper, ordered his aid to formulate charges against Howe, for the violation of not ten, but a score of commandments. Having done this and secured the necessary proof, as he supposed, he and his escort started on return to Fort Pierre, by way of the river, on ice. Up to this time the ice was pretty safe, as the cold winter had made it of unusual thickness, and for many days Harney with his party traveled up river with their wagons and animals on a very fine road. But, later on, in March, it began to thaw rapidly, and the ice became too rotten for safety, which forced the party to leave the river for land. By the time Harney had

returned to Fort Pierre, the several chiefs of Indian tribes began to assemble there, as per Harney's circular order sent out in the winter, asking all Indian chiefs and others to come in to Fort Pierre and have a long talk, looking to some treaty agreement for a more peaceful condition of things than had previouly existed. Harney's summer expedition had resulted in his whipping Little Thunder and his tribe near Ash Hollow, or "Blue Lake" (in the vicinity of the North Platte, some days' march below Fort Laramie) and the capture of a large number of squaws, papooses, tents, poneys, etc., all of which Harney had brought with him to Fort Pierre the previous fall, and held the women and children as hostages, to compel the Indian warriors to come in and talk peace, at least.

CHAPTER VII.

I am ahead of some of the events, however, which I wish to narrate, so I shall go back some months. When the steamers loaded at St. Louis in May, a sutler or post trader was appointed for the new contemplated post of Fort Pierre; this gentleman was Mr. Edward Atkinson, and he had associated with him Capt. D. M. Frost, a former officer of the army, but then a retired business citizen of St. Louis. Atkinson had a frame storehouse about 45x20 feet, one story, made in St. Louis, also a small dwelling with two stories for his family, consisting of wife and infant son. These he had shipped on the steamer with his supply of goods and merchandise, to Fort Pierre, and after landing there, a few days sufficed for him to have his store opened for business and also his family snugly in

The Turnley Home at Highland Park, Lake Co., Illinois.

quarters; he took with him from St. Louis competent men to do this work, as also a competent clerk and bookkeeper.

Meanwhile by the last of October, I had arranged the best I could for the officers and soldiers' comfort for the winter. The last steamer to leave St. Louis was the wide, flat-bottomed steamer called the St. Mary, built by, or especially for, the American Fur Company's service on the Missouri river. She was made to run in shallow water, yet carry a good freight, was low hamper and easily managed; and the chief quartermaster in St. Louis fixed on her as a boat more likely than any other to reach Fort Pierre so late in the fall, when it was certain only low water could be expected everywhere. Accordingly the St. Mary left St. Louis in September, with the outfit and small machinery of a steam saw-mill, several thousand bushels of corn, potatoes, clothing, some thirty head of mules and other supplies.

Of her departure, or even intended departure, however, I had never one word of information, although we had an express mail carried on a mule every two weeks, from the Sioux City post-office (which was only four days by mail from St. Louis). This neglect or failure to send me the important information that a steamer had started with important supplies on such a long and hazardous trip was strange, to say the least; but it was quite in keeping with every other move at St. Louis and Washington connected with the up-river expedition of 1855.

I had left my wife and babe in Chicago, there to remain until perhaps in the following spring or summer, she could join me. She, hearing, however, from

St. Louis, that the St. Mary would leave for Pierre, determined to take passage on her, and hastily packing only necessary things, with her nurse and infant, took cars for St. Louis and boarded the steamer, determined to take the chances of reaching Fort Pierre somehow.

The steamer's trip up river was slow and monotonous, and after reaching points above Sioux City, very difficult. An old and experienced river captain (La Barge) was the master of vessel, and his brother was the pilot. They belonged to the best and most practical river men of St. Louis. They were kind and polite in the extreme to my wife, and during their long sixty days' working up river, made her as comfortable as it was possible for her to be on the steamer. They had a milch-cow on board, which even supplied a luxury for the babe.

The steamer thus worked her way over sand-bars, and through forests of snags till she reached a point a few miles below the mouth of White river, late in October. Captain La Barge then believed it doubtful whether or not he could reach Pierre that winter; he concluded to land all the mules, and place them in charge of a couple of his best men, with an Indian guide he had on board, and start them overland to report to me at Pierre, distant by land from where his boat was, he supposed to be, about one hundred miles. He wrote a letter for me, and gave it to the man in charge, explaining all about his position, loading, etc., and what he should try to do, and requested, in reply, my views and orders in the matter. With this letter and five days' provisions the cavalcade set out over the trackless and rolling prairies, for Fort Pierre, but—distant from the position of

the boat about one hundred and sixty miles. Finally, on Saturday night, November 3d, just after I had gone to bed, I was roused by a knock at my shanty. The men and mules had arrived and in pretty bad plight, too. They were not certainly men of more than average intelligence, and hardly that. They could give me very little information that was satisfactory, and it was not till I asked them if they had no written instructions, that the head man roused from his idiotic stupor, and said: "No, we started with a letter, but a violent norther or wind-storm struck us on the high prairie, and the letter being in my hat, it was blown away, hat and all." He could recollect nothing scarcely that Captain La Barge had told him, as that letter contained everything. I found them a place to sleep, and had their mules cared for, and turned into my own bed, not to sleep, however; for they had told me my wife and child were on the steamer, and it so surprised me I spent the night in revolving in my mind the best mode of reaching them, or the steamer.

The man in charge of mules said he was sure Capt. La Barge was working along up the river with his boat, and was liable to "heave in sight at any hour," etc. This information or opinion, rather, of the weak-minded (mule) driver made it expedient for me to go by water down the river, if I expected to meet the steamer. Without sleeping any, I was up before the sun, Sunday morning, to find it lowering and cold, and a very cold north wind blowing. I soon had one of the yawl-boats ready, and called on the adjutant, Lieutenant N. H McLean, to detail me two of the best sailors in the command, and by the time other portions of the garrison were at breakfast, I was pulling away down the river.

From the best information (so far as I could judge by the man's report, as to the instructions of Captain La Barge), I had no doubt of meeting him and his boat before dark that Sunday; and therefore the two men had taken only a loaf of bread and a mouthful of cold, sliced pork. I had literally nothing but three or four hard tack crackers and my pistol, a box of matches, and a hatchet. We pulled away down stream finally, till about two P. M., by which time the wind was nearly directly up the stream, and was so intense that the two men actually made no headway against it, down stream. We therefore landed for a time, and made a fire and waited a cessation of the wind; this came with the setting sun, and still feeling sure we would soon meet the steamer, we resumed our rowing down the river. We had no moon and could see but little, and finally discovered we had been rowing for a mile or more into a sand-bar "pocket," which is merely an arm or narrow strip of water, standing stagnant, as it were, and not connected at its lower end with the main running channel, but, in fact, cut off from that by a long sand-bar. So we were abruptly brought to a standstill by dry sand. It was too dark to see much, and we concluded to step to the main shore, build a fire, and keep warm till morning. As soon as light enough to see, we discovered our "trap," and we had our choice either to run our yawl a mile back, and there take the true channel, or drag it over a half-mile of sand-bar to a point in the true channel lower down. We chose the first, and by sunrise we were moving at a rapid rate down stream, and continued, I think, at the rate of six to eight miles an hour, till near noon, when we were in a bend of the river, with a high elevation of the shore,

from the top of which I inferred we ought to be able to see a steamer many miles below, or at least to see her smoke, if she were running. I therefore landed and climbed the elevation, a high bluff or butte on the prairie, and scanned the country below. I could see the windings of the Missouri river for miles like a huge snake, yet no signs of steamer. I was disgusted, I might say greatly disappointed. I had then descended the river for about one hundred miles, without the least sign of the steamer, which, according to my best information, was only two hundred miles seven days before! This reflection made me feel a little uneasy. I could not *retrace* my course in double the time I had been coming down; we had nothing to eat. Could it be possible Captain La Barge had written to me, that he sent the mules overland, and would store the freight on shore for the winter, and *hasten back* with his boat to St. Louis before "low water cut him off" or, had he just concluded to *return* down river with wife, baby, freight and all?"

All these possibilities passed through my mind rapidly, though I never uttered a word to the two soldiers, who rowed the boat; still, they were old sailors, who saw that my mind was not at ease, and they soon showed signs of uneasiness or anxiety themselves. We pushed on, however, as rapidly as we could all that afternoon till too dark to see the channel, yet not a sound or glimpse of any steamer; so we once more took refuge in a brushy little spot on shore, made a rousing fire, and enjoyed the last crumbs of bread and crackers! This was our second night out, and the next morning at six made us forty-eight hours out! The night thus passed was not devoid of danger and

apprehension, for we were now in the path of bands of unfriendly Indians who, at that season of the year, were in search of buffalo and other game for winter's use, and our only weapon was my Colt's revolver.

Early day-dawn, however, found us again pulling away down the river, which we kept up till noon. It was then I noticed in the faces of the two men evidences of anxiety which I had for some time felt myself, but which it would not be prudent for me to admit. About noon I told them to "ease oars" and let us float with the current for a while, view the variegated colors of the foliage along the banks of the river and talk over our situation. We were now about two hundred miles measured by the meanderings of the river without meeting any signs of the steamer! We had no provisions, were unable to retrace our course, and must look forward to at least two hundred or two hundred and fifty miles more to reach the first habitation. This, of course, was my reflection in case the steamer had turned her course down the river, and for food meanwhile we had none, and must rely on berries, grapes, etc., to be found along the river banks.

I talked all this over with the two men in a cheerful manner, rather jocosely, in fact, to see how they felt. They listened to me with the serious air by no means reassuring; and kept their gaze fixed on objects far down the river. Finally I broke silence by asking them how much they would bet me that we would *not* see the steamer before sundown that day. They hesitated a few moments and offered to bet me twenty-five dollars; then after a quarter of an hour they withdrew it, still showing looks of the greatest anxiety. Finally said I: "Men, you may bet me either way, and I will take the

opposite." They eased oars again and gazed at the shore and down the river, and from some cause, I know not why, they said: "Well, Captain, we will bet you twenty-five that we *will* see the boat before dark." "All right," said I, "I take the side that we will *not*. So pull away, and let us get as far as we can before dark, anyway." On we sped lively, and in less than an hour we saw the mouth of White river, just below which the river makes a short turn (almost at right angles), but still three miles from us.

Just then, as I sat steering, looking ahead, I descried in the long distance, where the turn in the river began, some white object on shore, not larger apparently than a bushel measure. I kept my eyes so intently in that direction that the men who sat facing me observed it and ceased rowing to take a look themselves. I asked them if they could see any white object, but they said no, and resumed their oars. After some minutes I told them to look again, which they did, and both saw "something." Meanwhile I had watched the object grow in size till it was as large as a common tent; and soon I distinctly saw a moving object going from the white tent-like pile towards the edge of the water (apparently thirty paces distant from it) and then return to the white object. I told the men to cease rowing and to take a good look at it, which they did, and soon exclaimed: "Yes, it is somebody." The current carried us rapidly down the river and I turned the yawl towards the object, on the south or Nebraska side of the river; and it was not long until we discovered it to be a large pile of freight covered over with a white heavy duck-paulin. We were at once relieved in mind, and steered directly for the freight pile, but

in doing this we passed the sharp turn in the river, some two hundred yards, before we reached the object, and turning our gaze to the left and looking down the stretch of river on its new course, a few miles below, we saw the smoke of the steamer and heard the puffing of steam as she came slowly up towards the same pile of freight. The steamer had tried for some days to get over the hard clay bar at mouth of White river without success, and had dropped back a few miles to a favorable place, and there, on dunnage placed on the dry ground, had discharged the portion of cargo she had, and gone back ten miles below, where she had put off a first portion, and was then returning with it, to deposit it at the same place. Seeing the boat before I reached the freight pile, I at once turned the yawl's head down the river, and in a few moments was alongside and taken on board, with yawl in tow. I lost no time in reaching the ladies' cabin, where my wife and the nurse, with baby, were looking out of a window at the little yawl boat and my party, wondering who could be afloat so far up that wild and uninhabited river in so small a craft. Kisses and compliments, explanations and recitals filled the hour, and we were soon tied up at the freight pile.

Captain La Barge and his crew had worked faithfully many days to go on up the river to Pierre, but it was not possible to do so that season. He now learned of the safe arrival of the mules and men; and also the *non* receipt by me of his letter. He had signed the bill of lading at St. Louis, obligating himself to deliver the freight at Fort Pierre, unavoidable accidents, fire, etc., excepted, at so much per ton freight. He had freight and supplies, which

the troops at Pierre absolutely required for ordinary comfort, yet he could not possibly take the same to them in his boat that winter. Hence, the question was, how can I get the supplies, and yet satisfy the carrier?

La Barge was willing to tie his boat where she was for the winter, send his crew back in small boats (save engineer and pilot and a few deck hands), pass the winter there and deliver the freight on the first rise in the spring; or, he would deliver the freight then and there to me, provided I would endorse his bills, *as if* delivered at Fort Pierre, that is, at full price; or, third, I could, by *military force*, take the property and supplies at that place and let him go back to the chief quartermaster at St. Louis, and make his claim against the government for pay, damages, etc. This matter, therefore, presented a serious question for me to decide, and act on with no time to consult either the commander at Pierre, or at St. Louis. The chief quartermaster at St. Louis had failed, as usual, to provide in his contract for any such contingencies, as he should have known were liable to occur, and especially for the one which had occurred (viz., that of low water, making it impossible to reach Pierre that season with the steamer). I was therefore left to take all responsibility myself. I had about thirty mule teams at Fort Pierre which could be used in hauling the supplies overland during the winter, if not too severe, the distance being about, as I supposed, one hundred and sixty miles by a practicable trail, the clothing, corn and other supplies being indispensable for the troops' use.

I felt it absurd to let the men suffer, with cloth-

ing lying on a steamer that close to them, waiting for the spring tide to be delivered. I thought the matter over that night and concluded to receipt his bills then and there, at the same rates as if delivered at Pierre. The next day I sent one of his Indians on a mule to Fort Pierre, with a written statement of my action to the commanding officer, and requested him to start back with the same guide, the thirty mule teams as lively as possible, with an escort of twenty soldiers, and to bring me a couple of tents for use on the way to Pierre with my wife, baby and nurse. Meanwhile I was engaged in going over the freight list and inventory, and having the master of the vessel, with his crew, properly stack up the goods on dry dunnage, and cover the same with paulins. This required several days, by which time the teams arrived, and my family exchanged their shelter on the steamer for the tent on land, and the boat turned her prow once more down the river. I soon loaded the teams with the most needed supplies, and started my train back to Pierre. We were favored with fine weather and made the trip in a week, in the month of November, without accident, or a cold or cough.

Mrs. Atkinson had meanwhile got to housekeeping at Fort Pierre, and was, as the Indians said, the "first white squaw there." My wife was the second, and during my absence to bring her to the post, General Harney, learning of her being on the boat, and that she would arrive, had directed one of the most comfortable huts within the pickets to be put in order for our use, so that we soon got into quarters and had some of the comforts of home and much needed rest. In a few weeks, however, I put up a couple of the small

cottages parallel to each other and eight feet apart, floored the space between with some puncheons, and covered it with canvas, thus making a hall, and the two cottages affording four good rooms. After a time the paymaster (Major Gaines) vacated the cottage he had, and I placed that at one end of this hallway, and thus had two additional rooms, one serving as a kitchen, the other for servant's room. We thus passed a pleasant winter, with not an hour's sickness. Mrs. Atkinson and my wife, whose domiciles were not fifty feet apart on the bare prairie, were like sisters, and each having their first babes (one a boy, the other a girl) all were happy and contented.

In April, 1856, the Indians began to assemble for the grand council, or as many of the Sioux tribes or bands as might obey General Harney's circular. As the chiefs, sub-chiefs and head Indians arrived they would pitch a tepée or tent near the garrison and occupy it, or else were accommodated by some tents of the soldiers, the object being to treat them well and kindly.

All of them were provided with food by Harney's order. My wife and Mrs. Atkinson being the first and only white women those Indians had ever seen, they never tired of standing round our cottages and gazing by the hour in at the windows to look at the "white squaws" and the "white papooses." They even offered many robes and ponies in exchange for the "white squaws," and occasionally an Indian squaw would beg to handle the baby, which, to gratify their curiosity, was sometimes placed in their arms; but our nurse was always in trepidation at such times lest the old squaw would make off with it.

Finally, when the council met it was in a large

hospital tent, "or rather" two of them added on to one of the large portable cottages, thus giving over 1,200 square feet in space ; and the council being open to all who cared to attend, surprised the Indians, whose custom was to have councils referring to peace and war rather secret, and never attended by their women. Especially were the Indians surprised to see the two white squaws attend daily the council meetings and to see them escorted to the most choice seats. This was something to them most extraordinary, and altogether out of the way of treaty-making.

The Indian never permits a female to appear in council, and to see two of the sex present at so important a council as this was something which required explanation. Harney, therefore, in the first day's meeting had his interpreter explain to all the Indians present that the "white squaws" were just the same as white men were in all councils and meetings, and were treated the same ; which announcement brought forth the usual "grunt or howe" which the uninformed may interpret to mean either approval or disapproval. At all events, the chiefs and other notable bucks had no alternative but to submit, and the council proceeded from day to day for nearly two weeks. This slow progress was partly meant to give time for some of the principal Indians to reach the place, because some of them had a long way to travel, say from one hundred and fifty to two hundred and fifty miles, which, at that time of spring, was a serious undertaking.

One old man, a Rick-arie chief, arrived late one day, from some point in his "dominions," not far

from the Niobrara river. It was a wet, cold day when he walked into the council chamber and took his seat, and when the one then speaking was through, Harney called on the new arrival to speak. The old chief hesitated for a moment, and then rose, and rubbing his abdomen and pressing his empty stomach, said: "I have but just arrived, wet, cold and hungry. I have traveled many suns to be here, but I am too hungry to talk till I have something in here," (placing his hand on his stomach) "so I say, don't ask me to talk, but give me something to eat first." All felt the force and eternal fitness of old Rick-arie's speech, and my wife at once had him taken to our kitchen, where the coffee, hot rolls, etc., soon warmed him up. He was a big chief among all the tribes, and besides his age, was also considered wise in council, and therefore listened to whenever he did talk. He was also a lifelong friend of the whites, and advocated peace at all times between whites and Indians. It was not strange, therefore, that he desired to first take a square meal, the better to prepare himself for the right kind of speech the following day. This he did, and next day delivered the best speech of the council, and was listened to by all who could get in the room.

As all things have an end, so Harney's council finally closed, although if there is anything that General Harney never yet was known to tire of, it was the holding of "talks" and council treaties" with the Indians. The "Indian" specimen came nearer Harney's beau ideal of a match to himself, in human shape, than any other specimen of the genus homo. In fact, Harney had in his young days beaten the red men in running and jumping, and had even whipped

them in battles but had never yet quite equaled them in strategy and in prowess of military manœuvre, yet always striving to that end. In this effort the general had achieved some reputation as an Indian fighter, yet at great expense of time, money and of good material. He was savage toward the Indians before and during the battle, but if he won the day he was as mild and gentle toward his conquered foe as became a master to his slave, but lacked the brain, the practical administrative skill, and above all, lacked the official influence with the proper departments of the general government to induce a system of treatment and government among the Indians that would lead to their permanent benefit. Even his very excellent treaty with the Sioux on this occasion, wise in all its details so far as it went, the Government at Washington utterly declined or neglected to adopt, or carry out his recommendations, leaving his work of little benefit, and the Indian to the rapacity and wrongs of a horde of vampires, called Indian agents.

Harney's treaty arranged for and contemplated a permanent peace between all participating tribes and the white man, and looked forward to a means of using the Indians as guides and escorts to emigrants crossing the plains. For this purpose the different bands of Indians were divided into squads of tens, twenties and fifties, with a "chief soldier" over each ten and twenty, and a sub-chief over the fifty, and prescribed a badge and a uniform for each to be worn always while on duty, while head chiefs were to be supplied with a "great seal" affixed to a broad ribbon, as evidence of official authority. I think some rations and perhaps some clothing also was to be supplied as

remuneration. The entire scheme was a most wise and promising departure from all former attempts to control and utilize the Indian capacity. But no heed was paid to the arrangement by the authorities at Washington. And so it ended in failure. No doubt Indian agents were consulted by the authorities, and they advised against it, because such employment of the poor Indians would soon lead to their independence of the traders and agents, and the latter's field for robbery and extortion would be destroyed. Nine out of ten of all the outbreaks, murders and massacres by Indians in the past are traceable to the wrongs done them by agents and traders, under permits, authority, or cover of the government. Had Harney's suggestions and preliminary agreements made with the bands or tribes of Sioux Indians in the spring of 1856 been ratified by the government, and all white men required to conform therewith, we never would have had the Indian troubles which have occurred annually since that time. However, the Indian subject is too big a theme to dwell on in my diary notes or narrative like this, and the prospect of any great change for the better is not flattering, although much has been done and is being done (albeit at too late a day to merit any great praise) to educate and locate the few remaining Indians in a manner to benefit them. In the present century we live and move and die by steam and electricity, with no question of how can the greatest number of the people be most benefited, but, rather, how can some of us most rapidly disembowel the earth and absorb all therein contained, and form a trust on the air and ocean.

Our vaunted liberty is merely a name, while, in

fact, it consigns to death and to the Devil and the rear ranks the larger portion, the same as other nations have done. We boast, too, of our charitable institutions and the aid we give to the needy, but our system of laws and their mal-administration and management of charitable asylums is ten-fold more in the interest of monopolies and monopolists and political thieves than in the interest of the needy, the weaker masses, or even of the middle class; and by far the larger part of contributions ostensibly to the needy is for the purpose of getting rid of the annoyance of the beggar, rather than a desire to benefit their condition. All nations and all peoples have done the same, and always will. No system of government, religion or morals has ever yet worked a remedy to the innate desire of the strong to rule over, and live on the labor of the weak, and however cunningly men may change the name of slavery, yet the lot of the lower and weaker is that of a slave all the same. Every man who has to carry his dinner pail to his work, and whose daily bread depends on his day's work for *some other man than himself*, is a *slave*, whether he realizes the fact or not. You may change names at pleasure, but never the *condition!* Instead of slave, call it "serf," "fellah," or "peon," still it is *slave!* Instead of bond slave, call it "wage-slave," and still it is the same; the bond-slave had to give way for the broader and more useful wage laborer, which we now have well established for all time (if we intermit about half a century to extinguish pestiferous "labor organizations," which will have a brief life and then be extinguished).

To return to our narrative at Fort Pierre. The

Indian council being over about the first of May, 1856, and the springtime well advanced, the steamer Wm. Baird, which had passed the winter on the lower Missouri, got under way, and found sufficient water to reach Pierre with her small cargo; and after discharging the same was ready to turn her course toward St. Louis. General Harney meanwhile had formulated serious charges against Major Howe, and a general court-martial had been ordered to convene and try the case. It had been decided to hold the court at a point in the woods on the Missouri river near the mouth of what was known as the "Little Sioux River," a point a few miles above the village of Sioux City, and the court was to sit in tents erected for the purpose. Also, some of the officers at the post were to be members of the court and several others to be witnesses. It was therefore necessary to use the steamer Wm. Baird for transportation for this purpose; and accordingly General Harney and staff, and the witnesses and members of the court, together with the required tents and equipage, etc., took passage down the river to be landed at the proper place, and the steamer then to continue on down the river. To enable the officers and witnesses of that post to return when the court should adjourn, a couple of wagons and teams of mules were also put on the steamer with the tents.

After seeing the preparations for so many to take a trip in the direction of civilization, and the writer being one as a witness before the court, Mrs. Turnley hastily made up her mind that she, too, desired to go on board, which she speedily did with babe and nurse, taking her chances for either returning over 300 miles of prairie or by going on by stage and boat to

Council Bluffs and thence by stage to Chicago, as she might prefer. All being ready the boat started down stream and all had a pleasant, comfortable time. About the third day out and when three hundred miles below Pierre, to our surprise we met one of the spring boats from St. Louis coming up, and to the great astonishment of wife and myself, she had on board my wife's father, Dr. D. Rutter, of Chicago. We had never heard a word of his coming and were the more surprised to find him thus on the first boat of the season, so far up the river. The steamers stopped and ran alongside, and we soon took the doctor on our boat, to return with my wife, which was the object he had in view when leaving Chicago. Two days more brought us to the place for holding the court, and all persons connected therewith, tents, mules, wagons and provisions were put on shore, and the steamer with wife, and father, babe and nurse went on its course to St. Louis, instead of trying stage from Council Bluffs. I had purchased from the agent of the Fur Company the previous December a most excellent milch cow, which for the sake of the baby and good milk on the steamer I shipped also. That cow went on to St. Louis and was there shipped on cars to Chicago, and was a most highly prized adjunct of the family in Chicago for some years thereafter.

Also at Fort Pierre, I had purchased an excellent natural pacing pony (large size) from Major Andrews, Deputy Paymaster General, and it was too valuable to leave at Fort Pierre (in fact never should have been taken there), and I shipped it also with the cow to Chicago. It is but a small tribute to a valuable animal to state that said pony was used for ten years there-

after in Chicago, and then when old and stiff, Judge Mark Skinner placed it in careful hands somewhere in the country. How long it lived the writer knows not.

The steamer was soon out of sight with wife, babe, pony and cow, and I was left in the woods on the bank of the Missouri river! In a few hours I had the tents put up. General Harney and staff occupied three of them, and the members of the court and witnesses the balance, there being, I think, about twelve or fourteen tents in all. In two days more the court convened and proceeded to business. The charges against Major Howe comprised neglect of duty, disobedience of orders, and unnecessarily losing public property. The court was something like ten days or two weeks getting through the case; but finally adjourned *sine die*, and all connected with it dispersed to their respective stations or homes. Harney and his aide (Captain Pleasanton), also Col. Joseph E. Johnston, went down the river on the first boat that reached Sioux City. Captain Wessels, Captain N. Lyon, Captain D. Davidson and myself (by means of the transportation we had brought with us from Fort Pierre) took up our line of travel back to that post. It was a tedious though not unpleasant trip, over the long rolling prairies stretching between the big Sioux river and old Fort Lookout, say 250 miles; and at that point we crossed to the south side of the Missouri river, and thence to Pierre. I had some business at Fort Lookout, which kept me there one day and night, and the other officers went on, so I had to follow *alone* with an ambulance and driver the following day, a distance of eighty miles, without guard or escort.

Before the court-martial adjourned, and before

Harney had left, however, he had received authority to *vacate* Fort Pierre and order a location lower down the river, and I had the necessary orders to return to Pierre and commence at once the removal of all but a sufficient guard to the public property. When I arrived at Pierre, therefore, all was bustle and stir in view of the removal. Steamers from St. Louis with the annual supplies had been ordered to discharge their cargoes at the point selected for the new post, and I soon prepared all the wagons I had to load and proceed with the stores and troops at Pierre, down river by land, to the same place. That point was afterward called *Fort Randall*, and is known as such to-day. A most sad occurrence took place at Pierre just a few days before my return there, in the family of the post trader, Mr. Atkinson. The woman whom his wife had employed in the house as servant, and also nurse, put the little boy to bed as usual upstairs, and carelessly set the lamp under the bed, and the tip of the flame gradually caught to the under side of the mattress, which soon set the entire bed on fire. It was discovered only when the room was full of smoke, and the babe so badly burned that it died in great agony in a few hours. I thus found poor Mrs. Atkinson in the deepest grief, with not even her husband present, for he had gone down to the new point selected to put men to work erecting his new store. Her house, where this sad accident occurred, stood only a few yards from the quarters my wife and babe had but a few weeks before vacated (my household things being still in it), and the change from the happy, cheerful life, which then existed, to the crushing blow thus inflicted on Mrs. Atkinson, made

the stoutest hearts bleed in sympathy. Everything that mortals could do of course was done, but that was little, indeed, to a weeping mother. Even the Indians still lingering about the post, and who had so long admired the little boy along with my little daughter, playing in the same yard, evinced every sign of the deepest sympathy, sorrow and surprise as to how such calamity had occurred. Interpreters, however, explained to them just how it had taken place.

Before many days I had all available teams loaded and on their way over the long prairies to the new site, and I then loaded my office desks, chairs, books, papers and little iron safe and valuables into a yawl boat, and taking my clerk with me, started down the river, myself being master steersman and oarsman, going over the same part of the river I did in search of the steamer St. Mary, the previous November; only I went on still one hundred miles below that point, and arrived at the new post about the first of September (1856). Colonel Francis Lee had meanwhile arrived there as the chief in command. Tents were pitched in proper order for the different companies ; and the first thing to be done was to prepare for winter. Not a stick of timber had been cut for this purpose, nor were there any boards or lumber to be had. Hay had yet to be put up for the animals in winter ; and early in October 700 head of beef cattle arrived from the contractors, and these had to be inspected (estimated as to weight, for we had no scales), placed in proper herds, to be cared for ; and hay to be put up for them during the winter. All this work had to be done under my supervision by the soldiers of the four companies then on the ground, and they not more than half

their proper strength. As the chief quartermaster present, this work devolved on me ; and I called for details of men to go to work (on extra duty) as it was called, that is, at 25 cents per day extra pay. Some I put in camp six miles off on the north, or opposite side of the river, to cut and put up hay ; others I put to cutting the poles and logs to make huts ; while others were put to cut necessary fire wood. Many of the wagons, too, had to be driven by soldiers, and all carpenter work and blacksmithing, harness mending by the same. I whip-sawed stuff for a large flat boat or " scow ", so as to be able to cross and recross the river, which enabled me to pass wagons and teams back and forth as was needed ; for such a thing as a " ford " I believe has never yet been discovered on the Missouri river anywhere between Fort Benton aud Alton, Illinois. I continued the work of providing hay and fuel, and making such huts and fixing tents for the winter as I could, and about the fifteenth of December I received a dispatch by a courier from a point some fifteen miles above the mouth of the James river, that another steamer with supplies had reached that point but was unable to come any further on account of low water. It proved to be the D. H. Morton, and had been loaded at St. Louis with needed supplies of corn, potatoes, clothing and other things, but, as usual, the chief quartermaster in St. Louis was utterly oblivious or indifferent to the fact that it was too late in the autumn to count with any certainty, on the boat getting to the post. Most men, even administrative officers in the army, will learn or inbibe some practical forethought by experience, though occasionally one meets with a character of the opposite kind.

Cashiering and dismissal from the service would be a light punishment for this kind of neglect of duty, or lack of business capacity. The message from the boat stated what her cargo consisted of, and among other things, that Mayor Hannibal Day was on board, en route to the new post, to which command he properly belonged, and that he would remain on the boat till I should send transportation for him to come up by land, notwithstanding the boat's bill of lading showed she had on board twelve mules and two wagons, harness complete, with two men in charge and several tents. The distance by land, from the boat to the post, was about ninety miles, or perhaps less; No road, of course, only the untraveled prairie, and on the north or opposite side of the river from the post. Major Day's request, for transportation, under the circumstances, was a little cooler than the weather, which in a few hours had reached five degrees above, with ice rapidly forming in the river, and about five inches of snow on the ground. I dispatched the courier back to the boat, with my answer that I would, as soon as I could, cross ten wagons over the river, and proceed to find the boat, but suggested that the two wagons and twelve mules on the boat ought to be sufficient for "one line Major of Infantry." I had served with Major Day in Mexico a few months (that being as long as he was in the habit of doing active duty anywhere, at one time) and had sized him up pretty accurately as a man of great ease and monotonous inaction! I was not mild in my suggestion, that he could reach my post about as soon as I could his steamer if he made half the effort I would have to. As it turned out my suggestion hit the mark

and sure enough he promptly rigged up the two teams and with his baggage, including cigars and good old Bourbon, which he had spent at least two weeks in some city on his way selecting, took up his line of travel over the prairie for the post. I hurried to cross mules and wagons over the river, and also started with ten teams for the boat, and the second night out I camped at the same place Major Day did, so accurately had we met even on a ninety mile stretch of trackless prairie. I learned from Day the exact state of affairs at the boat, and the necessity of placing her in good position for the winter, when the freezing up of the river generally caused a subsidence of water which would leave the steamer dangerously on an uneven bottom; and it was important that I get to her in time to place her safely, before she got fast in the ice, and could not be moved. After coffee we parted, he taking my trail and I his, and that night I camped on the bank of the river some fifteen miles above the boat. Thermometer had fallen to zero; the ice in the river was moving very slowly, and we went to sleep on our buffalo robes under the music of the grinding noise of the ice as it slowly moved along the frozen shores. By midnight it ceased to move, and all was still as death. Thermometer twelve degrees below zero. After hot coffee we resumed our course, and by two P. M. reached the boat.

Captain S. A. Turner was master of the steamer, with a full crew well provisioned; he also had his wife along, and seemed to be as contented and happy as though he were within a mile of the port of St. Louis, and had evidently left St. Louis with a view of spending the winter on the river. He had fixed the boat in as good a place as he could for a long winter's sleep;

had his men digging a hole in the bluff bank to store the two thousand bushels of potatoes, which were in the hold of his vessel. The potatoes meanwhile were frozen as hard as stones. I told him he was too late digging his hole, and if he put the potatoes in it they would thaw and be spoiled. He acknowledged he had not thought of that. In fact, being an old sea dog only, he knew little of potato preserving, so he suspended operations. I learned also that he had put out on the shore near the mouth of James river (twenty miles below) some five hundred sacks of corn, hoping thereby to lighten up the boat sufficiently to reach the post. After a few hours' examination of things I loaded the ten teams with potatoes and the most needed clothing, and corn enough to feed the mules, and started back to the post on the ice. I had taken only four mules to each wagon, and these could easily haul four to five thousand pounds to the wagon, on the ice, or even over smooth dry sand-bars. My only fear was the breaking through the ice, where it might be too weak, and there being snow on it, it was not always easy to judge of its thickness or strength. Besides there are places along that river especially under bluff banks, where invisible warm springs occassionally come out, and at such places the ice is never safe. I kept in front myself, on my horse and took great care to discover the safe track for the teams to follow me, and we thus avoided any fatal accident. One day, however, one of the wagons broke through with both hind wheels, and at a place where the channel of water was nearly eight feet deep, and running like a mill race under the ice. The alarm was given at once and all rear teams turned out of the track and made for the sand bars across the river.

I rushed back to the disabled wagon, cut the mules loose and sent them toward the bar, had men to quickly take out the loading, which was easily done, being in sacks, and we then managed to lay feed troughs and poles on the ice to stand on and raised the wagon so as to pull it out. It was a close shave and a most dangerous predicament to have a loaded wagon and mules in. But, all is well that ends well, and we felt happy. Our exciting experience only made us the more cautious. The weather, meanwhile, became intensely cold, reaching twenty-five degrees below zero at one time. We dispensed with coffee almost entirely, and, in fact, cooked but little food. The meat part of our food was fresh beef killed at the post before we started and thrown into the wagons in quarters, and many of the men chipped off their frozen meet with a hatchet and ate it raw, which, by the way, could hardly be called *raw*, because meat so thoroughly frozen is pretty well cooked, even without fire. We finally reached Fort Randall safely—only a few frozen toes and fingers. We had difficulty in passing the mouth of the Niobrara river, on account of the weakness of the ice, made so apparently by the warmer water of that river where it enters the Missouri.

CHAPTER VIII.

In January, 1857, I received my first short leave of absence from the War Department. I had applied for it the previous summer, to enable me to attend to business of a legal nature in Tennessee, and had waited patiently, or impatiently, more than half a year to hear

from my application; and, according to my luck, or otherwise, the leave came in the deepest, deadest, coldest months of one of the most severe winters on record, and I more than five hundred miles from any other means of travel than mule or horseback, with twenty inches of snow all over the face of the earth. Still, I determined to avail myself of the leave, provided the post commander, Col. Francis Lee, would sanction it, for the leave was granted at the War Department on condition only, that the post commander considered the public service would not suffer thereby. This, of course, left me still at the mercy of my post commander, and while Colonel Lee was a man of extremely kind and gentle disposition, yet he was in miserable health with a chronic dyspepsia and other ailments, which made his daily life a burden and misery to himself and others about him. It was a new place, only a winter camp in fact, with few or no comforts and but little means of creating any—all young officers, with little experience and less energy in the way of "hustling around" to improvise necessary means for the winter. So that, on reflection, Colonel Lee did not feel disposed to let me slip out from his command till he could feel surer of having some one able to take my place, and in this way time passed and I was delayed till February. Even then Colonel Lee required me to fit out another train of wagons and accompany the same as far as the steamer, then load it and start it back to him. This I consented to do readily, because, in the first place, it was directly on my line of travel and I could have the assistance and protection of the train just so far on my trip homewards, and after loading and starting the train back I could continue down the river on ice, for that was the only way then practicable.

I hastily constructed a small sled or cutter out of the green cottonwood of the locality, ironed the runners with the hoops which came from old barrels and boxes, and arranged the sled for my private saddle horse to work in, to carry myself and clerk (as he would not remain at that post without me). I also had made a larger sled in the same manner, for two mules to work in, to carry my luggage, provisions, papers, etc., to be driven by a discharged soldier who desired to accompany me to the States. I soon had all things ready, and asked the colonel to please designate some officer to whom I could transfer the public property and funds in my hands and get receipts, with which to settle my accounts at Washington. The colonel almost relented at the last moment. so much did he regret to see me leave his post. He said he really did not know of an officer who could relieve me. I assured him that Lieutenant J. D. O'Connell, of Second Regiment of Infantry, was in all respects competent to manage all the affairs of the department at that post, so he finally granted the leave, and I soon had a train of thirty four-mule teams ready to start on the ice down the river. The snow was very deep all over the prairies, also on the ice, though for many miles at a stretch there was glare ice to travel on. The weather was cold, though moderating, and on the morning of February 25th, I started the train with orders to camp at Puncas Island ; and packing my baggage, robes, blankets and box of papers in the sled and self and clerk in the cutter, I followed on at noon, overtaking the train at the designated point. It had become so mild during the day that slight surface melting of snow and ice could be seen in many

places and that first night in camp was so still and mild that the men merely spread their buffalo robes and blankets on the ground in front of the log fires made on shore, and all slept comfortably. At daylight all hands were up and had coffee early, the calm, dark, smoky atmosphere indicating rain more than anything else, and soon after sunrise, or the time it should rise, all hands with whips cracking were in a trot down the icy river's course, I leading off with my cutter, so as to pilot the following train around any air holes in the ice. The winter had been so severe that the ice had formed of immense thickness, not unfrequently to the thickness of three feet, and this great thickness of ice on a body of water always produces air holes which smoke like great craters, where the warmer water comes in contact with the colder air. We thus traveled at the rate of five miles per hour, until near noon, when suddenly a roaring in our rear was heard, quite destroying the sound of the moving train.

Reaching a very large space of clear water I halted to let the train come up, seeing there was great danger of it driving into the air hole without seeing it. While thus waiting I scanned the horizon in the rear (to northwest) and saw that the roaring noise I heard was in fact a terrific blizzard coming with great fury, striking us in the back. When the front teams came up to me I directed them to follow me closely, and pushed on, almost carried forward by the force of the wind, traveling the meanwhile along the west bank of the river. It was not an hour longer, however, till it was evident the storm was too severe to travel and the leading wagon-master galloped forward and

asked me to let the train bear to the right close under the bluff shore, and go into camp. I assented, telling him I would do the same five miles farther on, where I knew there was a heavy growth of cottonwood timber, which would shelter us from the storm. That was the last I saw of the train for forty-two hours (or the second day thereafter at 8 A. M.). I continued the lead with my cutter, the mule sled following along the west shore to the desired place, the last mile or two being in two feet of snow on top of the ice, and reaching a place where it appeared I could get horses and mules up the bank, I halted. This spot was five miles above the Niobrara river. My clerk, Mr. John Ring, had all the while been sitting by my side not saying a word, but huddled up in robe, muffler and scarf as I supposed merely for quiet comfort. I looked at the thermometer attached to my cutter and saw it registered 20° below zero. This surprised me, as I had no idea it was at so low a temperature; having fallen 35° in ten hours! I at once freed my horse from the cutter, with hatchet cut away some brush and twigs and scraped off some snow and scrambled up the bank which was fully ten feet high, thus making a track to invite my horse to follow me.

The driver of my sled, meantime, had freed his mules, and they followed my horse to the higher ground, and we soon had a clear space by some old dry logs for the animals to stand in, and in a short time had a crackling fire with dry branches piled against one of the large fallen trees. All the while I wondered why Mr. Ring, my clerk, had not got out of the cutter to help, and I told the sled driver, O'Brien, to go and call him out, which he proceeded to do, and

found him fast asleep and his efforts failed to awaken him. I hastened to his assistance, fearing the cause of his sleep, and sure enough poor Ring was about as nearly in his final and last sleep as he could ever expect to be and wake again! I pulled him out of the cutter and the two of us literally carried him up the bank to the fire, distant about one hundred feet, spread his buffalo rope on the ground before the fire and laid Ring on it. Then began a series of poundings, rubbings and rollings for full ten minutes before we could rouse the man from his frozen sleep.

This was finally accomplished, however, and we were not long in having a pot of hot coffee. Still raged that storm with increasing severity; the wind must then have been at a velocity of sixty miles per hour, out in clear prairie and river, but the dense timber we were in sheltered us finely. Our animals even appreciated our position, and actually looked at us fixing the fire, as if they fully understood it was done for comfort. We had food for animals and for ourselves in the sled, with horse blankets, robes, etc., so that we made ourselves as comfortable for the night as was possible under the circumstances. Of course, I was anxious about the train, and the men and animals, which had turned in to shore some miles behind me, but had no possible chance that night to communicate with or hear anything about them, and looked forward to the following morning, when the storm would cease, and we might unite and proceed on our way.

With these reflections I passed the night, falling asleep just after two A. M. the next morning, but woke up at six by my watch to find that great storm still howling as fiercely and wild as the night before! We

made coffee and broiled a piece of beef, which made breakfast; yet no signs of cessation in the storm, and so passed that long and memorable day and the following night, and it was not till three A. M. of the second morning that the waning force of the gale could be discovered. But once the wind did begin to slack it died rapidly, almost as rapidly as it had begun, and by nine A. M. it suddenly cleared off, the flying snow ceased to obscure the air, and one could see entirely across the broad snow-covered river's track to the east (there full half-mile wide) and in a thrice the sun broke forth in dazzling splendor, while the atmosphere was as calm as it was clear. Not the slightest feather would have been stirred by any breeze discernible. I then looked at my thermometer where it stood thirty-nine degrees below zero. How much colder it was I could not tell, for the Mercury was frozen. We began at once to pick up things, uncover our sleds (for I had taken the precaution to turn them upside down against the bank, so as to prevent them being buried under a mountain of drifting snow). In half an hour I was ready to start back on my trail in search of the train, but had not proceeded a thousand yards till I heard whips cracking, and stopped to wait and learn whence it came. In a few moments the white-covered wagons could be seen rounding a bend in the river only a few hundred yards distant. All hands were glad to meet once more, and we turned our course down the river. This point, where I had lain the previous nights, is five or six miles above the present mouth of the Niobrara river, Nebraska. I have never seen the place since, but hope some day, either in the flesh or otherwise, to renew my acquaintance with the sheltering trees and friendly logs in that "cottonwood bottom."

Continuing our way down the river, we soon reached the mouth of the Niobrara, whose warmer waters mingling with those of the Missouri made the ice too treacherous at that place and for a mile below to be safe to travel with wagons. I therefore turned up the smaller river, on its north bank, with the train of wagons, a distance of a few hundred yards to where it was shallow and also frozen and there crossed the train, then returned to the Missouri and traveled for a mile close along the shore. The Missouri river at this place was full half a mile wide at season of high water, and at the time I write (23d February, 1857) it presented one vast sea of snow and ice, with a considerable bluff bank on the opposite side from us. As I turned to take our course down the river at about noonday, a dull sun shining but no wind, I descried on the distant shore some moving animal, which soon developed into the shape of a human being about the size of a ten-year-old boy; and not far from it I discerned what my eye-glass showed was a grayish colored mule, and near it was some inanimate object, parcel or bundle, I could not make out what. The discovery at such a time, in that wild, desolate, uninhabited region at about one hundred and forty miles from the nearest habitation (which was Sioux City) was evidence that somebody was in distress or at least weather-bound. I therefore halted the train, and sent a man on foot over the ice to the opposite side of the river to ascertain what it was. Meantime the "man object" had seen us and began to make signs for us to wait, and began to hitch the mule he had to the other object. The man I sent arrived in time to help him, and they both, with mule and an old snow sled with some blank-

ets and bags, being the inanimate objects my glass disclosed, came across to where I was waiting. I then learned all about him. He was a small, wiry Canadian Frenchman, named Dave Prue, who had been for some years in the employ of the American Fur Company in that far-off region, and in the autumn of 1855 I had engaged him as courier and mail carrier, whose business was to carry our mails from the different military posts and camps to the nearest United States post-office (then Sioux City) and bring therefrom the mail matter for the posts. To do this he was fitted out with two mules, one to ride, the other to pack his mail, provisions and bedding on. He had left Fort Randall on one of his regular trips about the first of the month, had been to Sioux City, and was returning with his bag of mail matter. His general course was over the prairie, in as direct a line as he could travel, but the heavy snowfall had greatly delayed him, and while in Sioux City, induced him to rig himself a small sled, to which he hitched both mules. He had thus traveled back on his trip, about one hundred miles, striking the Missouri river near the mouth of the Niobrara the same day the great blizzard broke over that lonely region, and he sought shelter under cover of the bluff bank for himself and mules. Like the rest of us who were out in the storm he had suffered dreadfully, by reason of having lost or spoiled his matches, and was heartsick at the long continuance of the storm. His mules had nothing to eat but the bark of the cottonwood branches which he cut with his ax and laid before them. His small supply of provisions had given out, for he had been twice as long working his way through snow drifts from Sioux City as he had

counted on; his hands and feet were frozen dreadfully, while his poor mules were pictures of greater despair than the most forlorn burro generally presents. I heard his story, fully realized his condition, supplied him with rations, and feed for his mules, bandages for his frozen limbs, had some wood cut and a good fire made for him, and told him to camp where he was for a day or two's rest; and after overlooking his mail and taking therefrom such as belonged to me, left him to his fate, and proceeded on my journey down the Missouri's "sea of ice." To make up time I traveled as fast as mules could trot, I leading off in front as usual, with my horse and cutter, followed by my sled, that in turn by the thirty-four mule teams. My desire had been to camp that night at or near "Bon-Hommes Island," or wherever a good place for fuel offered.

And now came one of the most unusual changes I had ever known, even in that land of blizzards, buffaloes and buck Indians. It was the rising of another blizzard, so soon after the one we had just gone through. Like the other, too, it came with a roaring, howling, shrieking noise from behind us, and began about 4 P. M., and in one hour was blowing a hurricane, the snow whizzing past our heads like shot from a gun, filling the air so as to prevent seeing objects only a few rods in advance. I directed the assistant wagon-master (Corporal McCormic) to ride on in front of my cutter so as to better discover air-holes. The corporal did this for a few miles and then turned to me and said he could not stand it any longer, although he was well wrapped up in overcoat, cap and furs, but somehow his ears had been left exposed and I discovered one of them was as white as the snow around us. I asked him

what ailed his ear, and he then discovered it was *frozen nicely*. I jumped out of my cutter and gathered a lot of snow and made him get into one of the wagons (hitching to the same his mule to be led) and began to rub his ear with snow until it began to burn. This saved him his ear, but not from having a painfully sore one. I soon found it impossible to make progress in the blinding snow, and turned my course towards the north shore of the river, at a point where there was a large flat bottom of thick undergrowth; and as fast as possible we got into line with all wagon tongues pointing to shore, stripped off the harness and got the animals out in the brush for such shelter as it afforded. We next got out the large Indian tepée or tent, made of buffalo skins, made circular in form, much as the Sibley tent, and fifteen feet high at the apex and twenty feet in diameter at the base, with capacity when properly put up to house all hands. The men soon scraped the snow from a space, and had it up; I then went to consult my thermometer which read twenty-six below zero. It was now dark, with Boreas howling wild with rage, and the snow moving horizontally in the air with a velocity of flying sparrows. Coffee, however, was first in order, after that to arrange for sleeping. Some of the men proposed to sleep in their wagons, which were drawn up on smooth glare ice, so thick and clear it looked a bluish green. I disapproved of that, however, and told them I thought it better for all to crowd into the tepée. It was a time and a condition of affairs to urge all hands to a very quiet, *democratic* mode of life, to avoid freezing to death. The storm gave signs to my mind of being even worse than the previous one, and I really never felt more

anxious or apprehensive for the safety of men and animals under my charge, than I did then. We therefore all sheltered in our great "leather tent," every man contributing his buffalo robe (or so far as needed) to spread down on the ground, from which all snow, sticks and trash had been scraped, then the rest of robes and blankets were used to cover with; and the men lay down feet to centre, like spokes of a wheel. Every half-hour during the long and boisterous night one of the men was called to turn out and make the rounds of the mule herd, a few rods distant, in the thick brush and undergrowth, so as to screen the poor brutes as much as possible from the terrible wind. The man called up to do this was to report how the animals appeared to be doing. Thus passed the first night, and with daylight came no cessation of that second big blizzard; on the contrary, while getting coffee ready the storm seemed actually to be still on the increase, with the temperature still about 26 degrees below zero. The men soon turned out, cold and trying as it was, to hunt up each man his four team mules, and rub and warm them up as much as possible. One was found frozen stiff in death, and many others closely following in the same direction. It was at once determined to fell some dead dry trees near by and make a rousing fire to windward side, and feed it with dry branches, and pass the poor mules in review alongside the fire giving each one at least a "sniff" of warmth. Also we hung half a dozen camp kettles of water over the fire and when boiling poured in the oats for the mules' feed that morning, and thus gave it to them as hot as they would eat it. We also gave them water to drink warmed to 80 or 90 degrees.

All of which soon brightened up the quadrupeds, and seemed to make the wildest mule in the lot as affectionate and subdued as a civilized Indian at least! Thus passed that day and its long night following of howling winds, until midnight when one could discover the lengthening spaces between blasts, indicative on those blizzard plains of a dying storm. By daylight all was calm and tranquil. The sun rose bright with a large disk spreading light and warmth over all, and every one was glad to crawl out of a thirty-six-hour confinement. Even the quadrupeds brayed as only that long-eared animal can, and they were again treated to a warm breakfast of scalded oats, while the men took hot coffee, and by 8 o'clock all hands began to prepare to hitch up. Our wagons which had been left in line on glare ice thirty-six hours before, had served as a nucleus to catch the drifting snow and were now buried out of sight. Fortunately the harness had been left inside the covered wagons, with sheets closely drawn, so that not much snow had gotten inside, likewise we had our shovels and spades with us in our tepée, so that we soon got to work digging out the wagons, which was very slow and cold work; but by noon we got hitched up, and once more under way down the ice covered river. We traveled rapidly, and that night reached the long-sought steamer, D. H. Morton. The cold had moderated, till it was only eighteen degrees below and after disposing of the mules for the night, the men spread their buffaloes in the boat's cabin, and all had a quiet night's rest and sleep. The master of the vessel, Capt. S A. Turner, reported the state of affairs on his boat, and the men were put to work the next

morning, loading the wagons with such supplies as were most needed at Fort Randall. I made proper invoices of all public property transferring the same to Lieut. O'Connel at Randall, who had become my successor, and the following day the teams were started back to Randall, while I rested several days at the boat, repairing my sleds and replenishing provisions, in order to continue my travel down the river to Sioux City, still distant (by course of the river) near 160 miles. It was the 3d of March when I left that steamer again with my cutter and sled, my clerk, Mr. Ring, and O'Brien, the driver of the sled.

A lonely ride, indeed, lay before us for so small a party, so long a distance, and only the treacherous, ice-covered river for a road. I camped the first night on the Nebraska side of the river some miles below the mouth of the James river, which entered the Missouri river, however, on the opposite side. Moving on the next day till about noon, I discovered it was difficult to avoid air holes and was liable at any moment to plunge into one, horse, cutter and all. I traveled slowly and carefully, however, and camped again on the Nebraska side. The next day, March 4th, I concluded to leave the icy river and try land travel awhile. No roads, of course, existed at that time, and one's course was over the trackless prairie which would not have been difficult had not the earth been covered with snow. That one day satisfied me; my animals were too severely worked in getting through the deep snow, so I returned to the river, preferring to risk the air holes and have less fatigue, and on the 5th of March made a fine day's travel, and on the 6th drove into Sioux City just at dark, found a comfortable little

tavern "for man and beast," which both enjoyed to the full extent of a much enlarged necessity. By the next morning the weather had greatly moderated, and I devoted the day to attending to public matters pertaining to the department at Sioux City. I was officially responsible for a large amount of corn and other property which had been concentrated there too late in the previous autumn to reach Fort Randall by steamer, on account of low water, although I had a commissioned "forage master" there as an agent, yet I found he had not done all that was necessary to preserve the property when the spring rise in water should come. To arrange for these matters I spent the day and let my animals rest, and started the next day, March 8th, on the regular stage road leading between Sioux City and Council Bluffs, one hundred and ten miles distant. The snows had fallen at various times during that long winter, none had melted, and the low temperature of the air had not been favorable for the evaporation of much snow, but there had been much travel over that road all winter, the snow was well packed in a good high ridge on the road, making travel on it comparatively easy to the animals. I counted on making the trip to Council Bluffs, if the road continued as it was, in a little over two days, or in three at most. On the second day out from Sioux City, however, I discovered signs of my most excellent and favorite horse giving out, and in less than another hour's travel he could only travel in a walk. The two mules to the sled were not in much better plight, and the "thaw" had set in, so that every step was in slush, snow and water, with here and there bare places of earth appearing, making sledding hard work, indeed. While

thus wading through the slush at a walk, I descried to my right in the timbered bottom, a half mile distant, a farmhouse, and, like a lonely traveler before me, I knew at once, "from the smoke which so gracefully curled from its cot and clay" chimney top, that some friendly farmer abided therein, and instinctively turned my horses' head toward it.

As I drove along the fence and around the covered yards, a score of carcasses of dead calves and sheep greeted the eye, and told plainer than any words could how severe the winter had been on the live stock which had been imperfectly sheltered. I was met at an old tumble-down gateway leading to the house yard by the landlady, and when I made known my desire to get some dinner (it was then 3 P. M.) she welcomed me in, and hurried off to kitchen and larder to prepare meals for three of us. Meanwhile her husband came in, and took our animals to his log pens, which were substitutes for stables. While dinner was being prepared I looked over the condition of my horse and mules, and concluded if I could hire fresh ones, I would leave them there to rest for a few days. This I mentioned to the man (I am sorry his name was lost with a scrapbook) and he readily agreed to keep them and care for them at a reasonable price; and also agreed for ten dollars to hitch up his own two-horse wagon, and take my party, baggage, etc., into Council Bluffs, then about eighteen miles distant. This was soon arranged and the wagon made ready, baggage changed, after doing justice to the woman's dinner (which was a good one for our three superb appetites), we started again for Council Bluffs. It was now 5 P. M. and the roads had become mud and water nearly

everywhere, making progress slow, and it was long after 10 P. M. when we drove up to the Council Bluffs tavern, to find rest. While at breakfast next morning I learned my brother, L. G. Turnley, was in the city very sick with pneumonia, and I hastened to hunt him up, finding him in a little room at his boarding house, convalescing. I spent the day and night with him, and most of the next day, until I was assured he was out of danger and he felt so himself. I made a hasty visit across the river (on the ice) to Omaha, to visit Dr. Geo. L. Miller and wife who had been such delightful companions with me on the Wm. Baird in the summer of 1855. I found them snugly in their new Omaha home—happy as could be, glad to see me and urged me to stop over a while with them, but I had to decline, having visions of wife and babies awaiting me in Chicago. The following day I took stage with my clerk, for St. Joseph, Missouri, distant over one hundred and fifty miles. I left O'Brien, the driver of the sled, to look after the animals till later in the spring when steamers would reach there from St. Louis, and for him to bring the animals in to Council Bluffs when they were rested and deliver them to my brother with whom I arranged to dispose of them. The stage was a large Troy coach and carried eight or nine passengers, myself and clerk, and five gentlemen, members of the Nebraska Legislature, which had just adjourned, took seats for the South as the best mode of reaching their homes. I never knew whether they lived in Nebraska or in Iowa, or Missouri, or some of them in each of the three; but they were Nebraska delegates all the same, and had been making laws for that territory, which with its twin, Kansas, was creating no little noise in

the political world at that time. I regret that this part of my diary and papers were burned in the Chicago fire of October, 1871, as I had those gentlemen's names, residences, etc., all noted, and they were as jolly a set of political immigrants as ever pushed out to the frontiers in search of office, fame and emoluments. Their jolly natures and good patience made our ride through mud and water a pleasant one, even in the face of many disagreeable features. All the sloughs, creeks and rivers were full to overflowing, and when we reached the Big Tarkeo, in the north part of Missouri, it was many hundred feet wide, and no means of crossing. A little saw-mill near by with a few boards and nails gave me the clue to an expediency, which I soon materialized by constructing a large skiff or small flat boat, perhaps better known as a little scow. Of course it was a fragile thing two feet wide and about twelve feet long made of inch boards, except the bottom which was of two-inch plank a foot wide, and all put together with common tenpenny nails, the largest to be had, in a few hours, and caulked with some strips of rags. This served to carry our passengers and the two bags of mail matter, and also my own luggage. However, only two of the solons of law-makers cared to risk their valuable lives in so frail a craft, so we had but four to carry in it. The stream, as I have said, was entirely over its banks, and spread out over the prairie on the side we aimed to reach to a long distance, say over five hundred feet, and to what depth of water no one knew, because the water was thick with mud. But we could see on the prairie side where the stage road and water met, and that was the point to which I directed my bark.

I made all sit down flat in the scow and permit myself alone to navigate the "concern," as my traveling companions called it. Down through brush and vines, stumps and trees I gradually worked the scow, thence, after getting out of the natural river's bed, it was clear sailing over the flooded prairie to a landing. I was always an expert in a canoe or skiff from ten years of age; hence my confidence and success, and I felt sure it was my companions' ignorance of this that made them afraid. Scarce had we landed when up drove the stage from the south with mails and passengers bound for Council Bluffs; and I was not slow in bargaining off my improvised scow to those fellows for seats in their stage, which I knew must turn around there and return to St. Joseph. This was done in a trice, and before the other fellows had counted noses as to competency to navigate the scow back to the other shore. Just then one of the most remarkable coincidents that ever transpired to me, at least, came to pass, in meeting there as one of the passengers of that north-bound stage, a man born and brought up within a mile of where I was, on the French Broad river, near Dandridge, east Tennessee, exactly my own age; his father and mine were cousins, and both had mills on that river in sight of each other, and both of us being experts in canoes, skiffs, etc. Yet we had both left east Tennessee homes twenty years previous and had never seen or heard of each other thereafter till this meeting at the Tarkeo river.

We looked at each other for a moment, and I recognized George Graham's voice when he spoke and said he could "navigate" "that scow back over the river." I at once stepped up to him, and asked him when he left

Tennessee. He looked bewildered and I smiled. He then recognized me. The incident I think as strange as fiction. Graham was in hot pursuit of a rascal by the name of Williams, who had robbed him of two or three thousand dollars on a railroad tie contract at Knoxville, Tennessee, and had fled to newer territories (the usual asylum for rascals in the older States). I never heard whether Graham caught his man or not.

Having shifted our luggage from the scow to the stage, and taken seats therein, the driver started south towards St. Joseph, and we had a long, hard day's pull through deep mud and over creeks full to their banks. At a little place called Rock Creek we halted for the night, for the roads were so heavy it was scarce practicable to travel at night, and the horses were about tired out. The next day, to my surprise and great discomfiture, the stage driver said he would not drive his team any farther, but would send the mail forward on horseback. This, of course, left me, baggage and clerk behind, until I could find other transportation and this took some hours, but was finally secured in the shape of an ox-team, to a little town called Savanna. This ox-team, owned and driven by a farmer (for which I paid him a five-dollar gold-piece), jogged along the road through mud and water at a steady gait, though by no means rapidly, and finally landed me, with baggage and clerk, at the little town above named, just after dark, where we got a good supper, beds, and breakfast the following morning; but while breakfast was being prepared I shinned around the town and hired a conveyance to St. Joseph, distant, as well as I remember, some fifteen miles. This was about the 12th of March, and luckily, I found a steamer just up

from St. Louis—the first of the season, and she was discharging cargo—to return the next morning, so I went on board with all my luggage. and fixed myself comfortably in a good stateroom, where I had a prospect of more rest and comforts than for many months before. The next morning, all things being ready, the boat turned her prow down the river, and we were fully eight days reaching the city of St. Louis (dark, smoky, and disagreeable), about the 20th of March, 1857, a memorable year for the heavy snowfall all over the frontiers, the intense cold, the loss of animal life by freezing all over the Northwest.

I had some official business to settle in St. Louis with officers there, and I tarried for a couple of days. Colonel Geo. H. Crosman, deputy quartermaster general, had relieved Major Vinton at that depot, and I desired to report to Crosman all about things at Fort Randall and elsewhere on the upper Missouri river. Vinton had left that depot, and Ogden had died since I had last been in St. Louis (May, 1855). I stopped at the Planters' House, then the only first-class hotel in St. Louis, and my room was warmed by a grate burning the usual soft coal of that region.

The first morning I woke I could scarcely speak above a whisper, and it grew worse all the while I remained, so that when I reached Chicago, about the 25th of March, I presented about as odd a spectacle as one could imagine, not even able to whisper, only make signs; yet I had no sore throat or any other ill feelings, merely a complete loss of voice, and it was two or three weeks before I regained anything near my natural voice.

CHAPTER IX.

After a few days with my family in Chicago (which, by the way, had been increased since leaving me at Fort Pierre in May, 1856, by the birth of a boy in Chicago October of that year), I left for Washington, where I had a pleasant interview with the chief of my department, General Jessup, the quartermaster general, the same who had made the purchase of old Fort Pierre, which had caused so much disappointment and comment. General Gratiot, too, had died the previous year. I had the satisfaction of learning that my official report on Fort Pierre had been approved,and that all I had stated about it had been fully corroborated and verified by subsequent events. I then returned to Chicago and attended to some private business, and was with my family until the middle of May, when I proceeded to Fort Brown, Texas, going by way of St. Louis, New Orleans, Indianola and San Antonio, Texas. Taking steamer at St. Louis to New Orleans, where I waited three days for steamship to Indianola, and was then five days making the run from New Orleans to the port of Indianola, Texas. At the wharf at Indianola I met Colonel Henry Bainbridge, of my old regiment, First Infantry, and with whom my last service in the line was at Fort Terrett, on the Llano river, as before narrated. Bainbridge was there waiting the loading of the steamer Louisiana, which would carry him to New Orleans on his leave of absence. She left port that evening, and the second night after she was burned off Galveston Island, some twenty-five miles. Every soul was lost (save only the captain),and,of course, her entire cargo, part of which was five hundred head of

cattle. Colonel Bainbridge and the captain of the vessel were the last to leave the burning steamer, which they did by lashing some settees together with ropes and launching the same at the stern of the ship, then sliding themselves down on to the raft of settees over the stern. The steamer, meantime, though in flames, was steaming ahead ten knots an hour, and the captain had turned her prow in direction of Galveston Island, so that she might get as near to land as possible before the heat should explode her boilers, which he knew must occur very soon.

He and Bainbridge therefore took care to cut the raft loose before the explosion occurred. The immense light the burning ship made was clearly visible at the city of Galveston, and was at once believed to be a burning ship which caused the Galveston sailors to start their readiest vessel towards the light. When the explosion occurred, of course all light went out, and the searching vessel had to guess at her course and the place where the light had been seen; very soon, however, they discovered bales of hay, etc., and during the day following, they fell in with the steamer's captain and Bainbridge lashed to their raft still floating. Bainbridge was dead; but the captain still survived, though exhausted and helpless! He it was who gave an account of the disaster. The fire was caused by a German immigrant smoking his pipe while sitting on a pile of baled hay which was carried for feed for the large cargo of cattle she had on board. It would be difficult to compute the many lives and the millions of dollars which have been lost by fires started by *pipes and cigars!*

To return to my own travels: Leaving Bainbridge I was soon on the road from Indianola to San Antonio (130 miles distant) in a four-mule ambulance. I was again, after the lapse of nearly seven years, on the old familiar road, over which I had taken many hundreds of wagons loaded with army supplies. I passed the night at the little town of Victoria on the Gaudaloupe river. It had grown some in the seven years, and was quite a flourishing place. Pushing on the next day I made a fifty mile drive, and stopped for the night at a new ranch which had sprung up since my previous acquaintance on that road. The next day I reached an old stopping place a little after dark, but not intending to pass the night there, I inquired of the people as to another stopping place ten miles further on. This stop to inquire brought out of the house Maj. Irving McDowell (afterwards General McDowell). It appeared that McDowell had his wife and children and nurse with him, en route on a leave of absence from San Antonio to Washington City, and he, too, was traveling in a Government ambulance, but a very rough and uncomfortable one for men, much more so for ladies and children. I had known McDowell years before, and he told me what discomforts he and family had, in the way of transportation. I had a most excellent and comfortable ambulance, all to myself, and I gallantly offered it to him in exchange for his, which he was but too glad to accept. Making this exchange so delayed me, that I only went a couple of miles further to a small house and spent the night; and the next day, drove in to San Antonio, and reported in person at the office of General David E. Twiggs, the commander of that department. I could have taken

steamer at New Orleans direct to the Rio Grande (Fort Brown) which was the post I was ordered to, and reach the same in about the same time I reached Indianola; but Twiggs' order required me to travel all the way up to San Antonio merely *to see my face*, and to report at his office in person, and let him look at me for five minutes, after which I was ordered to proceed on to Fort Brown (distant by land 300 miles); that is, to retrace my course 130 miles back to Indianola, there wait indefinitely for some steamer going to the Rio Grande. General Twiggs was nothing if not odd and eccentric. Although rich and independent of his army salary, yet he was of a miserly nature, and as close as a Jew, of which he had much blood. He was called a strict disciplinarian in the army, and, in one sense, he was such, but his chief characteristic was his cold, cruel, unsympathetic nature. He lacked every sentiment or feeling which generally belongs to cultivated and elevated human nature. In fact, David E. Twiggs was a robust (but not brave) representation of a half-tamed animal of the forest in human shape. He was, to some extent, the tutor of General William S. Harney, who came into the service six years after Twiggs did, and both in the same arm of service. Twiggs' arbitrary and brutal nature had, from some cause, given him the reputation of being a disciplinarian, and Harney's lack of brains and anxiety to ape a superior, made him a willing student. But, though Harney learned to swear, and to use in the must eloquent manner many "cuss words," and also to imitate Twiggs in many of his other gross and ungentlemanly eccentricities towards soldiers and officers whose misfortune it was to be under, and near to him,

yet nature had given Harney a less cold and obdurate heart than Twiggs possessed. In a moment of passion Harney would do and say very cruel things, but when his reason returned he felt keenly his wrong-doing, and was ready to offer such atonement as he could. Quite the contrary with Twiggs, who was cold, calculating and savage by nature, and as unrelenting as the wildest Indian.

I was not long at General Twigg's office, but got ready to take the first stage that night back to Indianola, there to await a steamer from New Orleans to Brazos Island, that is, to the mouth of the Rio Grande, thirty miles above which is the military post of Fort Brown. In three days a steamer arrived and I got on board, and in three more days was landed at my destination (Fort Brown) about the last week in June, 1857. I found the post a clean, quiet and pleasant place, garrisoned by two companies of artillery. Large storehouses had been erected there during the Mexican War (1846 to 1848) and large amounts of army stores had necessarily accumulated there, much of it not required in time of peace at that or any of the further interior posts, that were supplied from Fort Brown. Part of my duties, therefore, was to overhaul and dispose of those old stores, while doing the current duties of the post, and also receive and forward supplies to other posts, such as Ringgold Barracks, 200 miles higher up the river, and Fort McIntosh, 300 miles further up, on the Rio Grande.

I soon became familiar with the "lay of the land," and it now being close on to July, I realized that I was in latitude twenty-six degrees instead of forty-two degrees. I had left my clerk, Mr. John Ring, in St.

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Louis until I should locate myself, and I wrote to him to join me, which he did late in August.

The garrison consisted of the two companies (or rather parts of two companies) and very agreeable officers, some with families. Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel Francis Taylor, of the First Regiment of Artillery, was post commander; Surgeon, W. S. King; Captain, S. K. Dawson; Lieutenant, L. O. Morris; and Lieutenant L. L. Langdon. I believe all were of the First Artillery. Major Giles Porter was also stopping at the post, but not on duty. Colonel Taylor had two grown daughters, who kept house for him (their mother being deceased); Surgeon King had a lovely family (wife and three daughters, two grown); Captain Dawson, wife and child (daughter just entering her teens); and Lieutenant Morris and wife. The entire garrison were exceedingly social, hospitable and agreeable. I soon got the run of things at the post, and began to put in order one of the vacant set of quarters for my abode. About the first thing to be done was to enclose or encase all openings (doors and windows) with mosquito netting, to keep out the millions of those pestiferous insects which, in that region, swarm the year round. I had left my wife and two children in Chicago, not daring to take them so far south so early in the summer, intending, however, if I should remain there, to have them join me in the autumn. Of my permanency at that post I was not assured, although given to understand in Washington that I would not soon be disturbed, and that my long term of duty in the north would entitle me to quietude for a couple of years at least. Finding the quarters there comfortable, and the ladies and gentlemen of the garrison all agree-

ble, I determined to write my wife to get ready to join me with the children later in the autumn, and named about the 25th of September, when I would meet her in New Orleans. With this view I wrote to General Twiggs, assistant adjutant-general at San Antonio, and requested twenty days' leave of absence for the express purpose of allowing me to take a return steamer at Brazos to New Orleans, there meet my family, and take the next steamer with them for Brazos. Not then being fully aware of the brutal, sinister character of Twiggs, I had no doubt whatever but my request would be granted, and therefore rested quiet in the full expectation of getting by return mail the leave I asked for. Our mail was by land nearly three hundred miles on horseback between Fort Brown and San Antonio, and required eight to twelve days time, according to the caution the rider had to exercise on account of hostile Indians.

Our mail arrived September 15, and what was my surprise to receive in it my original application for leave returned to me with the endorsement: "*Must be sent through the proper channel. By order of General Twiggs.*" The meaning of this was, that my application should have been sent through the chief quartermaster *at San Antonio*, whose office was not five hundred yards from Twiggs' office! That officer had arrived there subsequent to my visit to San Antonio, and of which I had no knowledge, and Twiggs knew the fact, and hence he could in fifteen minutes have had my application presented to that officer, and then made his order either granting or refusing the leave, and let it come to me by the mail that brought me his cold-blooded endorsement. This, however, would not

meet Twiggs' sinister mode of inflicting pain, and especially disappointment to a subaltern, and if there is any labor that "old Twiggs" ever did perform on this green earth, it was in devising ways and means to inflict misery and bring misfortune on the officers under him, unless he excepted some favorite of "Georgia" (Twiggs' native State). The arrival of the mail September 15 rendered it impossible for me to get a communication back to San Antonio and return in time to take a steamer and meet my family in New Orleans, as agreed on. I was, therefore, in a dilemma. My wife, I knew, had started from Chicago, taking steamer at St. Louis, and would be in New Orleans as directed, and, not finding me there, or any word from me, she would be at a loss what to do. She was entirely unaccustomed to travel alone, and besides, had the children and a nurse with her. She would be in a strange city, not knowing a soul to speak to, and at a hotel, not knowing what to do or expect. Twiggs knew from my letter of application that I had calculated and timed myself in the matter so as to take the only steamer on the line, to meet my family on the 25th of September, and he well knew that it was impossible for me to get a return from a second application in time. The cold brutality of his nature, as thus exemplified, made me mad. I appealed to Colonel Taylor, the post commander, to give me ten days' leave, which he had the power to extend to officers under his immediate command, and that would at least allow me to reach New Orleans, and I would then take my chances as to a return. Having this in my favor, I then added another application for leave to the one with Twiggs' endorse-

ment, and sent the whole through the chief quartermaster in San Antonio. I did this so that my chief of department might see what a disappointment Twiggs had clearly intended to inflict on me, and having mailed this, I took the steamer I had first intended and arrived at New Orleans on time, where I found my wife (at the St. Charles hotel) with both children sick, one of them *very* sick. She had ascertained that Surgeon J. B. Porter of the army was stationed in that city, and called him in to attend the children. I waited and nursed the children till they were able to travel, and then took steamer to Galveston—no farther, because that steamer was not going to Brazos, so we had to wait over one week at Galveston for another steamer to touch there, which would make the entire trip to Brazos. These delays I reported to Colonel Taylor at Brownsville by the land horse mail, who was therefore fully apprised of the cause of my delay. Meanwhile my second application through "the proper channel" had made its rounds, and Twiggs had found the i's dotted and the t's crossed and the red tape duly attached, and had granted the twenty days' leave, to take effect "at such time as the post commander authorized." This, of course, gave Colonel Taylor all the authority he could desire. It was far into October before I finally reached Brazos, and when the steamer arrived at the offing, a severe Norther was blowing, so that the captain would not attempt to cross the bar with his vessel. After beating about half a day, I determined to avail myself of the "lighter," a river steamer running up the Rio Grande, but built also for sea service and used as a lighter to receive freight and passengers directly from the

large steamers, when the latter could not take the hazard of crossing the bar. This was a trying ordeal for my wife, for we had to be launched aboard the small river steamer by a swinging basket from the deck of the ship, and it was to a novice a fearful performance. "All's well that ends well," however, and we were safely deposited on the little steamer's deck, followed by our baggage, babies and nurse, and the same day we were landed at Fort Brown. The children improved rapidly on leaving New Orleans. The sea air on shipboard, and while on Galveston Island, seemed to build them up rapidly. The children consisted of Emma Gertrude, my eldest, at that time two and one-half years, the other one, George, just a year old.

I had put my quarters in order before leaving for New Orleans, so that we had no delay in getting to housekeeping, especially as wife had brought with her a cook, as well as nurse, and by the first of November we were all comfortably housed on the bank of the Rio Grande in latitude twenty-six degrees, two thousand miles from where the family were living sixty days before in latitude forty-two degrees. Nothing unusual occurred during the nominal winter months, though there is little winter in that latitude as we understand winter in the North: and the spring on lower Rio Grande begins in January or February at furthest. The entire garrison of ladies and gentlemen received us kindly and hospitably, and the adjoining town of Brownsville contained a Presbyterian and Episcopal church, which families of officers attended according to religious bias. My family had excellent health, and the two children especially, so that we had settled down to contentment and a feeling of confidence that we would

be stationary for a year or two at least. When March came in, however, it brought the sound of alarm and orders from the War Department for me to close up and turn over to some other officer my duties there, and repair to Fort Leavenworth, to take charge of the quartermaster's duties with troops and supplies destined for Utah. Colonel Albert S. Johnson had gone to Utah with troops in the fall and winter of 1857, had passed the winter at Fort Bridger (about one hundred miles east of Salt Lake City) and was in need of reinforcements. Large amounts of supplies were being collected and transportation prepared at the military depot, Fort Leavenworth, and I was the ever available pack-horse, to be assigned to that duty. Other officers in the East had been detailed for that service, but political favoritism had got them excused from it. My first business was of course to break up housekeeping, sell off all household affairs, for nothing would bear transportation north where such things were half the price they were at Brownvile, and then take the first steamer at Brazos Island for New Orleans with my family. In the meanwhile, early in the spring, my clerk, Mr. John Ring, had died of a congested liver after much suffering. I attended to his every want during his sickness in the clean, comfortable military hospital, only a few rods from my house. Mr. Ring had been a faithful and efficient clerk with me for two years. He was a young, educated Irishman, emigrated to this country and enlisted in the First Regiment of Dragoons in 1850, where he served faithfully five years and was honorably discharged as the First Sergeant of his company at Fort Pierre in 1855. Before his death he gave me his mother's address in Ireland,

and desired certain of his savings in money to be remitted to her. While in St. Louis (waiting to join me at Fort Brown), he invested something like two thousand dollars of his years of savings with Loker, Remick & Co., bankers, and I think he made Mr. Jerry Galvan, a merchant in Brownsville, his agent and executor to look after and collect that investment, and send it to his mother. I never learned whether or not the money was collected, but I doubt if it ever was, as those bankers failed soon after. I do not believe they ever paid their liabilities. He bequeathed $300 to Mrs. Turnley in thankful acknowledgment for kindness she extended to him during his sickness and the two years he was with me as clerk, and $100 to the officiating priest in Brownsville. I hastily closed up all my affairs, sold off all household effects at auction (engaging one of the village auctioneers for the purpose). The sale took place Friday, April 16, 1858, and the next day I left for Brazos Island with my family in the ambulance, where the steamship bound for New Orleans was getting ready to start. Sunday, the 18th, we went on board, having passed the previous night at the house of Captain Benjamin F. Moses, who was the quartermaster's agent, residing on the island. He and his wife were exceedingly kind, and did everything to make us comfortable. Captain Moses and wife subsequently located in New Orleans, and still later he died, but his widow, at last accounts, was living. I have seldom met through life's travel two more kind and benevolent characters than were Captain Moses and his wife. They were both Jews of great probity. On Monday, April 19th, our steamer sailed for New Orleans, and arrived there on Sunday morning, April

25th, after a run of about six hundred miles, all in good health, without accident. My first business was to find a river steamer ready to start up the Mississippi. I traversed the levee for an hour, but failed to find one ready to start that promised comfort and speed. One *old* steamer had her sign up to leave for Louisville, Ky., and "*perhaps* to Cincinnati." She was a fast runner, though old, and with only ordinary accommodations; but, it was the best offering for some days to come, and I engaged stateroom, and took my family on board, and she got off some time Sunday night while we were asleep. By going direct from the steamship to the boat we saved the expenses of hotel and a double transfer of baggage, which for a family in New Orleans was no small item. Of course we had one entire stateroom for wife, self and two children, with a convenient berth for the nurse and cook, and the time to reach Louisville was stated to be from six to ten days according to "wind and weather." The weather was pleasant and reasonably warm, and the boat was pushed to the full speed of steam power, and every day I spent an hour or more promenading on her hurricane deck for the better view the river shores. I also discovered that around her smokestacks the deck became intensely hot, while the sparks from the top of the same often fell in great profusion all over the deck. I also noticed in many places scorched or burned spots on the deck, caused by these sparks. This made me a little nervous—the more so because I never saw any officer or employe about on the deck ready, if necessary, to put out any fire that might ignite; so I ventured one day to speak to the captain on the subject, and we both went up on to the deck

where I pointed out burned spots, which showed what might be possible. He only laughed at it, and said such things were of daily occurrence; "but," said he, "the sanded, painted canvass covering would not burn." So he silenced me, although I did not believe what he said was true, and I soon had proof of it, for one day I was walking the deck and the boat under full headway, with all steam on, and the smokestacks piping hot, with great volumes of sparks and cinders flying in all directions, when suddenly a blaze was started almost under my feet. I called to the pilot, close by in the "texas" (the name of the little house where the wheel is) and he rang a bell, which brought a man in a hurry. Fortunately there were distributed all around the hurricane deck buckets filled with water, and the man soon put out the blaze and then proceeded to thoroughly wet the roof all over as a preventative. I lost my confidence, however, in the safety of that boat, as also in the reliability of the captain, and I made up my mind to leave her just as soon as I could reach a place where I could get the cars or a safer boat. In this uneasy state of mind, I passed the days and nights until we reached Evansville, Indiana, arriving there about daylight on Sunday morning, the second day of May (forfeiting willingly the price of the balance of the way up to Louisville). Taking the cars for Cincinnati the next day, we were tired enough to seek a little rest at the Burnett House. Little Georgie, my youngest, had not been well for some days on the boat, and I was glad to get him where I could have a doctor's advice. After a night and one day's rest, however, we resumed our journey to Philadelphia, where we arrived in about forty hours, at the

St. Lawrence Hotel, where Dr. Rutter and family had been living the previous winter. Dr. Rutter (my wife's father) had been apprised of our coming, and had already rented for six months a furnished residence a mile below Pottstown, Pa., for the summer; and after resting a day or two in Philadelphia, we all went to that residence, and I hastily fixed wife and children there for the summer. This completed, I left the 8th of May for Fort Leavenworth, via St. Louis. Before leaving Pottstown, however, old Major Brooke, a brother-in-law of Dr. Rutter, called on me, and asked me if I could not take his son, John R. Brooke, with me, to see the world a little, and especially to see the great wild West. He was about eighteen years old and wanted to go. I assented, and he soon had him partly ready; and completed his outfit as we passed through Philadelphia. Reaching St. Louis, I met my brother, L. G. Turnley, though only for half an hour, at the railway station, and then took cars to Jefferson City, and there took boat to Leavenworth. At Fort Leavenworth I found everything was confusion and hurry. The supply trains for Utah were being loaded and put in "park" (of one hundred wagons in each train), at favorable points from five to ten miles from the post; and besides this, about one hundred army six mule teams were being got ready and loaded to carry troops' supplies and baggage designed to re-enforce Johnston's command in Utah which had wintered at the old Fort Bridger. These re-enforcements were divided into four marching columns for convenience of grass and water, and were to march one or more days apart. General Harney, however, was to command the whole, while Major Wm. H. Em-

ory of the cavalry was the commander of the column to which I was assigned.

I was detained at Fort Leavenworth several days getting things ready for so long a trip. While thus waiting, I was looking out for a competent clerk. Young Brooke was a good, reliable boy, but not capable of filling the place of clerk in my department. By sheer accident one day, I met on the street at Leavenworth a young man who was then seeking a position in some expedition bound for the West. His name was Frank D. Cleary, a native of and directly from Washington City. He was bright, intelligent and apparently old enough to appreciate responsibility. We very soon came to an understanding and I employed him as a clerk to accompany me. Two or three days sufficed for him to get his necessary blankets and clothing together and we all started for our first encampment on the long march toward Utah by way of Fort Kearney, Fort Laramie, the South Pass and Fort Bridger, a trip of 1,300 miles. Our movement was slow, tedious and monotonous for many days. Our commander, Colonel Emory, was not specially attractive nor congenial, and we were by no means sorry when, at Fort Kearney, Emory was *switched off* southward to make a scout with the cavalry part of his command on the Republican fork, south of the Platt river.

Johnston's advance to Bridger in the fall and winter of 1857, and these re-enforcements in the spring of 1858 constituted what is known in military history as the "Utah expedition," and its object was to put a stop to the alleged outrages and crimes practiced by the Mormon church officials on the numerous emigrants

annually passing from the East overland to the Pacific States and Territories. Why it was that General Johnston stopped for the winter at Fort Bridger has never been clearly explained outside of the secret records of the War Department, although it was a fact that he arrived at Bridger late in the autumn or winter, with his animals in a poor condition and with very limited supplies; and the valleys and table lands and grassy bottoms about Bridger, and along Hams fork and branches, furnished better feed for the many hundreds of mules, horses and beef cattle with Johnston's command than could be had even in Salt Lake valley, which is one hundred and twenty miles further on. Johnston's only route from Bridger to Salt Lake City and the valley was through the tortuous narrow gorge called "Echo Cañon," which is one of the grand curiosities met with east of the main Wasach range of mountains. Leaving Bridger the route is rough, hilly and difficult, and crosses Bear river, which offers some obstructions to loaded teams. Thence on to the plateau or divide one reaches the head of the noted cañon. This cañon is emphatically a huge gorge of sixteen miles in length, descending on a moderate incline to the southeast, where it debouches into Weber river. The road winds along the base of the high mountainous sides, crossing frequently the bottom, or water-way, of this gorge, the valley of which varies in width from one or two hundred to five hundred feet, and some four or five miles from its junction with Weber river, where it is narrow and difficult to pass. The Mormon militia, General Daniel H. Wells in command, had during the previous summer barricaded this passage with earthworks, and built dams across the

creek to create deep and impassable fords of water. Johnston knew all about these obstructions, and how far it influenced him in passing the winter at Bridger, he alone could tell. But, with my later and better knowledge of his timidity and caution, I have no doubt such was really one main cause of his failing to push on to the Utah valley the previous winter, instead of pitching his tents at Bridger. Johnston, I know, has been accounted an able general, and so he was in some things, but he was greatly lacking in many of the essentials of a commander. In fact, all the breastworks General Wells could have erected in a year in that cañon need not have retarded Johnston's march down that narrow gorge three hours; because, the towering peaks on either side afforded ample cover for sharp-shooters to have given a plunging fire in the works at an angle of forty-five degrees, if desired. To Johnston's want of apparent activity, however, we must also suppose he was to a degree governed by instructions from Washington. A State's Rights administration was in power at the time, and the Puritan Brigham was as shrewd in a political war as in political religion, and quoted the Cavalier State's doctrine to the War Department as a Constitutional barrier to any coercive measures. This, undoubtedly, caused a halt short of any severe pressure against Brigham. Brigham Young was *Mormonism*, and Brigham Young *owned Utah* and all the people therein, who were his willing and obedient serfs. His serf slavery was more dear to him (because more profitable) than was bond slavery to the State's Rights owners of it in the South. It was more profitable because it was less expensive, and gave better tribute in return—a tribute in actual cash tithes,

with no responsibility for feeding, clothing and care and sickness in old age, which the bond slave required. The Mormom serfs have all these responsibilities themselves, while their master, Brigham, received the cash tribute of their toil. It may properly here be stated that Brigham Young was one of the most able men in religious cunning, and possibilities ever produced in this country! To the extreme avarice of the most grasping nature, he also added the subtle cunning of the Jesuit. He most carefully cloaked his whole action in the garb of deepest Puritanical piety. Never did a Puritan leave England for Holland, or leave Holland for that "Rock" who had half his cunning. Like the cunning, astute Roundhead, he never lost sight of the main chance, while he made his victims feel grateful for saving their souls. Brigham Young, even greater than Oliver Cromwell, was never troubled with any pricking of conscience, for the simple reason he admitted no conscience within his mental or spiritual storehouse. he was childlike and bland, gentle and winning, shrewder than any serpent, but was never rough nor boisterous, yet always drew your heart's life blood through a silver tube. He was the highest type of the religious—his religion being always in his breeches pocket, deeply, fervently and securely. His piety was marvellous; it was ceaseless and irresistible; it braced its feet against the gates of hell, and reached its hands toward heaven while it drew its inspiration from—*just below his breeches pocket*, but close enough thereto to hold communion with *increasing revenues.*

Johnston's delay and halting action gave time for the Mormons to cool down, and for Brigham to

throw out new bait to his serfs. Johnston finally moved over the range into Salt Lake valley in the spring of 1858, but made no halt at Salt Lake City. He moved on with his command forty miles south, and selected a permanent site ten miles west of Lake Utah, for a camp, which he christened "Camp Floyd," where he at once began to erect quarters, storehouses and shops for a permanent occupation of that distant territory. This occupancy by U. S. troops was a thorn in Brigham Young's side.

But, to return to my own movements. Leaving Fort Leavenworth late in May, or, in fact, about the first of June, the column I was with moved by slow marches to Fort Kearney on the Platte river, a distance of about three hundred miles, and we there learned that a conflict with the Mormon forces was by no means imminent, and that all of the re-enforcements then enroute would not be required. Major Emory and the cavalry portion of his column were turned into the direction of the Republican fork, to make an Indian expedition, while the infantry portion was continued on to Utah under the command of Major Gabriel R. Paul, of the Seventh infantry. I continued with this column, and was not a little delighted at the change in commanders. Major Paul was a quiet, practical, experienced campaigner, was a graduate of West Point in class of 1834, and had served almost continually with his company on the frontiers and in Florida for twenty-four years, was thoroughly conversant with those methods of campaigning which best preserved the men and animals, and was one of the most sociable and entertaining men I ever served with. He was a native of St. Louis, Missouri, of highly respectable

French family; entered West Point when a boy, and while he had that ease and suavity of manner so characteristic of the French, he also had that deep sense of honor, propriety and uprightness of life which belongs to the true Christian gentleman. In great contrast to Major Paul I am sorry to place Major W. H. Emory, who is also a West Point graduate (of 1831) and stood high in his class as a student, but he was vain and selfish, of crude manners, in fact harsh, dictatorial, and exacting toward those under him. He came of a Maryland family, and the same have always commanded that political and other influence which screened them from the drudgery of the service. This escape from a due portion of the rough frontier service on the part of favored officers has always and will continue to exist, of course, to a greater or less extent. It forms what we may designate the "Sax-Coberg" class. But sometimes it becomes almost unbearable. As all government in this world is created and carried on for the special benefit of the few who manage it, so is the army of a nation managed in such wise as to care mainly for the favored few. The United States Government and army form no exception.

It was a pleasant sight to see Major Emory with his portion of the column move off to the southward, from our camp on the Platte river, a few miles West of Fort Kearney, and leave the rest of us thereafter to make our march toward Utah under the command of Major Paul. Before leaving Fort Leaven worth, as before stated, I had employed Mr. Frank D. Cleary as a clerk, who, with young Brooke, formed part of my private mess, and even they, although civilians, felt all the relief and joy that

the officers did at the happy change in commanders. Our daily marches were resumed, moving up the south side of Platte river for a long distance, as well as I now remember, over two hundred miles, to a place where we could safely cross our loaded wagons. The Platte river is a wide though not deep river, but has a quicksand bottom at most places, which makes it difficult, as well as dangerous, to attempt a crossing with animals and wheels. The place we crossed was known as Julesburgh, afterward named Camp Wordwell. After crossing the Platte our route lay northwest over the backbone, or divide, between the north and south branches of the Platte, through what was known as "Ash Hollow," then down the slope to the valley of the North Platte, then up that river to Fort Laramie. After a few days rest and repairs at Fort Laramie, we continued our route on to the Sweet Water, and up that stream to the South Pass, thence on to the Green river, and to Fort Bridger, where we arrived about the 25th of September, 1858. It was a long and tedious trip, and we failed to receive any letters from home and friends after leaving Fort Leavenworth in May. The cause of this was to us unknown and inexplicable, because we received official letters from Leavenworth every few days. It was not till we got to Bridger that we learned how neglectful of us the depot quartermaster at Leavenworth had been. There was a weekly stage, carrying the mails between Leavenworth and Salt Lake, and it passed, and met, our column weekly, and it was discovered that the officials at Leavenworth had paid no attention to our letters, but allowed them to be put in the Salt Lake mail bags, and they were thus

carried right past our camps weekly on to Salt Lake City, and thus accumulated all summer! Our friends at home were more fortunate, because we sent weekly horseback express back to Leavenworth, or put our letters in the Utah mail as it passed us for Leavenworth, and every one wishing to do so sent letters by it to be mailed at Leavenworth to all points in the States. In this way our families in the States knew of our progress, though we got no word from them. Learning at Bridger that our mail matter had accumulated at Salt Lake all summer, we ordered it returned to us, and by the last of September I had some twenty-five or thirty private letters from my wife and friends, dating back from May to September! I then learned that in August a third child (a daughter) had been born to me at Pottstown, and later letters had the comforting news that all were doing well. I was ordered to stop at Bridger and erect quarters and storehouses necessary for two companies as a permanent garrison. Colonel E. R. S. Canby was there in command; and Major Paul was to continue on with his command to join the forces with General Johnston. Thus we parted, and I began at once to prepare for the work assigned me.

CHAPTER X.

This, however, was soon changed, and I received orders by express, the 1st of November, to report without delay at Johnston's headquarters, forty miles south of Salt Lake City. Meanwhile five inches of snow had fallen, and I had one hundred and twenty miles to go through and over the mountains (the iden-

tical route which Johnston *did not* venture to take his troops over the previous winter). I soon got up two six-mule teams and an escort of one corporal and four men, with my luggage rations, etc., and started. I was six days making the trip to Salt Lake City, and arrived there at noon with a severe chill on me, and scarcely able to sit on my horse. I halted my cavalcade near the store of Messrs. Gilbert & Gerish, and the men got dinner, while I entered the warm store to inquire for a doctor. I was still *forty* miles from General Johnston's headquarters, and very sick and in need of medicine; but no doctor was to be had, so I had to prescribe for myself, and after an hour's rest, and getting some medicines, moved on south ten miles, and camped in the main road by a farmer's house. The next day I moved on twenty miles, and crossed the Jordan river, and camped just on the opposite bank in a quiet, warm little valley. I had another severe chill that day, and I made up my mind to fix my tent comfortable for a few days stay at the place. I had water warmed in camp kettles, and put into the horse buckets, bathed my feet in my tent for an hour. My bed was made nicely by my servant on the dry grass-covered ground, and about 9 P. M. I took eight grains of calomel and turned in for the night. Next morning I took a heavy dose of oil and kept in bed all day, and after dark bathed my feet again, and went to bed. The following day I felt pretty well "considering" and about 9 A. M. struck tents and made the last march to General Johnston's headquarters called Camp Floyd. I found on arrival a discouraging field of labor. The transportation used by Johnston the previous autumn from Fort

Leavenworth, as likewise that used during the summer of 1858 to move the re-enforcements and supplies to that point, was still retained, and comprised about three hundred six-mule teams and wagons, each having a hired citizen teamster employed at $30 per month and a ration per day, and twenty-five wagon-masters at $60 per month, with as many assistant wagon-masters at $45 per month. None of these employes had been paid since leaving Leavenworth, the two thousand mules had to be wintered and cared for, yet not more than fifty wagons and teams were really required for all purposes of the post, because the whole command, consisting of portions of the Fifth, Seventh and Tenth Infantry, the Second dragoons and a battery of artillery, did not in all exceed twenty-five hundred rank and file. During July and August, Johnston had the command make sun-dried brick, called the "adobe," and nearly every company had its quarters under roof, as likewise quarters for the officers. Col. Geo H. Crosman, a deputy quartermaster-general, had arrived and joined General Johnston as his chief in that department of the service, and one assistant quartermaster, Captain Geo. H. Paige, was there as the principal executive officer in the department under Crosman. Captain Paige, however, as it appeared, was unfortunate in his craving for liquor, and was unfitted for the great amount of work before him; and it was in part owing to his incompetency that so much transportation had been allowed to accumulate, and so many employes retained on the rolls; at least, this was the complaint made by General Johnston, and Colonel Crosman, who, as chief in authority, would seem to be equally culpable; and it was to secure a competent, practical

and business officer at that place, that caused me to be ordered there. This selection was much more complimentary to me than the change, and the duties, was agreeable. The service rolls of that army of employes were in a most confused condition, while the invoices and returns of all public property were in even a worse condition. Colonel Crosman was a nervous, fussy, critical chief, without much method and less patience. Johnston was quiet, composed, and the personification of dignity, though in fact more practical than his chief quartermaster, Crosman; while his rank as chief in command rather required that he defer to Crosman in matters entirely within the quartermaster's department. I soon took in the situation of affairs and would most gladly have accepted the place of one of the humble teamsters, to avoid shouldering the load there waiting me. I had two clerks with me—Mr. F. D. Cleary and John R. Brooke, as before mentioned; the first-named a most competent penman and accountant; the second not so good, though patient and willing to learn. I at once put them to work straightening out the rolls of employes. I hired other competent men (some from the enlisted ranks and some who had got their discharge), to tackle the labyrinth of property accounts. This left me at liberty to spend more of my time out of doors supervising the completion of quarters, the erection of hospital, storehouses and blacksmith, carpenter's, wheelwright and harness shops. Also I scoured the country for twenty-five miles around, in the valleys and foot hills, to find the best winter grazing for the large number of mules. Stabling, also, had to be erected for five hundred dragoon and artillery horses. This kept me more than busy all the winter, nor did the

spring and summer bring much relief. I advertised in printed hand-bills, put up at various towns, villages and settlements, for wheat, barley and oats, to feed the animals, wheat and barley being the principal dependence for this purpose. The Mormon Moses (Brigham Young, the Puritan Christ), all the way from that "Rock" had published an edict that no Mormon should put in a bid, or supply anything the army required. However, I got three bids, one offering to supply wheat and barley at sixteen dollars per bushel, and one at fourteen dollars; the third at thirteen dollars per bushel. Of course I did not accept any of the bids. I learned afterward that the three bids put in were all Brigham Young's bids, but in other than his own name. Brigham was immensely rich, owned in fact everything in the territory, under cover of being head of the Church or, we may say, Pope of all the faithful! That was the first illustration in the United States of a Pope claiming and exercising *temporal* as well as *spiritual* powers. But I again had our little printing press we had taken out with us, called the "Valleyton," strike off a thousand hand-bills, 6 x 10 inches, and I sent out men prepared with hammer, tacks, paste and brush to put up these bills at every settlement, farm house and cross-road, stating in the bills that I would pay, in gold, on delivery, the following prices:

For Barley, $2.50 per bushel, about 5c a pound.
For Wheat, $2.50 per bushel, about 4c a pound.
For Oats, $1.50 per bushel, about 5c a pound.
For Straw, for bedding, $12.00 per ton.
For Hay, for animals, $20.00 per ton.

Brigham Young was much vexed at this when he learned it, but still supposed his faithful subjects would

stand firm on his Plymouth Puritan Rock, and resist all temptations of gold. But for once Brigham got left. The strangest thing was that Brigham should have supposed his subjects *less* inclined to get gold than himself. I made visits to several thrifty Scotch and English farmers, also one or two Danes and staid all night in their houses and we talked over the State affairs. I talked to them in a manner about their Moses Brigham which amazed them no little. I told them how I had known Brigham Young long before they had ever heard of him, and when he was only a smart, wild, young fellow, bent only on money and women. I told them Brigham Young was one of the smartest men out of State's prison, but who ought to be in it, that his entire pretense of religion was a Yankee scheme to accumulate money, and to do this he took the method he felt sure would secure the attachment and loyalty of those whose natural inclinations were flattered and approved. I closed by telling them (especially the old Englishman and Scotchman) to load their wagons and haul into my storehouses all the grain, hay and straw they could spare or purchase. It is not strange when you consider their nationality and their level-headed character for business, that they soon decided to follow my advice. In a few days they drove twelve miles to the post with loads of grain, had it weighed and got their "gold cash." In a few days more they came in with a ton of hay on each wagon and got their pay. This broke the ice and also broke Brigham Young's *grip* on the credulous populace he had so thoroughly controlled and governed!

I never enjoyed any achievement or success so much as I did Brigham Young's disappointment at the

delivery of hay, straw and grain by his *subjects* for our use at that post.

It was not long before many of the farmers began to drive their teams loaded with hay and grain to my store-houses, and I had no further difficulty in purchasing, in open market, at reasonable prices, all forage, fuel, etc., required. Thus was achieved a bloodless victory over that wily and most astute schemer and religious fraud our country has ever produced! Mr. Brigham Young was a native of New Hampshire—a growth of New York and a developed master of the wild West.

During my two years of army service in Utah and adjacent region I must have received a score of letters from acquaintances, in all parts of the United States, asking me to explain the *Mormon religion;* and how it differed from our professed Christian religion. I did not then have the time or material at hand, to answer those inquiries; nor have I ever since felt interest enough in that clap trap delusion to take the trouble to explain the fraud of leaders, or the infatuation of followers. It occurs to me, however, that it may be useful and instructive to many outside, as well as inside, of the influence of Mormonism, as a religion, for me to give a brief statement of its origin, and some of its practices, falsehoods, and *crimes as well!* I shall only give categorical statements of facts, and readers can draw thier own conclusions. Of course, all religion is *a sentiment*, pure and simple, when *sincerely* entertained! The Christian religion is no exception to this!

To begin at the very initial point, we must go back to 1832–1836, when that shrewd gambler,

counterfeiter, and horse-thief, a Mr. Joseph Smith, sprung his three-card-monte trick on the public (with the help of a few well-selected aiders and abettors) with his *Golden Plates!*

They were careful never to give dates or places in their certificates, affidavits, and pretendedly sworn statements; but they were careful to use always the style and diction of the Old and New Testaments of the Christian religion.

This Joseph Smith was born in Windsor, Vermont, about 1805 or 1806, of strictly Puritan New England stock; but of limited education, and of still less moral probity. When he was a good sized boy (seventeen or eighteen years old) he declared that an "Angel appeared unto him" (a la record in our New Testament) and told him where some very old records might be found consisting of three Golden Plates, engraved in Egyptian letters, and purported to have been written some three hundred years later than the advent of Jesus Christ; and written by some alleged prophet, called Mormon! This alleged prophet called Mormon gave the name to this newly invented sect of religionists. Now these three Golden Plates, Smith said he *discovered* under the guidance of an angel, and this was in 1830 somewhere (I was about 12 or 14 years old, as near as I can remember, but I have forgotten where Smith said he found the Golden Plates). However, as things had to be done in regular *Apostolic order*, the first thing was to find men who would vouch for the existence of the three plates. This was easily arranged for and was as follows:

"Be it known unto all nations, kindreds, tongues and peoples unto whom this shall come; that we,

through the grace of God, the father of our Lord Jesus Christ, have seen the three Golden Plates which contain this record, which is a record of the people of *Nephi*, and also of the *Lamanites*, their brethren, and also of the people of *Jared*, who came from the tower of which hath been spoken: and we also know that they hath been translated by the gift and power of God, for His voice hath declared it unto us! Wherefore, we know for a surety, the work is true and we also testify that we have seen the engravings which are upon the plates; and they have been shown unto us by the *power of God and not of man!* And we declare with words of soberness, that an angel of God came down from heaven and he brought and laid before our eyes that we beheld, and saw the plates, and the engravings thereon," etcetera. (Much more of the same follows, but I give enough.) This is signed by the following:

"OLIVER COWDERY,
DAVID WHITMER,
MARTIN HARRIS"

Here we have the testimony of three witnesses, which they think comes up to any standard fixed by Moses, and by the Apostles, of the New Testament. However, they were not going to take any chances, and straightway looked up, not three, but *eight more* of those very credulous souls, as follows:

"Be it known unto all nations, kindreds, tongues and peoples, unto whom this shall come, that Joseph Smith, Jr., the *translator of this work*, has shown unto us the plates of which hath been spoken, which have the appearance of gold, and as many of the leaves as the said Smith has translated, we did *handle with our*

hands; and also saw the engravings thereon; all of which has the appearance of *ancient work* and of *curious workmanship, etc., etc.*" (and more to same effect, too long to copy) "and we give our names unto the world to witness unto the world that which we have seen, and *we lie not, God bearing witness of it!*"

(SIGNED:)

HIRAM PAGE,	CHRISTIAN WHITMER,
JOSEPH SMITH, SR.,	JACOB WHITMER,
HYRUM SMITH,	PETER WHITMER, JR.,
SAMUEL H. SMITH,	JOHN WHITMER.

It will be perceived that the alleged Divine revelations on the alleged Golden Plates are mainly vouched for by the Smith and Whitmer families. But on such a basis the Book of Mormon was written, a small 16mo. of 563 pages, and printed in Liverpool, England, in 1853-4. It purports to be an abridgement of the record of the people of Nephi and of the *Lamanites*, who claim to be a remnant of the house of *Israel*, and also to *Jew* and *Gentile alike;* "written by way of commandment and by the spirit of prophecy and revelation, written and sealed up by the hand of *Moroni* and hid up unto the Lord that they might not be destroyed, but come forth in due time by the way of *the Gentile!*"

The foregoing gives the initial point of the sprouting of the Mormon religion. It is always easy to start a new religion where perfect freedom of religious belief forms part of the organic laws of the State; because followers can always be drummed up to believe and certify to anything however absurd. The eleven signers to this rot and slops I have given were just as great rascals in private life as their limited education

and intelligence permitted. But they gradually passed out of sight and our quondam friend, *Mr. Brigham Young*, came into the field of action, armed and spurred direct from Plymouth Rock.

Joe Smith had discovered it was pleasant to look upon the women; and by so doing he rapidly gained converts of that class of women whose mental darkness and superstition hold to the rusty chestnut, in some part of the Christian Bible, that "Seven women shall cleave unto one man" in order to get inside of the golden gates of heaven! as well in our own day, as of old.

Brigham Young being also of New England Puritan stock, and after Joe Smith, he had no difficulty in soon becoming a much more powerful and accepted "prophet" than Smith ever had been. Brigham went into it for revenue first, then for pleasure, then for fame and power, all of which he accumulated rapidly. By the year 1856 he had amassed and received from church tithes and exactions from his many thousand followers over two millions of dollars. In the same time he had been continuous civil governor of Utah by appointment of our successive presidents in their unsuspecting confidence, and by his position had acquired title to everything worth having in that territory, such as lands, mill-sights, mines, roads, etc., etc. He communed with the Lord just previous to ordering the people to do what he desired! He took old Moses for an example for punishing those who dissented from his orders or expressed views. He said once, in a sermon in the temple, that nothing short of shedding blood would save souls! and that he had received a revelation from Deity to order the shedding of blood in future for grave

offenses against the church of "Latter Day Saints!" "If Moses obeyed a revelation from God, to despoil the Midianites (who, to say the least, were not bad or unfriendly neighbors), by sending an army of ten thousand to take by force half a million sheep and a hundred thousand cattle and half as many asses, he, as president of the church in Utah, should obey his revelations from God to levy a heavy toll on the revilers of his religion, passing through their valley! Not only this," said he, "but like unto Moses I shall capture and take for my faithful people *the virgins* of those who are constantly passing through toward the Pacific, and who only add to the enemies of these saints."

Such was Brigham's power over his people, and such was the benighted mental condition of most of them, that the three or four hundred unmitigated scoundrels in official position carried things about as they pleased! But Brigham, as I have before stated, was one of the smartest all-around men I ever met in my life. He, in fact, ordered every movement and act, yet none could be actually traced to him. Scores of so-called Indian attacks made on emigrants crossing the plains were, in fact, ordered by the Mormon church authorities, but eminating from "President Young," the prophet, seer, and divine agent! The one hundred and thirty-seven poor emigrants massacred at Mountain Meadows by (Bishop) Lee and his disguised accomplices in 1856, and the sparing of nine *female children*, under the age at which any could remember to disclose the horror, was undoubtedly the edict of Brigham Young,the head of the church! The officers of our army at Camp Floyd, in 1859 and in 1860, gathered those remaining

children and I had them at my quarters for two weeks getting them ready to send with a train to leave Utah for Leavenworth early in the spring of 1860, to be distributed from there if possible, to living relatives in the States whence their massacred parents had gone on their fatal overland travel! Only two of the little girls could recall more than a mere shadow of that three days bloody massacre by the Mormons (disguised as Indians), under the command of John D. Lee, a bishop living nearest the place of butchery. It was not till 1884 or 1885 that the accumulated evidence was sufficient to convict Lee. But he was finally convicted and shot to death. In fact, it was the dim recollection of two of the oldest infants preserved, that gave our officers and detectives the lines and trails which finally, after a quarter of a century following these trials, led to Bishop Lee's conviction. But I have said more than I expected to when I began to give the basis of the Mormon religion. Its practical working character may be said to consist, briefly, of the following dogmas:

Love is what all should strive for, as it gives a higher state of existence. All personal passions, cravings and appetites are merely lines on which to reach exaltation!

That the natural man, or the natural woman, are neither a complete human being, but it requires both to perfect the being; and that, as the Mosaic code anthorized one man to have many women, so is it God's will that no virgin in good standing with the church should pass beyond her nineteenth year of age, if healthy, without taking a husband (or at least *a part of one*).

That High Church Functionaries (always and only, *MEN*) should take as many wives as they felt able to care for, but never less than three.

The result was, before our army went there, the high church officials took as many wives as they could get girls willing to join them, and made every wife pretty much support herself! Still did many blindly fall in line, and often rejoiced even at having the third or sixth place as wife in the household!

The leading Mormons (Brigham leading off) taught (and the people believed it) that God is a person, in flesh and form, like men here on earth; that men are part and parcel of the God, and are destined to ultimately become gods also; that original sin had no foundation and that we are only accountable for wrongs and sins which *we each commit*. They teach also that human beings, on this planet, are merely *embodied* spirits; and that innumerable other spheres, or worlds, exist with similar, or appropriate, beings to each sphere; that women or wives and children constitute a man's heaven here on earth, and hereafter, also; that women, separate and aside from men, have no heaven! that the kingdom of God has been re-established on earth, and it is the duty and right of the saints to take control, and so on *ad nauseum*, with which I close the subject and beg pardon of my readers.

General Johnson had named the place "Camp Floyd" in honor of the then secretary of war, Mr. John B. Floyd. Captain Paige, whom I had relieved of all duties at the post, remained there, and his two clerks occupied themselves in helping my clerks to straighten out confused accounts; while Paige applied himself assiduously to drinking whisky until April, 1859, when he

died under its effects. Both he and the service gained something by his death, as he had long before passed the line of possible reformation. About this time, I had completed all needful buildings, had thrown a dam across the creek, from a living spring, almost in the center of the military grounds, and at a place of high banks, so that the water rose eight feet high, forming a mill-pond thus created. I erected a small frame shed for a pair of twelve-inch stones, which I put to work grinding the oats, wheat and barley, to be fed to the public animals, thus saving much forage, besides reducing to the minimum the dangers of feeding dry wheat and barley to animals. I had found it practicable, in the meantime, to make contracts for hay and grain and fuel instead of purchasing from individuals, in open market.

It was an idle life for the troops, but a very busy one for the quartermaster's department and a slave's life for myself, the only officer in it there on duty. The soldiers and officers, however, settled down to the usual quiet garrison life, with no signs from Washington that any further movement towards "Regulating the Mormons" was anticipated, and the universal question became of frequent utterance: "What on earth are we all here for?" I, as the responsible officer for all that immense transportation, wanted to know "why three or three hundred six-mule teams and wagons were kept there, if no further military operations were to be carried on?" But we did not long wait for signs. In July, 1859, came along Mr. Ben Holaday, from Washington City, direct, having in his pockets orders from the Secretary of War, to sell at public auction, after twenty days advertisement, 300

wagons complete, 1,800 sets of mule harness and 1,800 mules. This was a poser to me. To order thus sold at auction to highest bidder, more than three hundred thousand dollars worth of public property in the silent recesses of the Wasatch Range, one might say, more than a thousand miles distant from settlements (other than the few impecunious Mormons, all belonging to the one Mogul, Brigham Young) presented a phase of human idiocy or criminality at the War Office in Washington, startling to contemplate, to say the least. My first thought was that Brigham Young was the regulator, and had "regulated" the War Department instead of being regulated by the army; and this unique sale was to make Brigham the favored beneficiary of all the military transportation, so recently purchased to be used against the prophet. But I was soon undeceived when Mr. Holaday produced from his capacious pockets, the following:

War Department,
Washington, D. C., June, 1859.

To the Quartermaster at Camp Floyd:

Sir—You will receive, in payment for the public property you are ordered to sell, the acceptances of contractors Russell, Majors and Waddell, which Mr. Ben Holaday may offer in payment of such property as he may purchase at such sale.

(Signed) John B. Floyd,
Secretary of War.

Great Scott! thought I.

The above showed that Mr. Ben Holaday was to be the favored beneficiary, and the whole scheme at once materialized. The 1,800 mules were then worth, at

Leavenworth $150 each, and on the Pacific coast $200 each; the wagons, $125; the harness, $45; and the set for six mules (omitting the small furnishings, which consisted of 300 fifth chains, 600 spreaders, 300 jockey sticks, 300 halters, 300 wagon whips, the regular old style black snakes—300 water buckets, 300 pairs of six-mule team lines, tar or grease buckets, axes, etc., and besides a score of small fittings), all ordered to be sold on twenty days' notice, in a wilderness 800 miles from any settlement excepting the Mormons, which meant the single individual, Brigham Young! Could greater evidence be wanted of fraud, or a reckless disregard of public interest! The lowest value of the property thus ordered to be sold, was approximately as follows:

1,800 mules at $150 each - - -	$240,000
300 No. 1 Army Wagons at $125 - -	37,500
300 sets six-mule harness at $45 - -	13,500
Other fittings and furnishings - -	10,000
Total, at least - - - - -	$301,000

This order placed me in a dilemma! For me to proceed and sell it as ordered by the Secretary of War, was virtually to give it to Mr. Holaday at his own price, because there could be little or no competition at a public sale, in the wilderness, clothed as he was with power to pay for it in "paper acceptances," while other bidders must pay cash down, as per law and army regulations! I conferred with Colonel Crosman, the deputy quartermaster-general, and with Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston, I pointed out to them the strange features of the Secretary's order, and the sacrific of public property that would result if the order was carried out.

Johnston showed his usual timid nature, especially when acting in deference to his superior (the Secretary). He admitted all I said, and expressed amazement at the sacrifice of property it involved, but, "felt it his duty to have the orders carried out!" This one circumstance goes farther to explain General Johnston's true character, than all his military life put together. He was conscientious in wishing to follow John B. Floyd's orders, yet knowing full well that it was a crime to make such a sale, and that the wrong was in no wise palliated in the War Department because of the distance from the seat of government at which it was consummated. A man of great character and courage, free from political trammels, in Johnston's place, there on the spot, commanding the troops and controlling these very means of transportation, would have ordered all proceedings stopped, until he had officially shown the folly of executing the Secretary's orders. But Johnston was not that kind of a man. He was educated to obey orders, but he was emphatically a Kentucky politician also—first, last, and all the time. And the whole world has learned a Kentucky politician can do more in the line of dividing himself into parts, and riding two or three political horses at the same time (even in opposite directions) than any other class of men in the country. Johnston could not help being so. He was an obedient slave to what he thought his superiors desired; and lacked the courage to even question the judgment or motives of those superiors far enough to be true to his conscience and constituents. No wonder he failed always, where anything like action and assumed responsibility was required. Even the cause he served lost nothing when he met death at Shilo.

But as the world goes, he was a clever, discrete, quiet, honest man, and commanded great confidence. In this matter, Colonel Crosman, deputy quartermaster-general, was a greater coward than General Johnston, because it was Crosman who received the Secretary's order to have the property sold and merely turned over the order and responsibility to me. But to return to my subject. As the best thing I could do I sent off at once by express riders, to California and to Leavenworth (with Johnston and Crosman's full approval), hand-bills announcing when a sale would commence, giving briefly the valuable property to be sold, etc., and then I began to make preparations for the sale. The mules were in herds at different points twelve to twenty miles from the post, all fat and in the best condition. I erected near the gateway of the large mule corral a high stand for the auctioneer, clerks, etc. Meanwhile another order came from the quartermaster-general to discharge all employes that could be dispensed with. These employes comprised teamsters, wagon-masters, wheelwrights, blacksmiths, harness makers, etc., to the number of over three hundred men. None of them had been paid for a long while; many of them not since they had left Fort Leavenworth in 1858. There was over $100,000 then due to these employes alone, who were ordered to be discharged, or sent back to Leavenworth. (Note how easy and practical it would have been for the secretary of war to have ordered these three hundred wagons and teams sent either to Leavenworth or San Francisco by these same men, now ordered discharged in the wilderness, and whose contract required them to be sent back.)

As Mr. Holaday held authority to pay for mules in the paper acceptances of a contractor to whom the government owed money, I could not discover anything out of the way in notifying these employes, now ordered discharged, with proper vouchers just as good and better than contractors' acceptances, that they might pay for mules and wagons in these vouchers, to the extent they wished to purchase. The law requires all public property sold at public sale "to be sold for cash down!" Not even checks from a millionaire, on a perfectly sound bank, can be received under the law in payment for United States property at public sale. Cash! Nothing but cash! But Mr. Secretary of War Floyd violates this law, in ordering the officer selling the property to accept something besides cash. Therefore I, as the selling officer and the one responsible to the Treasury Department for every particle of this property and for the cash dollars it might bring at sale, considered I was fully justified in paying these employes off, and taking up their vouchers, by their purchases of mules and wagons sufficient to take them back to the States. This was decided upon and carried out, but it was gall and wormwood to Ben Holaday; and if he had had the time to do so, he would have sent express to Washington and had the Secretary disapprove of my plan to give the employes a fair chance with Ben Holaday. This he had no time to do, so he had to "grin and bear it!" And by this means the Government turned, its surplus mules and wagons into the payment of its army of employes, at good, fair prices. The teamsters knew the valuable mules and had no hesitation in paying a good price for such as they wanted.

During July and August I thus sold off two-thirds of the property, more than half of which was purchased by the three hundred discharged men, at good prices and paid for in the vouchers they held against the Government for their services. I adjourned the sale then until September, when I closed it out and Mr. Ben Holaday made most of his purchases at the last, or closing out sale.

Getting rid of all that property made the winter of 1859–60 less laborious for me and vastly less expensive for the Government. In the spring of 1860, General Johnston obtained leave of absence, and left for the East, via Los Angeles and San Francisco, leaving Colonel C. F Smith, of the Tenth Infantry, in command. That was the last time I ever saw Albert Sidney Johnston—although while I was chief quartermaster with Fremont at St. Louis, in the autumn of 1861, I often heard of Johnston in command of Confederate forces in Kentucky. In fact I gave persons in St. Louis letters of recommendation to Johnston to allow them to pass on South, as they desired. These were generally women and children, and Johnston extended like courtesy to some Northern people then in the South who wished to come North, as war was then inevitable.

The very strange things the whirligig of time is said to bring about, or rather the ignorance we all labor under, as to what we may or may not do, in certain contingencies, is so well illustrated in what occurred at a dinner given by Johnston, just before leaving Camp Floyd, that I will briefly relate that dinner party. I do so, mainly to show the utter ignorance of the average army officers on the distant fron-

tiers in March, 1860, of what politicians had in store for them in the near future ; and if I seem to claim greater foresight than others, as to then future events, it is not without reason ; and due to my more constant and diligent study of all that transpired in the political arena in the States of which I only kept my self better posted than others. As the dinner was drawing to a close, and the best wine obtainable in that region was on tap, toasts were in order and responses made. Of course, "Our Country" and its greatness and prosperity was not omitted, but offered, heartily drank, and responded to. This gave Johnston a good opportunity to get off some sarcastic fun on myself, greatly to the amusement of the dozen guests at the table ; because it was the universal remark of nearly all army offiecrs, that "Turnley was the advanced political prophet, as Brigham Young was the prophet of the saints and the new religion." And many were the sly jokes and ironical qnestions put to me about that time, as to the political future of the country. As well as I can recall that dinner company, the following officers comprised it :

General A. S. Johnston, commanding, and the host ; Col. George H. Crosman, deputy quartermaster-general; Col. C. F. Smith, Tenth U. S. Infantry ; Fitz John Porter, Asst. Adjt. Gen.; Lieut. Clarence Williams, A. D. C.; Major G. R. Paul and myself. (There were more but my diary was lost and I have forgotten their names.) So far as I now know (1880) Fitz-John Porter and myself are the only survivors of that dinner party ; Johnston's sly shot of irony at me tickled Colonel Crosman immensely, and with a hearty good laugh he demanded that "Captain Turnley explain the future and enlighten the company on what the political

future has in store for our country and the army."
This was nuts for the entire table, but had a rather bitter taste to me, not to say embarrassing. Being urged, however, and having convictions of my own, I determined to face the music. Accordingly I rose and stated calmly and deliberately, in a few words, that which not one at the table believed was other than an hallucination of my own distempered mind I said: "Gentlemen, you make light of the clouds which I think I darkly see in the near future. I have been a close reader of all published proceedings of the great political parties for the past twenty years. I think I know the temper and meaning of the politicians of the North and of the South, and without entering into details, I will simply answer your jocular inquiries by stating that I personally feel no doubt whatever that our union of States will be divided within one, certainly two years, and that there will be two governments, either with or without war; but I incline to the belief that there will be war, but there may not be; if both parties agree to separation." I sat down. Colonel Crosman was the first to burst forth in a most hearty laugh, after which Johnston, suppressing a mirthful outburst calmly and with his usual dignity, said, "Well, Captain Turnley, if there is war, where will you be found?" "I cannot say, General where I may find myself." To which Johnston replied: "Well I am sorry you should feel any doubts on the subject. I should suppose that every military officer would have no hesitation in being with his government." I then said: "Well, General, allow me to ask you, where will you be, in case of a war between the North and the South?" The General looked at me for a second,

scarcely suppressing a smile, and said, "Captain, I shall most certainly be where I hope to find you, on the side of the Government." With this the subject dropped for a moment, when I spoke up and said: "Well, General you have no thought that there will be a war in this country between the North and the South?" "Not in the least," he answered. Said I "Well, I have been out here in the wilds so long, I need a new suit of clothes badly, and if you are willing to make a small bet with me, one of us can assume the cost of two suits, and I will wager you a suit of uniform clothes that there will be secession of some of the slave States, and perhaps all, from the Union, or from the North within less than two years. Also, that if there is a war, you will not be on the side of the North." "I take the bet," said he. This was ratified, and closed the subject. I noted the bet in my pocket diary and supposed he did the same.

I have related the foregoing, not for exploitation of prophecy on my part, for it will not warrant any such sagacity in me, but my purpose is merely to show the average ignorance in which otherwise intelligent and patriotic officers of the United States army were of coming events, by reason of their failure to read up on the passing events as to political disputations which existed between the two widely separated civilizations of the dominant leading politicians of the North and the leading politicians of the South; whereas, I had closely watched this antagonism and studied it from boyhood. General Johnston was a Kentuckian, a graduate from West Point as far back as 1826 and he had made an honorable record in the Black Hawk war; then in the war for the independence of Texas;

and after that, again in the United States army. He was brave, intelligent and patriotic, and no more doubted his fidelity to and love for the United States government than he doubted the chastity of his wife; yet Johnston joined the Confederacy! When the hour of trial came—that hour which he did not dream would ever come, and which he believed at that dinner party to be utterly improbable, Johnston could not hesitate as between his cavalier kindred of the South and their ancient foes, the Cromwellian, round-head Puritans of the North! Johnston loved the greatness, the power, and glory of the Union of the States, *provided*, the constitutional rights of each were admitted and respected *as he and they understood such* in the constitution, not otherwise. Even bond-slavery, which was the pretext for the contention, he did not like. It was ancient, crude, expensive and unprofitable. Yet, it existed a century before the Union; and formed a part of the organic law, and was part and parcel of the domestic relations of the States where it existed. The "God and Humanity" prayers of the Puritan (as Johnston afterwards asserted) were only a spasmodic burst of a few fanatics, and a cloak under which to accomplish some ulterior purpose; as the cry for "Union" was but a shibboleth for the same ulterior purpose while the war was going on. The twelve millions of shrewd, enterprising American descendants of the round-heads, with the eight millions of well-trained European wage-operatives which a century of advanced teaching had imbued with deepest hatred for the descendants of the English cavaliers and slave holders who would own African slaves, made the impending contest a doubtful one; yet blood out-

weighed policy. Little as Johnston and tens of thousands of his Southern people liked Negro slavery on the basis of equity and right, still they religiously believed the African Negro was the gainer by being in bondage for a time. The tribute exacted of the slave, which was only his labor, was more than returned to him in civilizing environments and temporal wants; still more so when we consider his moral elevation as compared with the condition even at the present time of his progenitors in Africa. No intelligent looker-on for the present and past centuries (say for five hundred years) but will concede that bond slavery of the African, among intelligent and *Christian professing people*, is a boon compared to the savagery of Africa, or to the wage slavery and factory and mining oppression in the old nations of the world, among those equally claiming to be Christian and intelligent. These motives and convictions, therefore, induced ninety out of every one hundred of the Southern people to fight against coercion, not that they disliked the Union, for they did like it, but coercion was simply a first step to the enslavement of the *white* statesmen and politicians, as well as a transfer of the African slave to a Northern master's *political control*.

But I have digressed.

After Johnston had left Utah Colonel C. F. Smith commanded the humdrum affairs of the post. Orders came that a portion of the force should proceed to New Mexico, and I set about getting transportation ready in the shape of mule and ox teams. Also, I prepared material and loaded the same on wagons to make necessary flat-boats or ferry-boats to cross the command over Green river and other streams to be met with.

During the summer, Major Paul in command, the troops left us for their destination. I never afterwards met Major Paul. He remained in the Union army and served gallantly through the war, having both eyes shot out at Gettysburg. He lived afterwards in Washington City, retired from service. During the summer of 1860 I repeated my application for leave of absence, and wrote to my father in the States to go to Washington and urge the Secretary of War, John B. Floyd, to grant me the leave. Father did go, and succeeded in obtaining the leave, but not to take effect until an officer could be sent from the East to relieve me. This, of course, was indefinite. Major R. E. Cleary, quartermaster, then unemployed about Washington, was the one ordered to go to Utah and relieve me. He was slow starting, and slower making the trip. But, as most things have an end, he finally reached the post, with half a million dollars in gold (in a large, Rochester-made safe), for the paymaster, and also a hundred thousand dollars for me, as quartermaster, but which I left with him to disburse. I had all the public property and business made up in good shape, ready to turn over to him, with the least delay, in order to start East as soon as possible. His arrival was in September, 1860, and we found it a tedious job to examine and count, and turn over all the public property and affairs of the post to a successor. Contractors were still engaged putting up hay with, perhaps, eight hundred to a thousand tons already put up in ricks. The accumulation of two years of all sorts of property had to be counted to the satisfaction of the receiving officer. However, we got through with it early in October, and I had my four-mule ambulance, saddle horse and baggage wagon all

in readiness to start on my long journey of thirteen hundred miles eastward, although it was late in the season to start across the Rocky Mountains on such a trip. Just then I was summoned as a witness to appear at a general court-martial then ordered to assemble at the post to try Maj. Marshal S. Howe, of the Second Dragoons, on charges which Col. G. H. Crosman had prepared against him for various derelictions in the care and management of the horses in his command. This was a sad disappointment to me, as it made the date of my departure altogether uncertain. If the court was disposed to favor me it would call me early in the trial, otherwise I might wait till the last witness. The court having dragoon officers on it rather inclined to favor the accused, who was the chief dragoon officer there, as against my department, which supplied the feed and shelter for the horses said to have been neglected. I had but a poor showing for any favors, nor did I receive any, but was kept till the last day. I finally got started home, however, and shook the dust of Camp Floyd from my feet—and I have never seen it since and don't want to again during life.

November 16, 1860, I camped out the first night at a settlement near the town of Spingville, thirty miles south from Salt Lake City. I did not relish the prospect of traveling thirteen hundred miles by the slow daily marches of twenty-five or thirty miles a day, with the outfit with me; and as I lay in my tent that night I slept but little. I could not restrain my mind from revolving upon some method by which I could make a quicker trip. Finally, at almost daylight, I solved the problem and determined to leave my entire outfit (except clothing and valuables), to go on with Mr. Kalapsza. I

hired a two-horse wagon from the old bishop (Evans), near our camp, to take me and luggage to Salt Lake City, where I could purchase a seat in the semi-weekly overland stage coach, then plying between Atchison, Kansas, and Salt Lake City. I got coffee while Evans was getting his old two-horse farm wagon ready, and I bade good-bye to my outfit, arrived at dark at Salt Lake stage office, paid my $175 for a seat to Atchison to leave the next morning. I then turned in to the little hotel for rest and sleep. Bright and early the next morning I was up, had coffee, and was ready for the stage coach as it came up to the tavern door. Two other passengers were already seated (both New Englanders by birth), but seceding Mormons, after a brief experiment, who were going back to visit families and friends in the land of Puritans and pumpkin pies. after several years of absence. One had been cutting and stacking hay at the various stage stations for a couple of years, and the other had been employed as a mechanic and otherwise at various places. Both were young men, without families, and I soon suspected they were either adventurers from civilized life, or else apostate Mormons. (I had their names on my diary, which was lost.) They were very agreeable companions and made the ten days trip on the same stage much more endurable than if I had been alone. We crossed the Little and the Big mountain that night and slept at foot of the latter, and the next day, at 4 P. M., drove into Fort Bridger where I "took a drink" with Judge Carter, the sutler, postmaster, probate judge and the high and only civil. Gentile "cock-a-lorum" in that region. But all this had to be done in half an hour, and on we went, not stopping for the night, even at stations, except for meals.

Some time that night we made a station called Miller's Ranch, got a warm supper and rested only an hour; then resumed the travel, which was unbroken by incident till a little after dark next day when we arrived at Green River station, when we changed horses, had dinner and in a few hours were again rattling over the broad and much used throughfare toward the South Pass. At that place on the summit of the pass, we found quite a comfortable station, kept by a man and his spouse, in rather a neat and inviting condition. Stopping with this man and his wife was a young girl apparently about sixteen years old, said to be the unfortunate remnant or castaway of some family with an overland party of immigrants which had met with disaster during the previous summer at the hands of Indians or road-men or Brigham Young's destroying angels or Danites. The girl had been saved and rescued, and was waiting an opportunity to return to the States and her relatives. I have forgotten her name, but while at supper and before retiring to sleep as we did that night at the station, I heard of her condition and her desire to return East to her friends, but lacked the money to pay her stage fare and no freight trains were coming East so late in the season, which she might avail herself of. After thinking the matter over, I determined to contribute the money necessary for her to return, and as we had only three passengers, there was ample room for her in that stage. I made this known to the man and wife and told them if they would have the girl ready by breakfast in the morning, I would see that she was properly delivered at Atchinson and provided with means to rejoin her friends, who lived somewhere in that part of the country. But the man and wife did

not readily agree to the offer, and while the girl was anxious, although I was a stranger to her, yet she placed her confidence in the fact that I was an officer of the U. S. A. and would not be likely to prove false to any promises, still the station-keeper and his wife resisted any such scheme and I at once discovered that those people desired to keep the girl at all hazards, and as I had no authority to interfere I had to yield to the odds against me and left the girl where she was. I learned afterward that the man and wife were really Mormons in disguise, and kept the station under guise of being apostate Mormon, and seeking to earn money enough to get back to the States; but were in fact active recruiting agents for that church. I also learned that the girl soon became that man's additional wife, and to make her such was his and his wife's intention from the time she fell into their hands. The girl's parents and party had been massacred the previous summer by alleged Indians while enroute to the Pacific Coast, though doubtless by Mormons, and she could give but a slight account of her friends in the States. We left the next morning, early, with fresh and frisky mules to our stage and rattled on, down the Eastern slope of the South Pass to the Sweet Water. On this trip, we changed mules every twenty miles and as a general thing, the animals were young, in good condition and traveled at a rapid rate, not unfrequently in a moderate gallop, so that on good roads we made oftentimes, by daylight, full ten to fifteen miles the hour. The following day, we approached the last crossing of the Sweet Water coming east, and toward midnight when very dark, we were rounding a sharp turn in the road with a high point of the mountain

overshadowing and making pitchy-dark a short stretch of road, when in a sweeping gallop the leading mules suddenly shied at some imaginary object and broke the tongue of the stage square off, the leaders going free with the attached portion. This occurred about two miles from the station we were approaching, so we had to foot it to the station. The night was clear and calm, but very cold. Only the smouldering fire of the station-keeper's bedtime was left to warm us, and the station-keeper fast asleep. We soon overhauled the mules and with lanterns set about finding a pole we could utilize as a tongue. We got out the broken piece from the stage, burned off the old irons, and with hatchet and drawing knife, auger, hammer and spikes, improvised a "pole," but did not effect all this and resume our journey till long after sunrise. We also had some hot coffee before starting off.

My daily notes kept after this having been burned in the great Chicago fire, I cannot attempt to give details, stopping places or the different days' progress from memory. But at this time we were about two and a half days from Fort Laramie.

About one day's travel before we reached Fort Laramie, we stopped over Sunday at a well-appointed station kept for the company temporarily by a man and his wife, named Tarbox. He was of the Texas family of that name and his wife was a proficient in all the details of housekeeping and good cooking on the frontiers. That Sunday night was about all the real sleep I had since leaving Salt Lake City. Resuming our trip early Monday morning we made no stops save to change mules and leave way mails till we reached the crossing of South Platte, at

what was then called Julesburg Crossing, to the south bank, where the station was at which we had to wait for the stage from the then embryo town of Denver, Colorado. The discovery of gold in Cherry Creek, at the site where Denver now is, during the years 1858 to 1860, had induced a large number of people to migrate thither, and a considerable traffic had grown up between there and Leavenworth, Atchison, etc., so much so that a regular stage line had been established from Denver eastward down the Platte river to this junction at Julesburg. That night the Denver stage arrived, and in it a couple of passengers and the usual box of gold dust bound for the States. We soon had them on board and were off again, with fresh, fiery mules, on a skip-hop-and-jump. No special incident occurred, and we reached Atchison a little after night-fall on the tenth day after leaving Salt Lake City, a distance, as then computed, of 1,260 miles. (What the distance has been ascertained to be by more accurate measurement since, I do not know.) I had lost so much sleep that I had almost lost all desire to sleep. In fact, I felt alarmed at my sleepless and seemingly fresh condition. I was soon in a good hotel, had supper, smoked a cigar, and midnight came with no feeling for sleep. I concluded, then, to order a bath, which I spent half an hour in, warm and pleasant, and getting out went at once to bed. To my delight, I dropped to sleep quickly, and knew nothing whatever till I awoke at noon the following day, feeling perfectly rested and fresh. I washed and dressed, and after a little dinner, started for St. Joseph, Missouri, where I took cars, and a run of twenty-four hours landed me in Chicago. There I met my family, whom I had not seen since May 18, 1858.

I was now on my leave of six months, to count from November 15th, and I had thus consumed more than three weeks of it in getting home. The country was in great excitement, politically. Abraham Lincoln had just been elected president, by a minority popular vote, though by reason of several candidates, he had a plurality of the electoral votes of the states. Douglas, Breckenridge and Bell, all having been candidates, received a large portion of the popular vote; but Lincoln had the electoral vote of the States, sufficient to make him the President. The political leaders of the slave States were disappointed and dissatisfied; and, by reason of the then recent John Brown raid into Virginia, planned and designed to reach other States, to create insurrection among the slaves all over the South; the Southern people were more than dissatisfied, they were alarmed and exasperated to the extreme limit of endurance, and preparing for conventions to vote on the question of seceding from the Union. I was thus brought face to face with my predictions at General Johnston's dinner table, sooner than I had supposed; and wondered at that moment where Johnston was and what he thought. I had not heard from him, and did not then know he had been ordered on duty in California. I was pretty well used up, more so than I had before realized, by my long overland journey, and required rest, so I passed my time recuperating and posting myself on current events of the day.

CHAPTER XI.

I thus rested quietly with my family at 119 Wabash avenue, Chicago, until after the holidays. One of the objects of my coming east from Utah was to attend to some business connected with an old land case, in my native county in East Tennessee, and early in January, 1861, I started to that State, but took Springfield in my route. The Illinois Legislature was just then assembling and I stopped over a day or two to see and hear all I could, but especially to call upon and see Mr. Abraham Lincoln, who was just then the great Mogul of the country. As a general thing, the northern people worshiped this rising sun with peans while the southern people execrated, with equal fervency, this new leader of what they called "the John Brown" insurrectionists and murderers and organized specially to incite slaves against their owners. The Hons. John Y. Scammon and Wm. B. Odgen (friends and neighbors of mine, in Chicago) were in the same car and accompanied me to Springfield, also walked with me to Mr. Lincoln's residence and introduced me to him that evening. In a short time two other gentlemen came into the parlor; Mr. Lincoln was stretched out, or rather coiled up, on a sofa and did not at first seem inclined to talk, or show much interest in our visit. No doubt he was tired having passed a day of constant calling of politicians. What a fearful ordeal a successful canditate for high office is subjected to by his quondam and real political friends?

My friends in introducing me to Lincoln, rather overdid the matter and Mr. Ogden was quick to dis-

cover this little error of supererogation, which I as promptly tried to make amends for. Mr. Scammon rose and said, "Mr. Lincoln, I wish to introduce to you, our friend Capt. Turnley of the U. S. army. Capt. Turnley's family reside in Chicago, but he has just returned from a two years' tour of services in Utah and the frontiers, and is now on his way to visit his boyhood's home, in Tennessee. He has come by way of Springfield specially to see our President-elect. Capt. Turnley can give you all information about the army, as he has been nearly twenty years in the service, and no doubt can give us all the general sentiment of the army on the present exciting political topics of the day."

The foregoing introduction was meant all for the best, but as I have said, there was too much of it; especially as I was in the army and was being introduced to one who would soon be its Commander-in-chief; and one, too, who belonged to that class of American citizens who never had much love, and little respect, for the *Regular Army*. I watched, particularly, Mr. Lincoln's countenance during Scammon's drawn-out introduction. I was [not altogether an adept in reading minds or character, yet I had not failed in ten years' service on the frontiers, to learn something of men's characters and minds by their looks and actions. Mr. Lincoln dropped his eyes on the carpet, then raised it to the ceiling and *mechanically* responded to what he evidently felt was a bore, rather late at night. All the time my eyes were fixed on Mr. Lincoln's face and features, while Ogden and Scammon carried on a desultory conversation with him. Finally Mr. Lincoln turned to me and asked a few perfunctory questions

regarding life in the frontiers, Utah, Brightam Young the Mormons, etc., during which I was struck with his great resemblance in some respects to that shrewd and wily chief of a progressive religion, Brigham Young. Mr. Lincoln was certainly a thorough politician, and commanded and concealed his inner thoughts as completely as ever an expert gambler did at a losing game. I began to feel half sorry I had made the call, and was revolving in my mind just how I might, with good manners, close the interview and slip into outer darkness. I began to feel that I was not only a cipher in Mr. Lincoln's mind, but even worse than that, a pensioner, carrying a sword to the scandal of a free people. However, I also had command of my "risibilities" and played the "cool gambler" a little myself. It was not long till Mr. Lincoln warmed up a little to the subjects discussed, suddenly raising his head as if a new idea had struck him, in fact as though he had just *suspected* that I might possibly possess something useful to a politician—if such were his thoughts, he surely arrived at them by coming to the conclusion that I, above all "army pensioners," was about the least of a politician he had ever met with. However, this turn of affairs brought on a conversation and Mr. Lincoln plied me with questions, about as a lawyer would who expected to confuse and discredit his opponent's witness. I kept cool, and decorously answered all his questions, which related to the aggregate strength of the U. S. army, and where the different regiments were posted, informing him so far as I could. Then he asked me if there was much politics in the army. I replied, "Little or none." So Mr. Lincoln certainly felt that he had a very good subject to interrogate. Finally, he wormed out

of me that I had been through the Mexican War, Florida, and, for ten years, on the Indian Frontiers; which information must have impressed him with the belief that I ought to know something about the capability of forces in the field, and that I could not possibly know much politics. He came at once to the broad question, in case of secession of a State how many regulars it would require to keep the little State of South Carolina from floating out to sea? Every one smiled, and I replied, that I did not feel able to answer that question. "Well," said he, "Capt. Turnley, don't you think that one regiment of regulars and a regiment of volunteers would be ample to enforce the laws down there, collect the revenues, hold the courts, and carry the mails?" I replied, "No, it would not, nor ten times two regiments!"

He smiled, and turning to Scammon and Ogden, remarked: "These army officers have very large ideas of soldiers, and they never take into consideration our civil officers, and sheriff's posse." I replied that I certainly thought I had all confidence in the civil officers. "But to do the work you designate, Mr. Lincoln, will require on army, not merely a few regiments." "Well," said he, "of course, none of us know what is in the future, but so far as I can diagnose the disease we are passing through, I cannot see that more than two or three regiments will be required to execute all the United States laws in disaffected States, and to execute the laws is all I shall attempt to do. This, however, I will do, no matter how much force may be required." This, I supposed, was the end of the interview, and I cast a glance of departure toward Scammon and Ogden, but, in a moment, Mr. Lincoln, feeling, no

doubt, that he had not yet pumped me as thoroughly as he might, or had not blinded me sufficiently to his own inner thoughts, turned toward me and said in the most meekly inquiring manner: "Well, Captain Turnley, twenty years in the United States army is a long service, especially when you have passed through such a war as that in Mexico, and then on the Indian frontiers, and you ought to know something about the capacity of soldiers; as you say that two or three regiments will never be able to enforce the execution of laws in South Carolina or any of the Southern States which are threatening to withdraw and set up for themselves, I think I may venture to ask you what force you think will be able to do this work? I am not a military man, and know nothing of such things. You are, and certainly must have some definite and practical ideas on the subject; and I would just like to know, as you are a friend of Mr. Scammon and Mr. Ogden, about what military force you believe will be required to execute the laws as I have stated, in the States which may secede? Of course, Captain Turnley, I know very well that neither you nor any other man living can foretell the future; but what I wish to know is merely your present personal opinion on the subject, or in other words what force would you want, if you were personally charged with the work?" I heard Mr. Lincoln through and was really at a loss to know whether he was candidly seeking information from me, or whether he was merely sounding me for other purposes. However, courtesy and respect compelled me to assume he was candid, and my own well-fixed opinions and belief equally compelled me to answer truthfully what I believed. Said I: "Mr. Lincoln,

you ask me to give an opinion on a very important matter, as we say out in the frontiers, 'a big thing;' and as you have expressed your own personal belief in the efficacy of two regiments, I fear you will view me in the light of one of those regular army fellows, who, as you said a while ago, have very large ideas. I must assure you, therefore, in advance, that I shall indulge in no flippant extravagance of expression. You have stated the work to be done and that you mean to do that work." "Yes," said he. "Well, Mr. Lincoln, if such be your determination, I beg that you will believe me candid when I say, instead of two or three regiments, you will require two or three hundred regiments. All full to the war limit." "What!" said he, "three hundred thousand men." "Yes, sir, and perhaps twice that number." Mr. Lincoln turned to Scammon and Ogden and said: "What do you gentlemen think of Captain Turnley's estimate for an army to enforce the laws in a few States?" Scammon was silent, but Mr. Ogden replied: "Well, Captain Turnley says about the same he has been telling Scammon and myself as we came on the cars from Chicago, to-day." Mr. Lincoln smiled one of those half incredulous smiles, mixed, I thought, with a degree of pity for me as one altogether at sea, with a brain in the last stages of softening, and quite too obtuse to *take in* or appreciate his affected ignorance of military affairs. However, Lincoln said no more and it was nearly midnight, so we took our leave—not till Mr. Lincoln asked me to present his regards to Messrs. Bell and Zollecoffer, of Nashville. We then returned to the hotel for the night.

While strolling around the hotel corridors, that night, I met John A. Logan, a rabid democratic pro-

fessional politician. I had never seen him before but had often heard of him. The old "Whig" party and the new "Republican" had given him the sobriquet of "Dirty-Work Logan," because he was the ready and efficient tool of the democratic party and did many things which men of higher pretentions did not care to handle. I also heard of him in the Mexican war. He volunteered in that service in 1846, and joined the forces going through New Mexico and on through Chihuahua. He was very young and went more for the novelty than for the efficient patriotic service, but he was not a heavy weight to be hauled all day in a commissary wagon and was fresh at night to play an excellent game of cards, which he made his principal business on the march and in camp. When I saw him in Springfield, he had been elected to Congress (of course as a democrat), but the skies looked lowering just then for democrats in general, although Logan, at that time, had no serious belief that there was going to be war between the States; still he was a most wily politician, and no full-blooded Indian was never more alert on the war-track than was Logan on the scent of political possibilities. Logan was wary and calculating, and doubtless at that time was seeking pointers, like myself, from Mr. Lincoln. His position in Congress was not only valuable for revenue, but was in the line of promotion, and the Federal Government, with its immense wealth, offered a much better field for Logan's purposes than could be counted on in the Southern States. He was a democrat, it is true, but of that kind which made revenue and personal advancement the main object. No sickly sentimentality ever disturbed Logan's mind. He came from a lineage with no

such weakness. He was emphatically "on the fence," and waiting to hear from *Egypt*, before deciding which way to jump, and his best discoveries led him to stick to the political teat he then had hold of, rather than risk catching on to another of doubtful productiveness.

The next day I left Springfield, via St. Louis, for Tennessee. I stopped over night in Louisville and took tea with Simon B. Buckner, who had resigned from the army in 1855 and was then living quietly in Louisville. I met several gentlemen at that tea or supper, all of whom were interested, at the time, in perfecting a re-organization of their State militia; and Buckner, being a graduate of West Point, with some years of experience, was looked to for advice in the matter, besides I think he was adjutant-general of the State. While those gentlemen, including Buckner, hardly believed war certain, yet they were quietly preparing for it in their re-organization of the State militia.

CHAPTER XII.

The next day I left for Nashville, and after a wash and supper at the hotel, I called on Mr. Zollecoffer, whose son-in-law, Mr. James Wilson, being present, kindly introduced me. Wilson had been an officer in my regiment, on the Rio Grande, in 1850, but had resigned in 1851, married Zollecoffer's daughter and took his ease on the ample fortune his father gave him.

I also met the Hon. John Bell, one of the defeated trio of candidates for the presidency, and to whom Mr. Lincoln had requested me to express his regards. Under the circumstances, it was natural that Bell and Zolle-

coffer (both old line whigs and, so far, political friends of the old line whig, Lincoln), should want to know all I could tell them of Mr. Lincoln. I told them that I had never seen Mr. Lincoln in my life, till on that trip; and that I stopped over specially at Springfield to see and interview him. I then gave them, verbatim, our interview. (I had kept notes, the night at Mr. Lincoln's house, as well as I could, and after going to the hotel I wrote it out in extenso and called at Wm. B. Ogden's room to have him assist my memory and correct any errors or ommissions. Odgen did this with pleasure, and asked me why I desired notes. I told him that I was going where people wanted to know the exact words of Mr. Lincoln, and in case I should have to talk and answer questions, I wanted to do so by the word.) I then related to Messrs. Bell and Zollecoffer all that passed between Lincoln and myself. Both of them looked and felt serious. They were opposed to secession of States, but equally, and more so, to the spirit of John Brown's murderous and insurrectionary raids, and scheme to arm the negroes against their owners. Both men, however, still hoped for a peaceful solution of the troubles.

During the next day I was called upon at my hotel by several gentlemen, and at 4 P. M. I dined at Mrs. McCall's, on Cherry street, having been invited by her son, James K. McCall, who had but recently resigned from the U. S. army.

That evening Mr. Wilson and one or two others called at the hotel to ask me if I felt at liberty to write a letter to Mr. Lincoln and suggest to him the policy and propriety there might be in Mr. Lincoln favorably considering the appointment of Mr. Zollecoffer to the

position of postmaster-general. During the conversation it appeared to be the opinion about Nashville, (as those gentlemen stated it), that much of the prejudice and alarm of the South at the election of a sectional president, would be removed by Mr. Lincoln appointing to his cabinet one, at least, of the old line conservative Whigs of the South. I heard all they said, and thinking the matter over I could not see anything out of the way in doing as the gentlemen suggested ; at the same time I felt sure Mr. Lincoln would consign my communication to the waste basket, with no other thought than to smile at the impudence of a pitiable captain in the army presuming to address the king! However, I then and there wrote the letter as follows:

NASHVILLE, TENN., Jan. 10, 1861.

HON. A. LINCOLN, Pres. Elect,
Springfield, Ill.

DEAR SIR: I have had the pleasure to meet the Hon. John Bell, and I delivered your message of kind regards, and he reciprocates your good wishes. I have also met several other leading gentlemen of Nashville, and the one topic above all others at present is the state of the political atmosphere just now—both North and South.

I beg you will kindly pardon me for writing this letter, as I do so entirely at the request of the gentlemen here, who feel the greatest interest in the near future, and I am requested by these gentlemen (Mr. Bell one of them) to say to you that, in their opinion, much good would result if you, as the president elect, could see your way clear to appoint on your cabinet a man of note and competency from Tennessee. And they asked me to say that they would gladly have Mr. Zollecoffer fill the place of postmaster-general.

I will ask you, sir, not to class me as a politician, nor in any wise competent to address you in this manner, but that I do so entirely at the request of gentlemen, some of whom you know, and who know you kindly and favorably.

I am sir,
Respectfully,
P. T. Turnley.

I had no idea I would ever hear from him or receive any reply to my letter; but, to my surprise, some days after, while at my father's in Dandridge, I received a half dozen lines in answer, stating that my letter had been received, and Mr. Lincoln desired his secretary to say that he had not yet matured his plans nor formed his cabinet.

Of course, Mr. Lincoln or his secretary told a whopper, which great men, in responsible positions, are always telling, and I suppose they are fully justified in doing so. However, that was the end of any member of his cabinet coming from Tennessee, as I supposed it would be. I sent the letter to Mr. Wilson (Zollecoffer's son-in law), and I never heard from it or him thereafter.

After spending a few days in Nashville, during which time I strolled through the State-house and called on Mrs. Polk, the venerable widow of deceased ex-president Polk, and whose brother-in-law, William Polk, I had served with in Mexico), I continued my journey to Chattanooga, where I was detained by high water. I had not seen Chattanooga since I was a small boy, away back in the thirties, when I was only twelve years old, and when the place was called "Ross Landing." I used to go there with my father on flat-boats, loaded with corn, bacon and whisky, bound for New

Orleans (about the same kind of articles, it is said, Lincoln's father crossed the Ohio river with when leaving Kentucky). The place had grown quite out of my juvenile recollection, although it was still a dirty, muddy place, and all of its features showed it was a railway town, as well as a landing for boats. The heavy rains had caused washouts and landslides along the railroad toward Knoxville, and much work had to be done to resume travel by the cars. This, however, was remedied in a few days, and I proceeded on to Knoxville, where I stopped over a day or two to see some former acquaintances, but more especially to meet and converse with William Ganway Brownlow, whom I had known in my youth but had not seen since July, 1846, as mentioned in previous chapter. I walked out from the little tavern where I had stopped to Brownlow's residence, found him in, but to my surprise he was quite averse to talking. My grandfather Turnley, who had lived for seventy years thirty miles east from Knoxville, was a zealous Methodist, as were all his family, and he was one of the first of the good old-time backwoods denizens in that county to welcome Brownlow's entrance as a young Methodist preacher, more than thirty years previous; and grandfather did many things to push Brownlow along in his work, so that they were good friends till his death in 1848. I relied on this fact to give me a favorable presentation to Brownlow on this occasion. In politics, Brownlow had always been a whig and a bitter enemy to democracy, to the Yankee, and above all to the abolitionist, and he was nothing if not extreme. He owned a few slaves for house-servants and was always most violent in his speech against any move, or legislation looking to any

interference with negro slavery. In this particular grandfather and he differed somewhat; for grandfather, while he was quiet in his speech and action as to slavery, heartily despised the system, and never owned a slave, *nor would he permit one to do a day's work on his farm.* Brownlow, on this occasion, was reticent, did not seem to realize, or even care, who I was, and I made my visit as short as courtsey, on my part, permitted ; as for politeness on Brownlow's part, it was not to be expected nor was I greeted with any. I learned after reaching my father's house, a few days after this visit, something of the probable cause of Mr. Brownlow's manner. Father laughed most heartily when I told him of the cold reception Mr. B. gave me at his home in Knoxville. It appeared that, from some mysterious inducements, Mr. B. had arranged to kiss Andy Johnson and make up. Johnson was a life-long democrat, and had received more bitter denunciations from Brownlow the previous fifteen years, than any other man ; hence the greater the mystery, that all at once, the two should embrace? Nat Taylor, of Carter county, another old line whig, and a former Presbyterian minister, who had preached in the pulpit against Hell and the Devil ; and on the political stump had exhausted his vocabulary denouncing Andy Johnson as the chief political Devil of East Tennessee, he too had embraced Johnson. So others thereabouts (formerly bitter enemies of Democrat Johnson) had relented and were casting their fortunes with their erstwhile *hated Andy!* My father gave me some pointers on the great change, which I followed up, as I traveled east, and partially vertified in my own mind, as being perhaps true. I stopped some ten days with my father

(living five miles from Dandridge), it was mainly to make him a visit (the first for seven years) that I had taken that route. Dandridge was the place of my birth, and in its vicinity I lived till nineteen years of age. It is not strange therefore, that many of those who had known me as a boy, should call at father's to see me. In fact, for a few days I was called upon by so many good friends, that I almost pictured in my mind Mr. Lincoln's numerous callers at Springfield, Illinois. There was a great difference, however, in the two persons called on; as well as in the motives and objects of the callers! Lincoln was the great Mogul—the Lion of the nation—at least of the North, and his callers were after place and office, rewards and revenues. I was a small specimen of an army captain, who had only by chance seen the Mogul; and my callers merely wanted to learn from me how the Mogul looked, and breathed and took his toddy? However, my callers were men of character and serious thought quite as much so as Mr. Lincoln's callers, and desired more than to gratify a curiosity. The fact of my visit soon spread over most of the county; also the fact that I was direct from Springfield, Illinois, where the king lived and meditated. I began to receive letters from many sources, asking me to meet and address the people thereabouts on the exciting questions of the day. I was at a loss to know how to reply to these requests. I was not a politician, nor a professional public speaker—besides, I was handicapped with all the then restraints against army officers meddling in political matters. I consulted my father in the matter. He was then over seventy years of age, was living where he was born when the river bottoms there were

covered with cane brakes, and sheltered the Indians—and therefore he knew everybody and all knew him; so I was warranted in confiding in his ripe judgment. He said he could not discover anything wrong in my meeting the people, and telling them, so far as I could, what I had seen and heard, and giving my own opinions as far as I saw fit, etc., etc. This determined me to at least meet the people; besides I had tendered my resignation from the army when leaving Utah, to take effect at the end of my six months' leave, and part of my object in going on to Washington was to expedite the settlement of my public accounts and withdraw from the army. These things considered, I replied to some of the letters, which I append herewith and my answers thereto, together with my address at the court house in Dandridge, Saturday, January 26, 1861.

DANDRIDGE, TENNESSEE, January, 21, 1861.

TO MR. PARMENAS T. TURNLEY.

Dear Sir—Learning of your arrival in our village and that you are directly from Springfield, Illinois, we the undersigned residents of Dandridge and vicinity, feeling great confidence in your good judgment and unprejudiced mind, and feeling a laudable pride in you as a native of Dandridge, do, most respectfully request you to favor us and all citizens of the county who may attend, with a public address on the present political excitement; and that you will give us your personal views as to the causes which have produced the present condition of things, and also what, in your judgment, will probably be the ultimate results, and in your opinion may be the best course for our people of East Tennessee to pursue in the future. Believing also as we do, that your residence in Illinois must have made

you acquainted with the views and designs of leading politicians in the North, and especially, to some extent as to what may be expected of Mr. A. Lincoln, the President-elect, after his inauguration, we hope to learn something more definite than the gleanings from the daily press. Hoping you may accede to our request, and that you will name the time and place most convenient to yourself, we are

Respectfully,

W. D. Fain,	S. N. Fain,
J. C. Cruickshanks,	I. T. Snoddy,
C. R. Scruggs,	I. A. Goss,
W. M. Cruickshanks,	Robert Hamilton.

My reply:

Dandridge, Tenn., January 22, 1861.

Gentlemen—I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your communication of yesterday, requesting me to favor the citizens of Dandridge and vicinity with a public address on the topics of the day, "as to the causes of present political dissensions in our public councils, and the probable results soon to follow the crisis now pending," etc., etc., and requesting me to name a day when I can most conveniently do so.

Thanking you, gentlemen, for the flattering terms in which you have been pleased to allude to my humble abilities to review the subjects you have mentioned and with a full conviction of my own inadequacy to the task, I would, under ordinary circumstances, beg to be excused from this duty, but, in view of the intense feeling, not to say *alarm*, which at this moment fills the mind of every citizen throughout our country, and feeling as you do, that it is a duty incumbent on all to contribute, in every proper mode, to the full un-

derstanding of the questions which now distract our country, I deem it my duty to say that I will meet the citizens of Dandridge on Saturday next, the 26th instant. I am, gentlemen,

Very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

P. T. TURNLEY.

To
Sam N. Fain,
I. T. Snoddy,
I. A. Goss,
Robt. Hamilton,
W. D. Fain,
G. C. Cruickshanks,
C. R. Scruggs,
W. M. Cruickshanks.
} Esquires.

DANDRIDGE, TENN., January 21, 1861.

MAJOR PARMENAS TAYLOR TURNLEY:

Dear Sir—I understand you will probably remain in Tennessee a few days. As you have been living in the North for some time among the Abolitionists, I would like to hear a speech from you on Saturday next and give us your views, and think the people generally would like to hear you.

Yours truly, A. B. COWAN.*

REPLY:

OAK GROVE, TENN., January 22, 1861.
(Five m les from Dandr dge)

A. B. COWAN, ESQ.:

Dear Sir—I am in receipt of yours of yesterday, and in answer I will say that I have this morning replied to a like request signed by a number of gentle-

* Mr. Cowan was a radical pro-slavery man and in early boyhood a school-mate with me.—P. T. T.

men of Dandridge, and I have named Saturday, the 26th, as the time I will endeavor to meet and address the people at the court-house in Dandridge.

Very truly yours, P. T. TURNLEY.

DANDRIDGE, TENN., January 21, 1861.

PARMENAS T. TURNLEY, ESQ.:

Dear Sir—Recent events having thrown us upon perilous times, and there now being an impending crisis upon the country, even to revolution, and it being important that good men and patriots everywhere should commune freely with themselves as to what is meet to be done for the maintenance of constitutional rights, and knowing that you are a native of our county and must necessarily feel a deep and abiding interest in our common country, and understanding that you have had opportunities of no ordinary degree to become familiar with the state of public sentiment North and South, therefore we most respectfully solicit you to deliver an address to the citizens of Jefferson county, at the court-house in this place, and suggest Saturday, the 26th inst., as a suitable time, and give us such counsel and sentiments as you may think proper and right.

Very truly, your obedient servant,

W. B. MOORE.*

DANDRIDGE, TENN., January 22, 1861.

W. B. MOORE AND OTHERS:

Gentlemen—I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your communication of yesterday, requesting me to address the citizens of Jefferson county on the

*Mr. Moore was a *non* slave-owner, and, we may say, anti-slavery in principle, and the other gentlemen of both parties, but *very* conservative, and anxious for peace and harmony.

subject of our present disturbed political affairs, naming Saturday next (the 26th inst.), the court-house in Dandridge as the place.

I will meet and address the people at the time and place named. While I shall freely impart my views to those who may desire to hear me, I hope and expect to derive far more information and pleasure in hearing the views of others who may be there on that occasion.

I am, gentlemen,
Very respectfully,
Your obedient servant,
P. T. Turnley.

To
W. B. Moore,
Wm. O'Neil,
John Mitchel,
Jos. Mitchel,
James P. Swann,
Wm. Hawkins,
Wm. H. Cooke.
} Esquires.

All the above were conservative men—not favoring secession nor war nor coercion.

In compliance with the foregoing letters of request, I appeared at the court-house in Dandridge at 12 M., Saturday, January 26, 1861. Snow had fallen four inches the previous night on wet ground, which made the roads dreadfully bad for travel. The village of Dandridge (the county-seat of Jefferson) was then and is yet a small hamlet of only a few hundred people—quiet, church going citizens, pretty evenly distributed between the Presbyterian, Methodist and Baptist denominations, and everybody, who is anybody, belongs to one of these denominations. The town is located on the rough slope of a limestone ridge, overlooking the

broad and placid French Broad river, which at that place runs nearly from east to west, the river being about four hundred yards wide, with a channel from fourteen to twenty feet in depth, and a current at an *ordinary average stage* of less than a mile and a half per hour; but when flushed by rains and melting snows (as it was then), the current was nearer four miles per hour. I was born in that village, but when three years old my father moved eight miles east to a farm lying along the same river, where I grew up to work on the farm (and in the mills which he built on it), until I was nineteen years of age.

In 1841, I left there to seek an education in New York State (as detailed in a previous chapter) and this visit was the first time in twenty years that I had met, face to face, those who had known me as a boy, and the first time I had ever seen the many who had grown from infants in that time. Everybody looked serious, and it was evident they felt as they looked. Although neighbors, and harmonious in most things, yet they differed widely in political methods. In my boyhood days that county was whig in politics under the teaching and inspiration of Hugh L. White, of Knoxville, and Henry Clay, of Kentucky, John Bell of Nashville, and others, but in later years, "Andy" Johnson had changed the popular vote to the democratic side. Johnson's home at Greenville was only thirty miles distant from Dandridge, and his late speech in the senate was a surprise to all, and created division of sentiment among the people. The tone and manner of the people as they assembled increased the doubt in my mind of the propriety of my speaking. I would then have declined to do so, but for the persua-

sion of many old men who insisted I should carry out the program. The better to appreciate my then position, it is proper to state that I was, and had been for twenty years, an officer of the United States army, and a spirit of dislike existed to the army, and to army officers throughout the country, but more especially among the rural people, who seldom came in contact with army officials. This feeling was, of course, the fruit of seeds planted by our ancestors a century previous in their enmity to British troops, and a standing army, and such dislike had been fostered by every demagogue and stump speaker in the land! Andy Johnson himself had done no little during his twenty years of political life, to hold up the army and all military organizations in our country as the "enemies of the people."

In fact, to caution the dear people against the military was the chief stock in trade of nine-tenths of the political mountebanks, whose fields of action were far removed from the large cities, and among constituencies not accustomed to see or mingle with the military of our frontiers. Knowing this, it was a hazardous experiment for me, even on the spot of my birth, and amongst those who had known my ancestors for a century to have been of the middle and lower laboring classes, to assume to speak on the sacred topic of politics to the sovereign masses, or to offer advice on political matters of the day! But I determined to know no party or policy; and to speak to the mixed assemblage candidly, what I knew to be facts, and then what I believed to be true, and to keep myself uninfluenced by any division of sentiment, prejudices or partialities, then existing among them; for I knew the ig-

norance of the average rural denizen on army matters. The bad roads delayed the arrival of the people from the surrounding country, and it was not till 2 P. M. that I ascended the platform and began my address. I had taken the precaution the night before to jot down in pencil on two dozen pages of legal cap about what I ought to say, and being at my father's house I submitted the same to his perusal and opinion. He was a life-long democrat of the "strict construction type," anti-slavery in *principle* and *theory*, but pro-slavery under guarantees of the Federal Constitution, and had become fighting mad at the spirit of aggression emphasized in the late John Brown's murderous insurrectionary efforts among the slaves of Virginia and elsewhere. Being then over seventy years of age he did not take active part in politics. He had been active in previous years to make Andy Johnson what he was politically, but just at that time he was in a peck of troubles at Johnson's great speech in the senate. My old father was also aware of the divided opinion among the people of that county, and fully realized the wisdom of my speaking with care and discretion far more than I could appreciate, and gave me cautionary advice, besides giving me some pointers as to individuals I had not thought of. Andy Johnson's great speech in the U. S. senate, occupying many hours in delivery only a few weeks before, bore the earmarks of vastly more learning than Johnson could, by any possibility, lay claim to. The research into laws and constitutional points indicated that more experienced and erudite statesmen than Johnson, had a finger in its composition. And, besides this, there was whispered around quietly that a large

amount of money from Northern centers had been invested for the deliverey of some such speech against secession by some leading and popular democrat, of State's Right doctrine, from a slave State; the amount of money being placed all the way from fifty to one hundred thousand dollars, and that it had been raised by private subscription in the North expressly to pay Johnson or some other State's-Right democrat of the slave States, for his grand effort and conversion. It was further remarked that a few life-long advocates of negro slavery in the South—Mr. William Ganway Brownlow of Knoxville, and Mr. N. G. Taylor of Carter county, both old line whigs, and always the bitterest enemies of democrats and of Andy Johnson in particular—had recently, after Johnson's speech, thrown away the tomahawk, and rushed into Johnson's arms with vows of fealty! Men of all parties were amazed at this; but very few, if any one, had a key to the mystery. The average denizen of that backwoods had not then realized the efficacy of money placed where it would do the most good. It was a masterly stroke of policy at any rate on the part of leading Northern politicians (Wm. H. Seward at the head) to secure thus quietly the support of such men as Johnson, Brownlow, Taylor and a score of others, only recently the leading exponents of the pro-slavery doctrine, and residents in the midst of slavery! No move could have been more opportune or far-reaching, and it was beyond doubt arranged long before the general public knew who would be Mr. Lincoln's cabinet. The money thus invested in Johnson's senate speech, *if in fact there was any*, more than five times over compensated him and his converted enemies for the value of

the few family house slaves they possessed, and thus made them pecuniarily independent and brave to serve the cause of their Northern almoners, and it may be, too, their own convictions of right. Who dare say no?

But to return from this digression. The hour having arrived, and the assemblage gathered in the court-house, I was somewhat disappointed that no person made a move to introduce me. Not a word preliminary to the object of the meeting was uttered by any person, nor even a move made to that effect! I had then, at the very outset, either to decline to speak, or else bring into requisition my charitable leanings, and attribute this crude and unceremonious reception to two main factors: first, to the ignorance generally in the backwoods as to what should be; and second, to the fear and prejudice dominating all minds, which made every one a little afraid of his neighbor, and loath to incur the responsibility of introducing a speaker or make any allusion to the objects of the meeting! Under these impressions then, and standing two hundred feet from my place of birth, I at once began my address, first asking a gentleman on the platform to read the letters requesting me to address the people, which he did in a kindly and flattering manner; at the close of his reading I stepped to the railing on the elevated platform or amphitheatre and addressed the assemblage as follows:

FELLOW-CITIZENS OF DANDRIDGE AND JEFFERSON COUNTY:

I thank you for the cordial manner in which you have requested me to meet and address the people here to-day on political affairs now exciting the public mind.

I beg to say, first of all, that I feel serious doubt in my mind whether it is proper for me to speak to you on politicial matters. It is true I live, nominally, in Chicago, and my family is there all the time, yet being an officer of the United States army for twenty years my duties are wherever I am ordered ; and therefore, I live anywhere and everywhere, so to speak. Most of my life, since the close of the Mexican War, has been on the distant frontiers, and the last two years in Utah, in relation to the Mormon difficulties. I only arrived in Chicago four weeks past from that territory, and met my wife and children in Chicago for the first time since leaving them April, 1858.

Before leaving Utah I forwarded to the War Department my resignation from the army, and received in reply a leave of absence for six months. I am now availing myself of that leave, to attend to some private business and to visit my father (five miles from here), where I have been stopping for a few days. I shall leave Monday next for Washington City, to urge the final settlement of my public accounts, which extend through more than twenty years of service, including the Mexican War. I am, in fact, tired of army frontier life, and desire to quit it, but cannot do so until my resignation is duly accepted, and my public accounts closed ; for I have been a disbursing officer most of the past twenty years. Therefore, my friends, the question in my mind is : Will it be proper for me, still an officer of the army, to meet and address the people on political questions, and especially during the excitement now existing? Ordinarily, I certainly would not do it, but I feel the present to be the exceptional occasion, and, above all, I believe the good

people here assembled, many of whom have known my parents since I was born, and knew me from my cradle until I left here twenty years ago, have claims on me stronger than mere sentiment. Standing as I now do, on the spot where I was born, convinces me that I owe to you, old and young, a duty paramount to any rules of expediency in such matters. I have, therefore, yielded to your call to be here to-day, and all I ask of you in return is to accord to me sincerity of motive, perfect conviction of the truth of what I shall say, and a heartfelt prayer for the well-being of every soul in this county. I must speak candidly or not at all. I am ignorant of your political differences, and know nothing of political parties; therefore, what I shall say will be to every individual, whatever may be his party leaning, and however much I may seem to differ from your conceived notions or views. My life since I left you twenty years ago has been one of varied experience, but all the while a life of diligent study and close observation. I know the general prejudice among the rural population against a standing army (as it is called), which means, with you people, the regular army of the United States. While I have been and am yet in that army, I have never lost sight of the citizen nor of the political machinery and constitutional basis of our government. I beg you, therefore, to listen to me, not as an officer of the army, but as a citizen of the United States; and not even as a citizen of Tennessee, but rather as a cosmopolitan; a looker-on at events, and a friend to all, yet a blind devotee to none! In fact, my friends, you have manifested a spirit of fairness in the wording of your call on me to speak, and have expressed a belief in my freedom from prejudice and party bias

on the questions of the day, and all I ask further is that you will do me the justice to receive and ponder what I shall say in a like spirit of freedom from prejudice.

First, you ask me what has produced the present state of excitement; what will be the result; and lastly, what can I advise as to the most proper course in the future? Also, that I may be able to give you some information as to the views of politicians of the North, and possibly of the probable action of the president-elect, Mr. A. Lincoln. The field you have assigned to me is wider than I can cover in a discourse to-day, and I suspect you had in mind one of the voluble stump speakers of the period, who, I believe, make a practice of speaking the entire day and exhausting all subjects, moral, political, religious and social. I am not one thus gifted, but will try to touch on most of the points you mention, however briefly.

First, as to the cause of present excitement. Of course, every politician, North and South, if asked this question, will answer, "The cause is Negro slavery;" but, such is not the entire case, nor the prime cause in fact. Slavery in the South is an *anamalistic excrescence* on our system of government, but it is the occasion to put in active motion other and more remote, but real causes. The dissimilarity of human nature between the Puritans of the North and the flat-head cavaliers of the South is the foundation—the bed rock cause of our political wrangling and disputations. God Almighty, or the powers of creation, created men to differ; and so they have always in the past and will in the future differ. The many recurring events around us serve only as the *reasons*, the *excuses* and the *occasion*,

as I have said, for this hostility of natures to break forth. Passions are now pretty well aroused, but these passions are not of sudden growth, but have been for a long time growing in this government. The seeds of this antagonism are as old as man's creation and undoubtedly fills one of the creative power's special designs. It was centuries ago transplanted to this continent, and has grown here just as it grew elsewhere thousands of years past. Greatly dissimilar natures cannot work in harmony unless controlled by a stronger power than paper laws. Therefore, I say, Negro slavery is not the *cause* of present enmity between the people North and South, but it is the immediate and potent factor in putting *into active operation* this antagonism, much of which comes from a loss of confidence in the efficacy of *our form* of government!

So much, then, for the cause of all this excitement. What will be the result? you ask. Well, as a man is not received as a prophet in his own country, I ought to hold my tongue and not attempt to answer this. But, while I am very deferential to other people's opinions, yet I generally try to have my own, and so far I have tried to cultivate the courage of my convictions. Before I do this, however, I will reply to your inquiry as to the views and probable course of the president-elect, Mr. Lincoln. I shall give you as nearly as my memory serves me (even more accurate than memory, for I took notes at the time), and shall speak by the card. Leaving Chicago two weeks ago, I traveled in the cars to Springfield (Mr. Lincoln's home), in company with two of my Chicago neighbors, the Hon. John Y. Scammon, one of the most active republicans and a leading lawyer of the State; and the Hon. Wm.

B. Ogden, perhaps the wealthiest man in Chicago, the first mayor of that city, and a democrat in politics. Both Scammon and Ogden have been members of the Illinois legislature. Being well acquainted, we conversed freely on the political topics of the day, and I, being only an officer of the army, was not a party man in politics. I told those gentlemen of my intended trip through Kentucky, Tennessee and to Washington, and that I was going by way of Springfield for the sole purpose of seeking an interview with Mr. Lincoln on the political affairs of the day. I also told them that I was an entire stranger to Mr. Lincoln and requested them to do me the favor to introduce me to him. It is proper for me to tell you, also, that, boastful as American people are of democracy, social equality, freedom from the restraints and formalities of royalty, and all such, still it is a fact that it has become, in these days of wealth, power and ambition, very difficult for an humble person to get access to a high official; and the throngs of politicians now at Springfield, from all parts of the North and West, would amaze you. In fact, I doubt if there is a man in this assemblage who could gain admittance to Mr. Lincoln for a conversation unless accompanied by some politician of note or a personal friend of Mr. Lincoln! Knowing this I made sure of my visit by securing a good introduction at the start, and Messrs. Scammon and Ogden accompanied me to Mr. Lincoln's house the evening we arrived in Springfield. I discovered at once that Mr. Lincoln was tired. He was lying on the lounge in his parlor, having had visitors all day by scores, coming and going. I also knew of Mr. Lincoln's aversion to the military in general, and fearing this might extend even to a

personal dislike of an officer he had never seen or heard of, I requested my two friends to please omit title, or military appellation. This they failed to do and spoiled it by calling me "Captain" Turnley of the army, but I soon broached the object of my visit. I told Mr. Lincoln that I was on my way through Kentucky, Tennessee and Virginia to Washington, and that I expected to meet many personal friends in my travels who would most certainly ask questions which I might not be able to answer, and in order to do so I had stopped over expressly to have a talk with him. That as an American citizen I merely wished to hear his views on the excitement of the day, and, so far as he felt disposed, I would like to know what he believed to be the exigencies of the future. Mr. Lincoln reclined on his sofa, or lounge, Scammon and Ogden (and two other gentlemen whose names I do not recollect) were in the parlor. After a few moments' quiet, after I had expressed the object of my visit, Mr. Lincoln began to talk, and appeared to speak frankly and willingly. I was careful to note all he said, and on my return to the hotel I at once entered it in my note-book, as accurately as I could recollect. I shall therefore read to you from my notes what Mr. Lincoln then said, and you will be the better able to draw your own conclusions. Said Mr. Lincoln: "It is too soon for me to say what I shall or shall not do after I am clothed with the important duties as president; the most I can now say is what I hope and believe, and you are at full liberty to say to all whom you meet, and to Mr. John Bell especially, should you meet him, that I do not believe that the present outward excitement in the South is so deep or so wide-spread as many believe, but I think that quiet will ensue

after the 4th of March. In this I may be mistaken, but such is my present feeling. When clothed with executive powers as president I shall do nothing unusual or out of the usual course of previous presidents, but shall merely execute the laws in all of the States as heretofore, carry the U. S. mails, collect the revenues and hold the U. S. courts. I hope and believe that no serious obstructions will be offered to carrying into effect these duties; but, should resistance be offered, then I shall be compelled to use such force as may be necessary to enforce the laws and maintain the constitution over all the States. I believe, Captain Turnley, what I have said answers your inquiry; if not, please let me know what further I can say to make it plainer." I replied that his answer was quite satisfactory in one respect, and might be, perhaps, all that could or should be stated on the subject, and at all events what he had said would enable me to answer general questions; this seemed to please Mr. Lincoln, and (readjusting his position on the sofa) he began to ply me with questions and asked me how long I had been in the army, where I had served, also where I was born and if my parents were living and if they were slave owners? I replied that I was born in this village of Dandridge, and that my father was born only eight miles from the same place, and was still living there; that my grandfather served as a private in the Revolution of 1776, settled there in 1786, lived there till his death in 1848, that none of my family were slave owners excepting one or two might have house servants by inheritance, I continued and gave him a brief outline of my twenty years of military service, and that I was then still in the army, etc., etc.

Mr. Lincoln heard me through and then continued to ask me questions. He desired to know what I thought of the political situation and what people in the *frontiers* thought. As I have stated, while in the cars, I had conversed freely with Messrs. Scammon and Ogden on these matters and they knew quite well what I believed, but I had some doubts as to the propriety of expressing myself so freely on political subjects to the "president-elect," who in a few weeks would be the commander-in-chief of the army in which I was but an inferior officer. A moment's reflection, however, convinced me that I owed it to my friends who had accompanied and introduced me to be as frank with Mr. Lincoln as I had been with them, and I then said that "being an officer of the army I was rather debarred from discussing political matters; but, nevertheless, I most certainly did have very strong convictions of probable future events, and that I was perfectly willing to say that I felt no doubt but what many States in the South would secede from the Union by ordinances of secession or by conventions held for the purpose, and that they would not permit other than their own laws to be in force thereafter. That such action would bring two opposing forces into conflict at once." Mr. Lincoln then asked me many questions as to the army and where it was stationed, etc., which I answered so far as I could, and then in a good-humored manner he turned to Scammon and Ogden and said: "I do not inquire about the army because I expect to have to use it, but merely for information from Captain Turnley, whom I suppose to be conversant with the subject; but as he is a military man I will just like to get at his ideas of what force he thinks it

probable any of the Southern States will bring into service to oppose the execution of the United States laws I have mentioned," and continuing to address those gentlemen, he said, "these military men have great ideas of the soldier, and of armies, and are disposed to lose sight of our *civil forces*, which are generally quite abie to maintain the peace and enforce the laws without bullets and bayonets. While I may be mistaken, yet I believe that the civil authorities will be sufficient in the future. But if little South Carolina gets too obstreperous, it may be necessary to use a regiment of picked volunteers before all is quieted in that State and the laws are fully in force." Then, turning to me, he said, "Now, Captain, such are my views. What do you think about it? I would, at least, like to know what a professional military man thinks of it (we politicians, of course, know all about it already), and if we differ, let us see how far we differ." This, of course, left me no alternative but to decline to answer further, or else to speak candidly what I sincerely believed, and Mr. Lincoln assuring me that he really desired my honest convictions, I replied, that he and I differed widely as to the probable events of the future; that I believed secession was inevitable; that a force to execute the laws in a seceded State would, instantly, bring up an opposing force, and that if he meant to use force enough to execute the Federal laws in those States he had best begin with, not one regiment of volunteers, but first organize more than a hundred regiments, into an efficient army. "This will take time; and while you are doing this, those seceded States will be doing the same thing; and, finally, in six or eight months, Mr. Lincoln, when the stronger side is ready, the fight will begin.

While I do not expect to take any part in it myself, yet I will venture to predict that several hundred regiments on each side will be rallied to the conflict before it will end, if conflict once begins, and from your programme and the action of the leaders in the South, it must begin. Such, Mr. Lincoln, are my views, candidly expressed, and I can only hope that I may be more mistaken than you are; but, with the lights before me and the political passions that are now at fever heat, and the character of the people North and South, and of the leaders on both sides, I can not see any other results than a big war in the near future." ✓

This closed our interview. The hour was late (near midnight), and my two friends with me retired to our hotel, bidding Mr. Lincoln good night.

I have thus, fellow-citizens of Dandridge, given you with precision, what passed between myself and Mr. Lincoln, the president elect, and you can judge as well as I can, what may be his action after the 4th of March next.

I have, also, in this narrative, disclosed to you mainly my own views, so that little more need be said even on that point, unless it be to emphasize some portions of it. ✓ Mr. Lincoln says he will execute the federal laws in all the States, and will use no more force then may be necessary. This, therefore, tells us at once, what secession will meet; on the other hand, secession of many of the States is as certain to occur as that the sun will rise after next March.

This, then, makes war inevitable, and the result of a war no man can foretell, least of all such a war as this will be. Neither North or South is prepared for war at present, but will as rapidly as possible prepare for it when it begins. ✓

Now, as to the causes which have brought this state of affairs about. It is a serious matter for me to presume to state, frankly, the immediate causes of impending conflict (heretofore only political, but now to become one of deadly weapons on bloody fields). If you ask the Northern politician what is the cause, he answers, "It is Negro slavery accompanied by the aggressive arrogance of the Southern slave owner." And he is sustained and supported in his assertion by all those men called Abolitionists, who hate not only Negro slavery but the owners of slaves as well, partly because of overbearing arrogance and dictation by many of the slave owners, and partly because of religious hatred. If you ask the Southern politician the cause, he answers, "It is the aggressive inroads, constantly and persistently made during the past quarter of a century on the constitution and laws respecting 'State's Rights,' and the tenure as well as the morality of Negro slavery in the South, by Northern politicans as well as by the civil officers." I will say that to a great extent both answers are true as to the immediate incentive to conflict. We have not the homogeneous populations in our country which many suppose, and nearly all assume to exist. Then, again, the often repeated theory that people least governed are governed the best is losing its force and believers. The sparsely settled Southern States, of rural life and habits, almost entirely agricultural make you ignorant of the very different condition of the people north, composed as it is of an exceedingly mixed population in which every nationality from semi-barbarous to civilized forms a part, while the whole mass is concentrated on small area, crowded in fact into large cities, into large factories and manufact-

uring districts, demanding a much stronger and centralized government for their control than do rural and agricultural populations. This causes a growing desire for stronger civil government in the North. You people of the South (or your lawmakers) have been, from far back, foremost in inviting foreign population to this country, little heeding the protest of the thoughtful men in the North. This foreign population has poured in by hundreds of thousands annually (scarcely a soul of which ever entered a slave State) till the problem of how to control and govern that heterogeneous mass of human spawn composed of good, bad and worst of all nations, became the absorbing question more than thirty years ago. As a first step the people of the North set about utilizing the best capacities of those immigrants, in every line of work and business in field, factory and shops until they have come to like the new blood, brawn and muscle. But, this state of things has also called for a stronger government to control those elements, and I will state that much of the incentive to present action of the North comes from this desire for stronger government. Then, again, the customs, manners and religion of the people North and South differ more than most of you realize. In this you have always differed in a measure, but in the past half century his difference has greatly increased.

What we call civilization is not the same in the Puritan and in the Cavalier, even less alike now than when this government was organized; the difference has existed for many centuries and it was not the scope and design of your paper constitution to interfere with this difference, but personal and sectional interests have been almost reversed during the past half century.

Free trade and sailors' rights are not only obsolete in the New England and some other Northern States, but the principles expressed, once powerful, are now obsolete, and free trade which cuts off the tariff tribute while it protects involuntary or slave labor tribute, is exasperating in the extreme. Your slave labor in the South has become a huge barrier to the efficient organization of wage labor in the North, so that it has become a matter of money, not of morals, which cries out against your labor system. Mr. Seward, a senator from the great State of New York, uttered a pure and simple truth when he said "There is an irreconcilable antagonism or conflict between slave labor and free labor," by which he meant Negro bond labor of the South and the wage labor of the North; as a matter of course Mr. Seward desired his declaration should go forth and be construed in a *moral* as well as in a temporal sense, because the moral phase would influence the sympathetic and enthusiastic humanitarian, while the temporal and utilitarian phase would enlist the efforts of the avaricious money getter and practical business man.

As I have just said, Negro slavery is an excrescence on our system of government. I hope I shall not be misunderstood in this or any other utterances to-day. I am not a slave-owner, although born and brought up in the midst of slavery. Neither am I an abolitionist nor one who favors and sanctions the unlawful interference with Negro slavery where it exists; but I am certainly justified in saying that in the face of the Declaration of 1776: "We hold these truths to be self-evident. That all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their creator with certain inalienable

rights; that among these are life, liberty and the pursuits of happiness." I say, in the face of this declaration, on which our experiment of government is founded, I am surely warranted in saying that the Negro slavery existing at that time in the country was an anomalistic excrescence, utterly at variance with the declaration of those sixty or more men in knee-breeches and ruffled shirt bosoms then assembled in Philadelphia. It was, and is a poisonous, cancerous ulcer on the body politic. But, no doubt, those men then believed it to be expedient to let it continue. They could not then from their standpoint, forecast the development and the condition of this country three-fourths of a century in their future. In many ways this servitude has been a great benefit to nine-tenths of the Negroes. But their very improvement and their increase in numbers and efficiency has brought them face to face with more skilled competitors in life's labors, while our rapid and increased facilities for intercourses and trade sets every man to thinking, and induces the impulsive enthusiast to destroy where he cannot control or modify. Not a few people in all communities are ignorant or indifferent to the laws that protect them, while many others are defiant of all law, becoming a law unto themselves. This is partially the condition with the John Brown men in the North. Slave labor is sure, constant and obedient, but not profitable or progressive as compared with wage labor. The slave is fed, clothed, housed, nurtured in infancy and cared for in old age, without very much regard to the value or amount of work he performs. His labor is at best of the simplest, unskilled and least productive of cash values, while the white, free laborer of the North has no possible source of temporal comfort or

support save alone by *constant personal exertion*, late and early, to earn the daily pay current in his community, of which he alone takes all risk and responsibility. This leads to ten-fold more exertion on the part of the wage laborer than exists in the slave, and develops invention, brings unnumbered thousands from all nations of Europe to compete with each other, which, in fifty years, has developed the natural and artificial resources of the North ten-fold greater than has occurred in the South. In fact, the South has, *in comparison,* stood still physically. While the North counts her wealth by thousands of millions in actual dollars, the South counts her wealth only in lands and slaves, neither one of any value to produce cash without the other, and both together producing, for half a century past, only raw material, the very offal of which is not retained at home, and the profits of which go to the skilled laborer or his employer in the North, who utilizes the crude material. These are facts patent to the world, and the very weakness of the Southern States invites aggression from the stronger and richer Northern States. As before stated, it is *money* which makes wars all over the world and not *morals.* This is the age of progress in wealth making. Wealth is power, and power rules forever and everywhere. Your own communities in the South verify this every day. When a man among you accumulates sufficient wealth he gets out of patience with his unprosperous and shiftless neighbor, and either buys him out or else drives him away. Just so with Nations or States, and just so will it be between our North and South. The more advanced, wealthy and powerful press more and more on the

neighboring State, which is far behind, and which they come to believe impedes their material progress. All this, my friends, only serves to emphasize the fact that the progressive civilization of the two extreme portions of this country are widely different, and the result will be that the stronger in the end will win the victory. By civilization, I refer not to moral elements but to wealth and its advantages, because this governs nations, and not moral sentiment. Greater is the pity, possibly.

But, my friends, there is still a first and greatest of all causes of the impending conflict which I have not yet mentioned, and to which, perhaps, I ought not to allude. And yet, why may I not openly and frankly state what the chief and primary cause is? Surely I need not conceal what I most devoutly believe to be a fact—and a fact, too, which existed before your federal constitution was formed. Mind you, I say federal constitution, I do not say national constitution, for the reason that in 1787 the great majority of the people of the then provinces believed they ratified that paper, as a federal, not a national contract. Human government is a complex piece of machinery. Just as our separate, individual lives are a constant warfare between conflicting desires and emotions, so is the control and government of the multitude a constant conflict between political theories and systems. Men in the world are not alike—and the most that was aimed at in our paper constitution was to so unite the colonies, or States, whether few or many in number, in a written compact for self-protection in all its members, but leaving the individual as free to act as the compact allowed. This we called the great American consti-

tution. But such form of government never pleased a large number of men in the Northern Colonies and States, who deeply and conscientiously disbelieved in popular government of that maliocrotic kind. That class of our then statesmen (Mr. Alexander Hamilton at the head), most strenuously and conscientiously, too, labored for a powerfully centralized government, such as the monarchial governments he was born under, and which they liked better than our proposed federal system, because the highest power acted at once on every individual as well as on a community. Hamilton was an aristocrat by lineage, birth and education, and could no more change his political inheritance than can your darkest negro turn his skin white. Nor was Hamilton alone in this way of thinking—thousands of leading thinkers between 1783 and 1787 deprecated above all things the free and flexible character of that paper constitution. They worked hard, and succeeded in so eliminating some portions and modifying other portions, till finally the States ratified a confused, imperfect and ambiguous paper called the federal constituiron. This is the chart, or compact, which is in dispute to-day, and let me prophesy here now, that the blood the thirteen colonies shed to secure the privilege of writing and ratifying that paper, is not a tithe of what their descendants will shed in the near future in their angry contentions as to its meaning and limitations! In fact, my friends, your boasted paper constitution I don't consider, and have not since I could read and understand it, worth the paper it is written on! It is because the people have trusted to this constitution as an idol to be worshiped, that you have drifted into present troubled waters. Power is the only constitution

on earth or in heaven which guides and controls man, and this power comes from wealth, intelligence and from material progress in all temporal affairs—one single individual may be, and constantly is, more or less influenced by what we call *moral sentiment*—but no collection of men, such as the populace, or an army, have ever been influenced by any code of *morals* save alone that of power! This power is to be the arbiter in this country as it has been the world over, since God made Moses, and the weaker will share the never failing fate of weakness.

I think it is not for me at present, to go any further into causes of impending conflict, and if you will pardon me I will close by one word of advice to the good people of Jefferson county. When war does come, as it most certainly will, it will have no respect of persons or of political parties—all parties will be in the ranks, all will feel its hardships and suffer its pains; but it remains with every township, district, county and State to reduce the hardships to the minimum by avoiding personal altercations and neighborhood broils, by every man joining the army on that side, in the contest, which he prefers to serve, and then the families of such, who remain at home, should rest quiet and peaceful in the spirit and belief that their neighbors are acting in accordance with their convictions of right. In other words, agree peacefully to disagree, and thus neighbors can live in harmony while *powers* are in conflict, with the Lord ever on the side having the heaviest battalions! You people here cannot change results no matter what you do, therefore you best do as little as possible.

I know there are many among you who feel (very

justly too) the bitterest resentment against Abolitionists. The secret organizations by Northern citizens, aided by foreign mercenary immigrants, to create insurrection among your slaves, is proof of that hatred I have mentioned. Even if the president-elect were free from that hatred, which he may not be (considering his life-long environments), he would still be powerless to control it in others, and the slave-holding States are at this time in precisely the condition of some of the South, and Central American States, when in constant apprehension of invasion by filibusters, with the exception that organized filibusters, act openly and design no brutal or barbarous treatment to the invaded populace, further than what political achievement necessitates—while the John Brown class of filibusters is secret, and permeates hundreds of hamlets and households in the North and the South alike, and is moved by the strongest impulses that can actuate men, namely, love of money, and dislike for bond slavery, and all who advocate and defend it. They are wild fanatics whose rage is increased by your impolitic course!

This spirit in the Northern non-slave-holding States has been increasing steadily for seventy years, largely among those who honestly dislike the Constitution, until the people, native and imported, have outgrown constitutions and laws on many issues, but especially as relate to slavery in the South, and thereby the lack of full control over wage labor in the North. The people of the slave States may well be alarmed, for you are living over a magazine with enemies holding a fuse and torch, with ample power to light it at will, while Southern politicians are hurling at them a *challenge to light it!*

Daring them, as it were, to move? But this is not your greatest danger. The leading men all over the South are to-day mainly responsible for the superior strength and enmity of the Northern leaders, and are entirely responsible for the weakness of the South! Six millions of whites with four millions of slaves are in no condition to cope with twenty millions of whites in the North, rich in every resource, and most advanced in every line of mechanical skill necessary for war making, and rich enough in money to hire soldiers of every nationality on earth and even recruit their ranks *from your own firesides!* On the other hand, the South is poor almost to the verge of helplessness at present, save only in the courage of your men. But courage is not all that is needed in war; manufactories and war implements, you have none worth the name. Yet, Southern statesmen and politicians have for forty years, and especially during the last twenty years, indulged in very intemperate denunciation of the theories and political doctrines of Northern men which, however differing from your own, yet are deeply entertained in other men's minds and deserved, and required for your own safety, a more serious consideration and a more calm discussion than impulsive denunciation and expressions of defiance. Self-confidence is the first element of weakness, and putting aside for the moment all questions as to the moral phase of slavery, or slave labor as compared to wage labor (which in most other nations is wage slavery), I say, there is no moral question involved, and we must look at the actual facts as illustrated in human nature. Our American States, above all other nations we know of, are progressive, not stationary, and men will think and

theorize quite as much in politics and government as in religion, and as the world's intelligence outgrows religious dogmas, creeds and formulas of confession of former periods, so do people outgrow political theories and constitutions and laws, and become so impressed with what they think are evils and heresies, like Luther in the Roman Church, that they cry out against the old and in favor of the new departure! Men of the South have not heeded this spirit, but have treated it with an impatient lack of confidence and respect which men of scholarship and of deep study, in the North, will not accept in silence. Southern men have seemed to rest in the belief that the world stands still, and only the sun has motion ; in other words, the Southern leaders believe that the antiquated paper constitutions and obsolete laws still retain their original force among other peoples as with themselves; but this is not the case. You make and repeal laws constantly, so must progressive States make over and alter their constitutions, or else put a stop to thought and discovery, and anything like progress; either this or come to violence and revolution. It is absurd to deny the fact that we have outgrown our paper constitution. The lack of this spirit of calm inquiry and deferential treatment on the part of many leading Southern men has made enemies of those who had otherwise been patient and conservative. The president-elect, Mr. Lincoln, portrays the whole future in expressing what he shall do after inauguration. He cannot do otherwise, even if he personally desired to, because the leaders and the masses of the people whose servant he is, and who have elected him, will not permit him as president to do less than they demand and that he has

stated he will do; not that all of the people North are thus inclined, but the vast majority and controlling element of them are; and the more powerful element, be it few or many, will force Mr. Lincoln to do their bidding.√ While, on the other side, in the South, nothing short of secession from the Union can or will be listened to by the leading and controlling forces of the Southern States, not because all are just now in favor of secession, but because the ruling spirits, aided by sympathy or State pride, fireside patriotism and family ties—even race affinities—will speedily become active incentives to defend homes and native soil without regard to the morality or questions of difference. It is very true some will not be influenced by such surroundings. Not a few men in this world, in all races and nationalities, never feel impressed with any other than purely selfish and material conditions; are, in fact, like the average European immigrant, ready to fight in any army or nation and on any side which promises the greater money reward! Others may be timid and retiring, and will seek shelter and safety regardless of consequences to his neighbors. In the North and South alike, conflict will develop all these characters after hostilities are once commenced. Not those who now demand war, North or South, will always be found, where danger is greatest! Others must do the fighting when the hour comes! But, wars never go backward because of such. In fact, wars never cease from the earth, and never will, but every recurrence is a resumption of a previous war. The Southern people, if sagacious, unselfish and determined, will speedily form relations with other nations by which they may hope to cope with a vastly superior force, and thus secure

their separation or at least prevent subjugation. Otherwise the South will be vanquished and slave and master alike become victims of conquerors, who will be all the more exacting because of their own great losses in men and property. Personally I shall be a looker on in all that is going to take place, viewing men and measures with the cold eye of criticism rather than with sentimental emotion. Yet all the while and forever wishing safety and harmony to the people of this my native village and country. May God bless you all.

CHAPTER XIII.

Monday morning, January 28, two hours before daylight, I left my father's to resume my trip to Washington, on the East Tennessee & Virginia railway; and a little after sunrise, when in sight of the little town of Greenville, the home of Andrew Johnson, the cars ran off the track and we were stopped in the mud—only a few hundred yards from the Greenville station. I got out of the car and wandered around the village for a half hour and got a cup of poor coffee, a boiled egg, and the ever present fried chicken, then returned to my car. In a short time some gentlemen of the village entered the car and inquired for a man of my name, to which I responded. They had learned of my speech in Dandridge, two days before, and came to ask me to address the people in the court-house in Greenville. Mr. R. Arnold was the spokesman, accompanied by two or three others. He stated that they lived in the village, and handed me a written request to speak at the court-house that forenoon, of which the following is a copy:

GREENVILLE, TENN., January 28, 1861.

MR. P. T. TURNLEY:

Dear Sir—Learning that you will be detained in our place until the one o'clock train to-day, and knowing that you now reside in the North, and that you were born in the South and in a neighboring county in our own State, and believing that you desire the welfare of the South in the present difficulties, we would like for you to address the citizens of our town at the court-house to-day at 10 o'clock, and give us your views as to the policy they should pursue under existing circumstances, and also to inform us, as far as you can, as to what is the true feeling of the Northern people in regard to the South in the present crisis.

Your obedient servants,
R. Arnold,
H. G. Robertson,
S. P. Crawford,
Geo. W. Fonte,
Robt. A. Crawford,
Hartsell Good,
Jas. McSunwody,
Mat. Wilson,
J. C. Marstin.

I told them I would send them a written answer within half an hour, for which they thanked me and departed. I went at once to the men at work re-adjusting the cars, and learned it would be only a few hours until our train could start, so I entered the cars and sent the following answer to the gentlemen named:

ON THE CARS, Tuesday, 8 A. M., Jan. 28, 1861.

TO R. ARNOLD and others:

GENTLEMEN: Your note of this morning has just been handed me, requesting me to address the people of Greenville at 10 o'clock this forenoon at the court-

house, and I will say in reply that the detention of the cars will only be for a few hours, and the time appears too short for the people to assemble even if I were sure of having more than the hour's time, and it would be impossible for me, in that short time, to meet and say much to the good people of Greenville which they do not already know. But I will, with pleasure, be at the court-house at 10 o'clock to-day, and will gladly impart whatever information I have to those who may there assemble as to the feeling of the Northern people towards the South just at this time (so far as I can judge).

Very truly,

P. T. Turnley.

To

R. Arnold,
H. G. Robertson,
Geo. W. Fonte,
Robert A. Crawford,
Hartsell Good,
Jas. McSunwody,
Mat Wilson,
J. C. Marstin.

In half an hour the little printing office had struck off many flaming hand-bill posters, a foot square, in large letters, reading as follows:

(Poster.)

PUBLIC MEETING.

P. T. Turnley, of Chicago, Illinois, and formerly of Jefferson county, Tennessee, will address the citizens of Greenville and vicinity at the COURT-HOUSE to-day at 10 o'clock, A. M.

All who want to hear facts of thrilling interest to the country in the present crisis are invited to attend.

Jan. 28, 1861.

I improved the time in the car to jot down in pencil about what I felt it prudent and proper for me to say, and when 10 o'clock arrived I was in the court-house.

(Address.)

Citizens of Greenville: I never felt more out of place than at the present moment, and if I could impart to you the reasons for my embarrassment I feel sure you would appreciate the situation. I spoke in the court-house in Dandridge last Saturday, within a stone's throw of the spot where I was born, and to an assemblage of people among whom I grew up to early manhood, but whom I had not seen since I left them twenty years ago to enter college in New York.

When I graduated at the United States Military Academy, June, 1846, the Mexican war was just beginning, and I at once entered that campaign and served till its close, and have been ever since in the military service on the distant frontiers, my last service being two years' tour in Utah, from which I only arrived in Chicago to meet my family four weeks past. On the 15th of the present month I left Chicago by way of Springfield, Illinois, where I stopped over twenty-four hours for the express purpose of seeing the president-elect, Mr. Lincoln, and then continued my journey by way of St Louis, Louisville, Nashville and Knoxville, then stopping a few days with my father near Dandridge. At this hour I am on my way to Washington City. Before leaving my post in Utah I tendered my resignation from the army, but in answer thereto I received a leave of absence, and I am now on that leave, but my resignation not yet having been accepted by the president, I am still an

officer of the United States army. You will, therefore, understand that, for me to appear before an assemblage of citizens to speak on political matters is not in accordance with the general sentiment of the people at large, nor consistent with the proper duties of an army officer. At the same time I do not conceive that I am debarred from meeting the citizens in my native village and vicinity as Greenville is, and returning a respectful answer in person to your communication of this morning. I had a similar request made to me last week by the people of Dandridge, and I spoke in reply thereto, at greater length than it is practicable for me to do on this occasion, but will here repeat briefly part of what I then said. I spent some hours with Mr. Lincoln at his house in Springfield, and we conversed one night in his parlor until a late hour, on the disturbed condition of the country. After a desultory conversation, generally, I put the question directly to him as to his views for the future.

I being a stranger to him, and not a politician, but a subordinate officer of the army, it was not strange that Mr. Lincoln, in view of the high and responsible office to which he has been elected, manifested some hesitation in giving his views, but I had partially provided for this by taking with me to his house the Honorables William B. Ogden and John Y. Scammon, both leading citizens of Chicago and neighbors of my family, to introduce me, and under this favorable introduction Mr. Lincoln was more inclined to talk; and without repeating all he said it is enough to say in reply to my question that he had no other policy in view, after assuming the duties of his office, than to execute the laws as required by the Constitution, and

by his oath of office, and stated further that he would carry the mails, collect the revenues, and hold the courts. He further stated that he did not believe any military force would be necessary to do this, but should such be the case, then he would use such force as the necessities might require. "In any event," said he, "I think one or two regiments of volunteers, together with such of the regular army as may be available, would be all sufficient for the purpose." Mr. Lincoln then took his turn putting questions to me, and asked me, as a military officer, what I thought as to the military force to be used, and whether I thought the force he had named sufficient. Of course I was not prepared to answer so grave a question; because in the first place I was not assured that Mr. Lincoln was seeking from me information, and secondly, I well knew that he was, like the great majority of citizens, disinclined to credit any professional military man with political knowledge, and still less to accord to such political freedom of either thought or action. Receiving from him, however, assurances that he really did desire me to express my views, I frankly replied, and told him, as I have told others, and as I will now repeat, namely, that "if you use any military force at all, you will require not one or two regiments and a part of the regular army, but hundreds of regiments, and all of the regular army, besides." Mr. Lincoln was in the best of humor (as were all those present, — Mr. Ogden, Mr. Scammon and one or two more gentlemen) and he really seemed to feel no uneasiness as to the future, and I felt at the time as though he was merely quizzing me for his own and the company's amusement.

However, I gradually became convinced that both he and others present did desire my views, and therefore I frankly gave them. Now, my friends, it is a fact which no intelligent man, North or South, East or West, can be ignorant of, that Mr. Lincoln, who in a few weeks will be the chief executive of this government, and the entire republican party of the North are sincerely and heartily opposed to Negro slavery, and have been growing more so and increasing in numbers rapidly for forty years past. So deeply and conscientiously is this sentiment felt, that many of them had much rather see the Union dissolved than to continue part slave and part free States. Not so with the mass of the democrats of the North. While many of them are also morally opposed to slavery, yet they prefer things should remain as they are, rather than a separation of the Union or interference with slavery. Between these two parties in the North there is active and exciting differences just at present, but the deep-seated opposition to slavery has attained such large proportions that it will henceforth overpower all other questions in popular vote. These are facts which you and all men have to acknowledge. Now, as to your question in regard to the South in the present crisis, I will say that the political, religious and moral sense of the leading spirits in the North being arrayed against this Negro slavery, the incoming administration will not be able to compromise, even if otherwise willing to do so, in any measures likely to be acceptable to the leading men of the South, who are determined to defend their constitutional right to continue Negro slavery. In fact, the intense hatred of a large portion of the Northern people to the institution of Negro slavery has to a

great extent drifted into a dislike to the owners of slaves personally (much increased, too, because of the latter's brusque and sometimes impolitic temper in defense of their course), and to those who even approve of such bondage, and advocate its continuance or extension. Therefore, when hostilities once begin, as I now see no prospect of averting, it will rapidly expand into a general war, involving all parties, States and interests!

You of Tennessee cannot escape involvment in the issue, however much you may desire. It is not enough to say the slave States hold such property by terms of the federal constitution and are promised protection in the same by statutory laws—this is all true, but people outgrow constitutions and laws based thereon, and when such prevailing sentiment attains power, as it now has, nothing is so futile and weak as a paper constitution or paper laws. Revolution is the previous question and is always in order, and the secession of the slave States from the Union will be no less revolution now than in 1776. This previous question was called by the last election, in the North, and is now being called, in the South, by *action*, as well as *words!*

Lastly, you ask me what policy I would advise the Southern people to pursue under existing circumstances, and this question, fellow-citizens, reaches quite beyond the limits of my power to answer, or that of any other living man. The most I can do is to express my belief as to the near future, and leave you to judge for yourselves as to what may seem most expedient.

In the first place, Mr. Lincoln is not candid or else he is entirely mistaken as to the military force which he thinks will suffice to carry out his expressed pro-

gramme of executing the laws. My opinion is that Mr. Lincoln is too smart a man not to see war is inevitable and that he was really quizzing me, while in fact he was and is mapping out plans for a colossal war force! But Mr. Lincoln will do just what he says, and the Northern people will back him to the full requirements. In the second place, the Southern leaders are greatly mistaken in supposing for one moment that secession from the Union will be acquiesced in without war; our paper constitution will not prove a barrier to coercion, and if need be subjugation. The very moment force is used on either side, there will be no limit to the extent of force that will be brought forward to meet force, and no man, at this time, can presume to forecast the result. Now, this means war: and many of you no doubt will consider me an alarmist, and naturally so, because a prophet has little grounds to claim honor in his own country; but I promised to speak candidly what I believe, and if I did not sincerely believe that before many months this country will be involved in a gigantic war I would not have answered your call, and appeared before you this morning. You have my opinions and some of my reasons for them; and with sincerest wishes for harmony and good feelings in Tennessee, I will close, and resume my journey on the cars which I see are now ready. I thank you for your confidence, your appreciation, and for your kind and respectful attention. With my heartfelt wishes for harmony and good feeling among all my East Tennessee brethren, I bid you good-bye.

After this address I returned to my car and was soon on my way again towards Washington City. When leaving my father he placed in my charge a

young man eighteen or nineteen years old (one of his wards), to see him safely delivered at Emory & Henry College, not very far from Abingdon, Virginia, and I had to stop off there to introduce him to the chief officer of the college. This caused me to lay over one train and required me to get up in the night. The lad was an uncouth farmer's boy, bright enough in his way, but of head-strong, wild disposition, and inimical to discipline or restraint. In fact, he was a wayward chap in many ways, and father thought if he could be placed in college he might possibly drift into the routine of study and better habits. I entered his name on the college roster, paid the installment required and had a short conversation with the superintendent as to the boy's home life and surroundings, so as to give the superintendent a fair knowledge of the character he would have to deal with. This done, I took tea at the students' table, had a few hours sleep till the train arrived, then once more resumed my trip. Meanwhile, I gathered some information concerning the recent murder of student Adkins, of South Carolina, as was alleged by a son of W. G. Brownlow, also a student. From what I could gather, young Brownlow killed his fellow student with a billet of wood, which fact produced on my mind the impression that young Brownlow was a fair type of his bully father in Knoxville.

I arrived in Washington January 30, 1861, and took a room at the National Hotel. After a clean-up, and a little rest and refreshments, I made the rounds of the departments, especially the War and Treasury departments, and the various auditors, to request that my public accounts be taken up and settled. I

then paid my respects to General Winfield Scott, whose headquarters were in Washington. I there met for the last time Colonel Robert E. Lee, of the United States Cavalry, and who was either on leave or on some special duty. General Scott had a remarkable memory of persons and facts, and as soon as he learned my name he knew I was from Utah. He called me to mind at once and plied me with questions on many subjects connected with Utah and the troops there. I told him I was on my first leave of absence for four years, and I had only called to expedite a settlement of my public accounts, which extended as far back as the Mexican War service; that I desired to leave the military service just as soon as my accounts could be closed. I was standing, at this remark, ready to leave; the general rose from his chair and put his hand on my head, saying: "No, Captain Turnley, this is not the time for you or any other officer to resign. Now is the time every officer is wanted at his post, and if your resignation reaches my office, I must withold it." I told him I had been virtually all my army life on the frontiers, and was heartily tired of the mode of life; that I had just come in from Utah to meet my wife and children in Chicago, whom I had not seen since April, 1858; that there had got to be entirely too much political favoritism in the War Department in detailing officers for distant frontier services, some of them being kept all the while beyond civilization, while favorites enjoyed the comforts of good posts in large cities with but little to do. The general admitted the truth of my statement, regretted it, and said it would soon be different. I wondered if he expected the man soon to succeed John B. Floyd

would prove to be any better? We parted, however, and it so happened we never met thereafter. That day I made the rounds of the Capitol, both houses of Congress, saw and heard the excitement, and learned the feelings of uncertainty as to the future.

At the National Hotel also stopped, Andrew Johnson, then a senator, who had drawn the eyes of all the South on him by his late union, or anti-secession, speech. I had not seen him since July, 1846, when I passed through Greenville on my way to New Orleans to join my regiment, then en route to Mexico. On that occasion I staid all night in Greenville with my father who was there attending court, and stopping at the tavern. Johnson, I think, was then governor of the State and lived not far from the tavern; he and father being personal and political friends, we concluded to call upon him that evening. Father introduced me as his young lieutenant son, just from West Point and on his way to the seat of war on the Rio Grande, etc.

Johnson, while complimenting me on my successful course at West Point, and my soldierly appearance, yet had to air his demagoguery by deprecating what he called the "evils of a standing army in our republic," etc., etc. I heard him through, but felt too modest to gainsay anything he had uttered, absurd and ridiculous as it was; but at the village tavern, where I shared a room with my father, I delivered myself freely, notwithstanding father and Johnson were the closest of democratic brothers. Father was at that time nearly 60 years of age and Johnson was only about 37 or 38, and had been boosted forward as a politician from early manhood by my father's untiring efforts. While

father did not share Johnson's peculiar views as to the regular army, yet he was disposed to put a charitable construction on that and some other traits of Johnson's character.

But to return to my narrative. Being at the same hotel in Washington with Johnson, I looked him up, but found it very difficult to catch him at leisure enough to converse with him. Finally one night, learning he was in his room, I sent my card up and word came back for me to go up. I did so and found his door open and he alone, pacing the floor of his large parlor-room, as if in deep thought, or anguish of mind ; I stepped inside the door and stood there for several seconds of time before he seemed to realize I was there, and even then, he merely turned to me in a listless sort of way, reached out his hand and mechanically pointed to a chair. I sat down in a dead silence which was not broken, save by his footfalls on the carpet, for as much as five minutes. I thought the man was demented ! I felt as much non-plussed as he looked distracted ! I soon satisfied myself that any progress in conservation devolved on me. I began to think that Johnson was either demented, or he intended to treat me with contempt, so I broke silence by saying, "Finding myself in Washington, Senator Johnson, and just from a visit to my old father, near Dandridge, I sent my card up to you to pay my respects before I leave for Chicago, but finding you apparently absorbed in matters of deep interest, I will not intrude but will call another time." He replied, "I thank you, Captain Turnley, very much, and will be glad to see you any time when at leisure." Whether he meant at my leisure or his own I knew not, but was not long making my exit. That was the last

call I ever made on "Andy" Johnson, except once when I called on him at the White House, just before he vacated it, with my wife and two little daughters, when he was very cordial. That night I wrote my father an exact narrative of my visit to Johnson, with plain English expressions of my opinion of the man, and told my good old daddy I had more than enough of his protegé's crotchetry, idiosyncrasies and colossal egotism, and had made up my mind to give him a wide berth in future. Which I did, excepting the visit above with my family.

After one more day in Washington, learning all I could of the feeling on the political muddle of that time, I left for Chicago by way of New York. In New York, I called to see Ambrose E. Burnside, a graduate of West Point in 1847, but who had resigned from the army and was then secretary of the Illinois Central Railway with office in New York City. Burnside and I were three years cadets together and intimate. In fact, I had been his guardian angel more than once while we were Cadets. I was a quiet and studious cadet officer, while "Burn" (as he was called) was a rollicking, jovial fellow, and would take his last blanket under his arm, at midnight, go a mile to Benny Havens and "drink it down." He was a good hearted, whole-souled fellow in his way, but his way was his own way! Burnside knew I had been stationed in Utah, and when I related to him recent my trip from Chicago, via Springfield, Nashville, etc., to Washington, he was anxious to learn all about the feeling of the country on politics and what "*Old Abe*" said. I told him everything I knew, and had learned. I also told him my own settled convictions of an early war, but he was more incredul-

ous than Lincoln affected to be or Bell, or Zollecoffer tried to believe. "However," said Burnside, in that interview, "Turnley, if there is to be war, I shall have to close out here and go south; Old John Brown has brought this on the country, and was very properly hanged. While I don't like Negro slavery, yet I am for law and fair dealing and too many of my friends are in the South to permit me to desert them, or make war on them." He then named over many of his Southern friends, Maxy of Kentucky, Pickett and Heath of Virginia, and others, and closed by saying, "Of course, you will go south to Tennessee." I replied that my intention, before leaving Utah, was and is to resign from the service entirely; and in any event I did not consider myself in any way responsible for the public discontent, nor that I was under any obligation to take service with either side, or faction. With this our interview closed, and I repaired to the hotel. I left that night for Chicago where I arrived, over the Erie Road, February 5, 1861, and found my wife and two little girls, Emma and Mamie, all well. Being once more at home with my family, I was content to rest and watch the growing excitement of the people all over the country, at the signs of secession and war. A few days after my arrival, Mr. Lincoln left Springfield, for Washington, through Ohio, Harrisburg, Philadelphia and Baltimore, to avoid any suspected attempt to do him harm. He was finally installed President without molestation. I am not writing the history of the war, and shall not therefore attempt to give anything connected therewith excepting my personal work and experience with those with me. I rested in Chicago till April, when I again left for Wash-

ington, to hurry up the settlement of my public accounts, taking Harrrisburg in my route, where I was delayed for a few hours, during which, to my surprise, Fitz-John Porter served me with notice, and an order from General Scott to the effect that my leave of absence (not yet half expired) must *terminate at once*, and I must return to duty, and for the present to report to Governor Curtin, then in the state-house, for such work as might be necessary to accommodate volunteers then arriving at Harrisburg. This was a snap judgment on me I did not like. I tried to argue Porter to view it as I did, and let me go on to Washington, but he was obdurate ; so I yielded and repaired to the Governor's office and reported to him. The Governor was not a military man, nor a commissary, or skilled in the housing or feeding of soldiers. In fact, he did not know what he did want, or need in the premises, and deferred everything to me. Of course, the required work was exactly in my line, that of locating a camp and cooking for volunteers. So I looked over the ground, selected a site suitable for a camp, and had lumber delivered and carpenters at work in twelve hours, erecting temporary shelter, cooking conveniences, etc. I called on the Governor to learn how many soldiers I should provide for, and he said, he supposed five hundred or a thousand ! I ventured to suggest, that it had better be made for three or four thousand, or at least be so planned and arranged that it might be enlarged at least labor and expense. This was agreed to, and in three days I had accommodations ready for over ten hundred men, and everything convenient to enlarge it as needed. I certified to vouchers for the work and materials, but I never knew who paid them. Having

done this much, I requested the Governor to relieve me and allow me to proceed on via Philadelphia to Washington, and he did so; but required me to report to General Pattison then in Philadelphia. I reported, as required, and was again ordered on duty; first to Perryville, then to Annapolis where I was kept till July converting that naval school into an army depot. Arriving at Annapolis, I found Captains M. S. Miller and Daniel H. Rucker, of my department, hard at work making the change of that naval station into an army depot. Both officers ranked me and had been there for two weeks, but were anxious to leave for Washington and only waiting for some officer to relieve them. They were hilarious, overjoyed, when they learned I was there under orders for duty; and it was not many days till they had turned over all money and property, as well as current orders, and both left for Washington City where they were given duties more congenial to their tastes, and in proximity to their families. As for me the feeling with them seemed to be that it made little difference,—since my absence from my family for more than two years made it a matter of no importance whether I had my family near me or not—That was the last time I met Miller or Rucker until after the "Cruel War." I rapidly converted that station into a general depot and rendezvous for volunteers passing through to Washington. I laid a mile or more of rails, so that the cars could come into the depot, cleaned the harbor of vessels from the eastern cities loaded with supplies. One of those vessels is worthy of being embalmed in my reminiscences. It was the Kill-van-cool from Boston or New York, and contained among other things five

hundred thousand pounds of dried cod-fish! For a land-lubber, like myself, the smell of one pound of it was an ample feast! I finally got the stuff trans-shipped on a small vessel to Washington City. I have no doubt the noble sons of Puritan sires luxuriated on the mummyized carcasses from the briny deep. It was there I met for the first time Gen. Benjamin F. Butler, in command, and of course my superior officer, whose orders I had to obey. Butler had just then been appointed major-general from Massachusetts, green in all military matters, and equally so in the legal and regulation details of the care and disbursement of property and money. He was entirely pleasant and agreeable to me, both personally and officially; only one thing occurred there to mar our official intercourse, and that I must relate. In breaking up that station, the naval officers' mess had to be closed, and the chief navy commander there had to vacate, and close up his housekeeping by disposing of much of his furniture. Included in this was several hundred dollars' worth of table silver-ware, which he induced Gen. Butler to purchase, as it was supposed to be just the thing for a general's army mess, in the field, Butler bought it on account of *the United States*, and sent the bill to me, as disbursing quartermaster, to pay! I laughed at the thing at first, and, of course, declined to pay any such bill; but Butler insisted; so I made a virtue of necessity, and drafted an order from the "general commanding" to write on the bill, in duplicate, and sign. Of course, I made the wording of the order most stringent and peremptory, and then paid it. It was more than a year after when that part of my accounts reached the auditor of the treasury de-

partment, at Washington, who stopped the whole amount against *me*, until I called his attention to Butler's peremptory orders. That relieved me, and it was all charged up to Butler. I never heard how he got through with it. It was a time, however, when officers of high rank and strong political pull, like Butler and Fremont, could settle almost anything. Having finished my work at Annapolis, I was ordered to report to John C. Fremont, then in New York City. I reported the day of the first Bull Run battle. Before closing my reminiscences at Annapolis, however, I will relate a few incidents worthy of note. In the first place, the War Department came to the conclusion, from the wholesale resignation of army officers of Southern birth, that it was necessary to add to the oath taken at West Point (when entering as a cadet). Accordingly, Lieut. Putnam, of the engineers, was sent around to all posts and commands with a newly printed extra oath for officers to subscribe to. And he called on me for that purpose. I read over the new oath, and handed it back to him saying, "I do not consider it necessary for me to add to or take from my oath taken as a cadet. Nothing put into the new oath could make the old one any more binding." He left me and I heard nothing more about it until I visited Washington some weeks after; when I called at the adjutant-general's office, I was asked why I declined to sign the new oath. I replied that any person who will read the oath that I had taken as a cadet, in 1842, must see that it covers all that could be covered, and I considered the new oath merely the result of a craze, or a scare-crow for cowards. That is the last I ever heard about it, and I never took the new oath.

One other incident I think is worth relating, as showing the sentiments entertained by old and honest, intelligent and patriotic men. Doctor David Rutter, of Chicago, my wife's father, a native of Pennsylvania, but since 1848 a resident of Chicago—an old-line whig in politics, retired from practice of his profession, but alive and active in all the political phases of his country, and ripe in years, being in his sixty-first year of age—wrote to me on May 30th as follows:

CHICAGO, MAY 30, 1861.

CAPTAIN P. T. TURNLEY, U. S. A., ANNAPOLIS, MD.

My Dear Captain: I have learned that you have been placed on duty at Annapolis, and I hope you are pleased with the service. Mary has joined you before this, and I hope she will make it all the more pleasant for you at that place. We kept the children with us, because we thought it best.

Now, Captain, I do hope that the fact of your being a Tennesseean will not influence you in fixing your position in the dreadful troubles now beginning. I beg you will stick to the government as the only hope for safety. I know you have a father, kinsfolk and friends in the South, but you also have wife and children and friends in the North, therefore, I pray you will hold on to the government, and so long as you do any duty, it will be on the side of the government.

Sincerely,

D. RUTTER.

The above was received with other mail matter June 1, 1861, at my office at the Naval School, Annapolis, Maryland, while I was overrun with work, vessels arriving from New York loaded with supplies to be either forwarded on to Washington, or else unloaded

and sent by cars. In fact, while I had a dozen assistants, yet I was overwhelmed with work, day and night. Mr. T. Bailey Myers, of New York, was one of my assistants at the time, and a most excellent business man. Sorry I have never met him since. On June 6 I received another letter. It was from my old father, near Dandridge, Jefferson county, Tennessee, then in his seventieth year. The letter above given, as I have stated, was from my wife's father, Dr. David Rutter, in Chicago, and the one below (received six days afterward), from my own father, is as follows:

DANDRIDGE, May 31, 1861.

CAPTAIN P. T. TURNLEY, U.S.A., ANNAPOLIS, MD.

My Dear Son: I received your brief note of 20th inst., telling me where to direct a letter, and I avail myself of the information. I note what you say of the excitement in the North, etc., but I am more concerned about my own section of the country, and our people in East Tennessee. Secession is a fixed fact; although it was not my method of proceeding, still, like the declaration of July, 1776, against England, it has been issued, and must now be sustained, or else we of the South will fare ten times worse than our colonial people would have fared, had our ancestors failed in securing their independence from England. The South and North were then united in fighting a foe 3,000 miles off. *Now*, the *then united* are *dis-united*, and every indication is that war is imminent, as you stated would occur when you were here. If the Northern people persist in coercing the South, it is plain that the North repudiates the requirements of the United States constitution, and the very basis on which the Declaration of Independence was founded. To preserve the union,

as they assert, is a mere cloak and subterfuge. Union of all the States is, of course, *desirable*, under equal and fair justice to each and all the States alike, not otherwise. Negro slavery is no worse, but in fact more humane now than it was in 1776. A forced union is the very opposite of that liberty the colonists fought England to achieve, and if the Northern States now begin war, to force the unwilling States of the South to continue in a government, which the North itself has been the first to decry and condemn as a "League with the Devil and a covenant with Hell," then, indeed, has the Northern people been hypocrites and liars from the beginning, and the sooner our Southern States separate themselves from the Europeanized North, the better. You predicted a war when you visited me last January, in your speech in Dandridge. Surely it seems to me, that you of all men, ought now to be most assured of his duty to his native home and friends, for, if war is to be our portion, then it will very soon be impossible for a Southern-born man of honesty and patriotism to be welcome or trusted in the North, no more than a Northern-born man can be trusted or relied on in the South. With an honest man, worthy of his ancestors, love of home and fireside must and will direct his course; but for men not honest, who seek for power and fame, such will be found where their price is paid. I say to you, my son, leave the federal service, and either come and be one of Tennessee's defenders, or else retire from both sides and pursue your private business. This is my heart-felt desire, and I shall hope soon to receive a letter from you telling me such is your course.

Affectionately, your father,

John C. Turnley.

CHAPTER XIV.

The foregoing letters, one from father, the other from father-in-law need little comment from me. The writers typify the spirit and leanings of the divided people of the United States at that period without passion or prejudice. Each was sincere in his opinions, one striving to induce me to go south, the other to remain with the United States army north. The bloody conflict which followed, ceasing for the time in 1865, but possibly not ended, was the materialized divergent sentiments of those two aged citizens. Each of them to the manor born in their respective States, both were imbued with the sentiment that duty and patriotism pointed each to his own camp, to defend his fireside, family and State. Father had served with Andrew Jackson in the War of 1812, and his father had served under Washington in the War of 1776. Both were life-long democrats and admirers of Jackson, even the latter's memorable utterance against Calhoun's nullification theory, that "the Union must and shall be maintained." But Calhoun was dead, and the alleged causes for nullification had ceased to irritate, but were by no means dead. Jackson, too, had been gathered to his rest, and while not a secessionist, yet my father conceived the duty of the hour was to defend the ordinance when proclaimed by the large majority of the populace interested. The father-in-law, native of Pennsylvania, of federal lineage, an old line whig, as sincerely believed that a national (not federal) authority and power should prevail. And, as stated, these two old men respectively typified the

Northern and the Southern people even in their hours of fiercest conflict. I have said sufficient in preceding pages and speeches, to show how unable I was to heartily endorse the aims and methods of either faction, and the determination to stand in *statu quo*, a looker-on while fulfilling the obligation I had assumed under my oath taken at West Point, June, 1842, with scrupulous fidelity.

But I must return to my narrative.

I reported to General John C. Fremont, in New York City, as ordered, and it happened to be the evening of the day the first battle of Bull's Run occurred. Fremont had but lately been appointed major-general in the regular army, as from South Carolina, but this was wrong, as he was from California. Fremont's and McClellan's commissions were of the same date (14th May, 1861). Halleck, also from California, was appointed August 19, 1861. McClellan was given precedence over Fremont, and the four major-generals then stood: Scott, McClellan, Fremont and Halleck; and the seven brigadier-generals stood: Wool, Harney, Sumner, Mansfield, McDowell, Anderson and Rosecrans; the last five dating in 1861 and Wool dating June, 1841, and Harney in 1858.

Returning to Fremont in New York City, as stated, I reported to him the evening of the first battle of Bull's Run. Fremont was located at the old Astor House on Broadway. I had never met him before, though he was in the U. S. army from 1838 to March, 1848, when he was permitted to resign rather than be dismissed for insubordination or mutiny under General Stephen W. Kearny, in that part of the Mexican War which took place on the Pacific coast.

Fremont had several rooms at the Astor House with two or three attaches from California, and his spacious parlor served to entertain the many people in that city who called to see him and congratulate him on his new official position, as well as to take a look at the late candidate for president (with Dayton as his lieutenant). One who accompanied me when I went to report was Horace Greeley, whom I had entertained at my humble "*adobe hut*," in Camp Floyd, Utah, on his overland trip in 1860. Greeley was boiling over with surprise and indignation at the Bull's Run battle, and, like many others, was nervous to see everybody rushing to the front to retrieve the disaster. Greeley as an editor was one of the most active of the fomenters of the war, and felt quite competent to advise and direct military operations, as well as political, at that time.

When Greeley and Fremont had finished their confab, I stepped forward and handed the latter a copy of my order to report to him in New York, for duty with him in the West, and Fremont was then preparing to leave soon for St. Louis to establish his headquarters. He was standing near a window in his large parlor (which cost the Government, no doubt, ten dollars per day), and received me with superb, but reserved dignity. I was only a captain in the staff of the regular army (of nineteen years service, nearly all of which had been under canvass) with no political influence, and more than all, in Fremont's estimate of men, I was a graduate of a military academy and, therefore, not in favorable standing with political generals; whereas, Fremont was a politician and a *turned down member* of ten years' service in the army, but now a major-general, with all the possibilities it held out in the future, supplemented

with the prestige of having run well a few years before as candidate for President. Whatever else Fremont lacked (among which I will say at the start was common, hard American sense in nearly every practical duty), he yet possessed to the full measure, self-love and vanity, self-conceit and unapproachable dignity and austerity of manner toward inferior officers, soldiers and attaches! His attaches he was inclined to select from the adventurous spawn of Europe, most of whom had left their native countries because of their patriotic activity in rebellion against their governments. These self-exiled rebels from European nations were received as worthy patriots in this country by the Fremont class of royalty-aping flunkies, and were considered just the material to hire to thrash rebels in our own country who dared to rebel against what they conceived to be wrongs on the part of the Northern States, which had passed their word to protect European rebels seeking asylum under our flag! Those attaches and retainers were not American citizens nor did they care to be; they were adventurers for revenue and good offices, and would shoot for the party who would furnish the ammunition and pay them the best prices. The numerous tribe of "Zaganyis," "Kalopzyis" and "Ashboths" whose Hungarian or Italian blood and civilization fitted them admirably for such work. These retainers were docile and obedient to Fremont to the extreme of obsequiousness

This flattered "*The General*" greatly, and inflated his vanity and self-conceit, till, inwardly, the "Pathfinder" felt no doubt but he would crush and squelch the rebels out west in short order. During the next

day at that hotel parlor Greeley was in and out frequently, and I thought I discovered in his big old head (full of brain) a misgiving as to the capacity and success of a general who was thus surrounded. The second day Greeley actually looked tired of the tomfoolery and wished it ended by an early departure of Fremont for the seat of war; so was I anxious to leave, and therefore ventured in subdued tone and manner to intimate my desire to the "General," who raised his eye to the ceiling as if revolving a momentous question, or trying to *imagine* that he was really *thinking*, finally replied, "Yes, Captain, you can proceed to St. Louis and there await my arrival, and when you have learned that I am in that city, which you will by the daily papers, you will report in person to my chief staff officer. But, Captain, I wish you, before you leave, to go out in this city and purchase 400 mess pans, 200 camp kettles, and also ascertain if you can purchase 500 sets of horse equipments, and report to me to-morrow the result." I very soon performed this idiotic mission, ordering the mess pans and camp kettles to be packed and shipped to St. Louis, and *bills made to General John C. Fremont*, U. S. A., and mailed to St. Louis. I then returned to the Astor House and reported my action; also at a house on Broadway, to which Mr. Greeley piloted me, the horse equipments could be obtained, and the price of the same. Fremont told me to go and order them also, to be shipped at once to him at St. Louis, which I did. This was Fremont's first action in the service, and was directly in contravention of orders and regulations in procuring supplies. There was a chief purchasing quartermaster then on duty in New York City, with

an office near the Battery, and a corps of clerks, whose regular business was to have purchased, if necessary, these identical articles. I told Fremont this, and suggested to him that very likely that quartermaster might have on hand the mess pans and kettles, and the procuring of horse equipments belonged to the Ordnance Department; but Fremont replied that he would rather not wait the *routine necessary to go through*, and preferred to order purchased at once what he required, and as to Ordnance Department procuring equipments, it made no difference, as *his order* would be all sufficient. I knew in the end there would be trouble and music for the "General," unless he gathered his head sufficient to permit the proper branches of the War Department to attend to its own affairs; but discretion required me to mind my own business also, and obey orders, unless plainly illegal. Such turned out to be the case in a few weeks, as the sequel will show.

I was now ready to leave for the West, but I remarked to Fremont that my family resided in Chicago, and as I had been pretty much separated from them the greater part of three years, I would prefer to go to Chicago, and there await his arrival in St. Louis. To this he readily assented and I lost no time in boarding a train for Chicago. This was July 23, 1861, and the newsboys were crying on the streets the disastrous battle of Bull Run, and the greatest excitement prevailed all over the city. Meantime I learned that Burnside (who in March "thought he would go South") had gone to Washington in May, and was at that time in Rhode Island, from which State he re-entered the United States service. This was a wise choice (as be-

tween Federal and Confederate), it also showed that Burnside was not so uncertain when I saw him in March or else he had rapidly changed his mind. He was in March about as strongly in favor of the South in its contention as Albert Sidney Johnston was in April, 1860 in favor of sticking to the United States Government. Both changed their minds when the tug of war came; and I may say, both were about as near failures, as great generals, as that war brought into view.

I left that night by way of Harrisburg, where I was delayed for a train caused by a blockade of cars bringing troops from the West. The streets were lined with excited people and raw volunteers. Capt. T. W. Sherman, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., with his company had just arrived from some post in the Northwest. With him were a couple of lieutenants from Southern States desirous of getting leaves of absence to visit their homes and families, evidently to consult as to their future course. After paying my respects to Governor Curtin I boarded a train for Chicago where I arrived and stopped with my wife and two children till August 2d, when I received orders from Fremont dated St. Louis, to proceed there and report to Major Justice McKinstry, U. S. Army, then the chief quartermaster on duty at St. Louis. The weather was intensely warm in St. Louis, the city full of excited people, McKinstry and three clerks all in shirt sleeves, in one large office room, 25x30 feet, hard at work, with papers and requisitions, issuing necessary supplies to the constantly arriving volunteer troops. All were sweltering with heat and perspiration.

McKinstry said but little when I reported, but told

me to call at his quarters that night on Myrtle street. I left his office and sauntered about till tired and went to the Planters House to my room. That evening I went to his quarters as agreed, but failed to find him in, nor could I trace him up. The next day I learned he was out that night with Fremont and a few others "seeing the sights." He made a second appointment for me to call at his quarters the following night, which I did, but still failed to find him. Several days passed, and finally I told him I was waiting to be assigned to duty. He relpied that he was "overrun with work, and for me to get an office room and go to work at whatever was necessary. I was an experienced quartermaster and needed no instructions from him." The few days' observation about McKinstry's office showed clearly his perplexity and great labor, and also disclosed to me the utter want of system and method in his entire management. Fremont was constantly giving orders (often verbally, or by messengers carrying a mere pencil slip), and McKinstry was purchasing and receiving horses and mules for the service; was manufacturing clothing by employing several score of sewing women with their machines, under irresponsible and incompetent superintendents; he was *trying* to carry on transportation by land and water, using railways and mule teams for land, and half a dozen river steamers by water, and with incompetent assistants he was purchasing in the city of St. Louis from mercantile houses the required camp utensils and many other supplies called for, in open market, instead of by contract, which speedily created unfriendly feelings among dealers, and was greatly aggravated by the then increasing spirit of *the loyal* to ignore the *disloyal merchants!* All these

and many other disheartening features of that field of labor about St. Louis made me wish I had never been assigned to duty there. I finally obtained a quiet evening interview with McKinstry, and I frankly told him my views, suggested many changes in methods and the want of more system. He was then assured of the appointment of brigadier-general of volunteers, and told me he was only cleaning up his work, and would soon take the field under Fremont, and that it was for me to assume all duties at that depot, and inaugurate such systems and methods as I deemed best; as for himself, he should do nothing in that line, but close up as speedily as possible, and leave with the troops for field service. This verbal deliverance, therefore, seemed to be the finale of my reporting to him for duty. It was quite in line with Fremont's mode of procedure, so much so that I suggested I should have at least a line or two in writing. McKinstry's long service in the regular army convinced him of the propriety of this and he handed me that day in his office the following:

CHIEF QUARTERMASTER'S OFFICE, ST. LOUIS, MO.,
August 6th, 1861.

CAPTAIN P. T. TURNLEY,

Ass't. Quartermaster, U. S. A.

Captain: I am now about to take the field for military service with General Fremont, and you having reported to me for duty, it is proper for me to say that for the present you are the chief quartermaster in St. Louis, and you will assume all the duties as such until otherwise ordered. Respectfully,

J. MCKINSTRY, *Major-Quartermaster.*

Having this authority I at once went to work. The rush and excitement of troops being raised for active service, the constant requisitions coming in for every thing necessary to fit them for the field, and the supplying of troops with General Lyon and Sturgis in Missouri, created the greatest confusion. Carpenters were put to work erecting quarters and storehouses in the outskirts of the city (afterward called Camp Benton, in honor of "Jessie's" father); new army wagons were arriving by scores daily to be put together and run out in park for service. Mules and horses were being delivered by hundreds, on the mere order of Fremont! till confusion worse confounded pervaded the quartermaster's department, and it was difficult to decide where I should begin to bring order out of chaos. To make things still worse for me, as it had already involved McKinstry in a labyrinth of irregularities, which ultimately brought him before a court-martial and dismissed him, Fremont did nothing according to law or army regulations. Kinglike, as he felt himself to be, he looked upon officers under him as serfs or menials, and that the king's verbal order, even the wave of his hand, was sufficient for the subaltern to jump and obey! While on my bed in the Planters' House that night I revolved in my mind the prospect, and heartily wished I was out of it. The next morning I telegraphed the quartermaster-general to send me three or four assistant quartermasters. He replied that three would report to me in a few days, and a fourth within ten days. This was comforting to me, and I began to lay out their work and prepare office room, storehouses and corrals for animals. I had the art gallery of the old Oak Hall clothing building

cleared of its statuary, had a raised floor five feet wide and a foot high laid entirely around the walls, and ten small desks or tables placed on the raised floor, employed a competent man from Vermont (Mr. Coburn) as storekeeper, W. G. Chambers and Isaac Jerome (of New York) as head men in charge of horses, mules and corrals; employed Captain Barton Able as chief manager of all river and steamboat transportation.

In three days two assistant quartermasters reported to me for duty, Captain James Bradshaw, of Indiana, and Captain Joseph L. Dodds, from Ohio. One I assigned to the Benton barrack work, the other to land transportation and clothing. These officers were green volunteers, but were business men, and under my teaching rapidly got into harness and a systematic order of work. Of course I had a general supervision over both, made all purchases and payments, regulated the railway and river transportation, inspected and received all horses and mules, and gave vouchers or paid cash; also the hundreds of wagons arriving by rail from Indiana and Illinois wagon factories. I had among my office employes two sons of Rt. Rev. Bishop Whitehouse, of Chicago, Mr. Ed. E. Whitehouse as one of my cashiers or paying tellers (in bank parlance), and Charles L. Rutter, of Chicago, the other; and Mr. Henry Whitehouse as special secretary, to assist me in my official correspondence, which at that time had grown to the answering of several score of letters daily. The cashier's department had also grown to large proportions. General Lyon and his command in Missouri had no disbursing officer or funds with them, and consequently purchased on credit or "took" on necessity, forage, fuel, wagons and teams of the farmers and

people through the country, and gave *certificates* for the same, called vouchers, to be paid in St. Louis (or elsewhere) by some regular disbursing quartermaster. The crude and irregular character of those certificates or vouchers was such that their payment made the paying officer liable, in many cases, for ultimate stoppages and disallowances on their examination at quartermaster-general's office and the Treasury Department at Washington. I worked over those scores and hundreds of vouchers for some days, and became convinced that their proper examination required more time than I could give it without abandoning all other work. I therefore wrote the quartermaster-general the situation, and advised the detail of two assistant quartermasters from elsewhere to take an office in St. Louis and take up all such irregular evidences of claims or debt. This was promptly acquiesced in, and three additional quartermasters were sent to report to me. Capt. Charles H. Hoyt, of Connecticut, Louis B. Parsons, of New York, and Lieutenant Phil Sheridan, late of the Fourth U. S. Infantry, who had just been assigned to duty as assistant quartermaster with rank of captain. I at once organized a board of examiners, composed of Hoyt, Parsons and Sheridan, to do this work, of correcting defective and informal vouchers, to indorse the amounts they recommended to be paid on each voucher, supplying defects as far as they could as to dates, quantities, prices and how the property had been used. Vouchers thus perfected were ready to be paid at my office, and the work ran more smoothly and decidedly on safer lines for my personal responsibility.

Just here, however, it is necessary for me to return to that unique and exceptional character, John C. Fre-

mont. Fremont had located his headquarters on Chouteau Avenue, St. Louis (about a mile from my office), in the large and elegant residence of an uncle of Mrs. Fremont (Captain Brent). As previously stated, Fremont had divers retainers about him. I have forgotten many of their names, and my papers and records were burnt in Chicago, October, 1871, therefore I cannot name all of them. A few, however, I can recall—a Mr. I. C. Wood, who was a kind of confidential aid or secretary, and occupied an office-room just *under* Fremont's elegant parlor; also a little wiry, weazen-faced, but wicked-looking, Hungarian, called Captain *Zagonyi*, who was getting up a body-guard for "*the General*;" and a tall, venerable and very military-looking man (Hungarian also) named Asboth. Fremont had so far superseded the President and Congress as to appoint Asboth a brigadier-general, and Zagonyi a captain, and Mr. I. E. Wood a major in the United States army! Two or three others were in his military household holding commissions from him, but I forget their names; others were not *immediately* about his headquarters much, but on hand and in reach when any thing like revenue in contracts or supplies was to be purchased. One of these, a Mr. Hascall (I understood from California as well as Mr. I. C. Wood) held a small paper of a dozen lines from Fremont directing him to purchase and deliver to McKinstry (or to the depot quartermaster in St. Louis) *one thousand mules!* A Mr. Salova was another walking and waiting ornament, who spent his time loafing around generally, and gathering pointers as to the wants of the service, to supply which he was on hand at a large profit; he also came from California, as I was told. I was very soon in full

and entire charge of that immense depot of military supplies, as McKinstry had closed up and left.

One day a man calling himself Major White, another *appointment* of Fremont, on duty in or about Fremont's headquarters, came to me with a *verbal message* from Fremont to let him (White) have a saddle horse and a complete set of equipments,—all verbal, not the scrape of a pen, or requisition of any kind! I heard him through and told him I could not issue public property on a mere verbal request; besides, Army Regulations only *authorized* an officer in the field on frontiers, when *he could not* otherwise provide himself with horses, to receive a public horse at cost price in money, and told him to get a written order from Fremont for me to let him have a horse and equipments, as specified in paragraph 1030 of the Regulations, and I would gladly do so. With this advice he left me. Two days after he returned and handed me a slip of paper in Fremont's handwriting, with his initials, as follows:

To Capt. Turnley, Quartermaster:

Major White of my staff will hand you this, and I desire you will, without delay, supply him with a horse and equipments.

J. C. F.,

Gen. Comdg.

Not even a *date* on it!

I asked Major White to step across the room to one of the clerks, and the papers would be made out in a few minutes. These "papers" consisted of four papers, of half a dozen lines each, called invoices (in duplicate) and receipts (in duplicate). The invoices I, as the issuing officer, signed, and also added my receipt from Major White for cost price in money of the pro-

perty, which in this case was one horse, $125 : one set equipments, $21.50; total, $146.50. The other papers were receipts *from* White to me, stating he had received the *property*, and had paid me the money. In ten minutes the papers were all ready and brought to my desk by the clerk. I signed the invoices, and asked Major White to step over to the cashier, pay the money, and sign the receipts for the property. He was surprised at this, said he had no money, and expected to get the property merely on the General's order! "Well," said I, "Major, take these papers with you (I will erase my name only, leaving the paper clearly to be understood) and go to General Fremont and point out to him paragraph *1030 Army Regulations*, and say that as a disbursing officer I am pecuniarily responsible for the property, and if I turn over to you I must have such authority first; secondly, I must have such a receipt from you personally as will pass muster at the Treasury Department in settlement of my accounts." Off he went, and I heard no more of him for three days, when he returned with the following:

"HEADQUARTERS, ST. LOUIS, September, 1861.

CAPTAIN P. T. TURNLEY, QUARTERMASTER.

Captain: The General directs that you supply Major White with horse and equipments.

I. C. WOOD,

A. D. C."

I then had simple receipts made for "Major" White to sign for the property (no money in the case) and I signed an invoice of it for him to keep; but he refused even to sign a receipt for the property! I was amazed at this, and told him so; he replied that he wanted a horse and equipments and would not sign

any paper or anything else; that it was public property, and he had as much right to it as I had! Ignorance hardly met his case, only a dense idiot or a bold knave could apply to him. I told him he could not have public property from me without a written receipt, in duplicate, to file with my public accounts. With this he left. The next day I received a message from Fremont to report myself in person to him immediately. I jumped into my buggy and went to Chouteau avenue without delay; walked up the steps to Fremont's large parlor office, sumptuously furnished, including a large fine piano, the best of that date. I doffed my hat and walked up to within proper distance of where he stood, and saluted. I shall never forget the calm, cold, royal look of supreme self-assurance he put on as he faced me and leaned his left arm on the piano. I broke silence by saying: "I received your message, General, and report accordingly." I will give our dialogue which followed:

Fremont: "Captain Turnley, I sent for you to ascertain whether or not you are going to obey my orders."

Turnley: "Yes, sir, that is my duty, my pleasure, and has been my effort."

Fremont: "No, you have not obeyed my orders—half a dozen cases lately in which you have not done what I directed."

Turnley: "Please name one, General."

Fremont: "Only yesterday, for the third time, I sent Major White to you for a horse and equipments, and you have not let him have it. Last week I ordered the ordnance officer at Jefferson barracks to draw on you for eighty thousand dollars. He said he called on

you for it and you declined or refused to let him have it. Last week also I gave Mr. Hascall a note to you to inspect and receive 500 mules he has had ready to deliver for two weeks. These things I cannot put up with, and I have just made an order for a court-martial to try you for disobedience of my orders, or for neglect of duty. Here is the order (lying on the piano) not yet published, with a detail for the court; but before issuing it I thought I would send for you, and see what explanation you could give of your actions."

Turnley: "I am greatly obliged to you, General, for your moderation and forethought in thus giving me the opportunity to place myself correctly before you. I am also glad, even at a late day, to be informed that I have offended against your orders, although I assure you that I am still ignorant of a single case wherein I have failed to carry out your orders."

Fremont: "Why, Captain, I have just mentioned three cases to you—Major White to get a horse; the ordnance officer to get that money, and Major Hascall to have his mules received and inspected. Surely you must be aware that you have not carried out my orders in those cases."

Turnley: "Well, General, all these cases I can readily explain, and in not one case can it be discovered that I have in the least neglected, much less disobeyed, your *orders*. There might be a question, general, as to what constitutes an *order*, and in this connection permit me to say that, not in the field, but at a post, a verbal message or a pencil note, with no date, and only initials of a name, are not orders which a *bonded dis bursing officer* can accept or use in issuing property or money! I am a bonded officer and have been for many

years. I have a large amount of money at times on hand; also perhaps a quarter of a million dollars worth of public property, part of which is five or six hundred horses, and as many equipments, every item of which is entered on my property return, by clerks and bookkeepers paid for that work. It is a *debit* and *credit* account by *items* (not values), between me personally and the United States Treasury Department. The regulations prescribe how this property and money shall pass from one officer to another—that receipts and invoices shall be exchanged, just the same for one dollar's worth as for thousands! just the same for *one* horse and equipment as for an entire regimental mount! and I most emphatically assert that I have never received from you any orders to issue property or money according to the Army Regulations but what I have promptly complied with. But, as the case and complaint seem to stand at present, I incline to think it will be best for all concerned and best for the interest of the Government that you go on with your court-martial, and that I be arraigned on the charges you have indicated and that I stand a trial before a court-martial."

Fremont: "Well, if you prefer such course I will go on. At the same time I wish to be reasonable, and as you assert that the form and manner in which I sent my orders was not in order, this will have to be ascertained by the court, but I should prefer to come to a clear understanding of our respective views and manner of proceeding."

Turnley: "Well, General, for your better information as to my motives and rule of action, I will say that I requested Major White a few days since to call your attention to the paragraph in Regulations, specially prescribing how mounted officers can draw

horses from the quartermaster's department, and I suppose of course he did so, and that you know what that is."

Fremont: "No, sir. I have not heard a word from Major White as to this."

Turnley: "Permit me then to point you to it, as I see a copy of the Army Regulations lying on your table."

Fremont: Certainly, I would like to see it."

Turnley (opening the book and handing it to Fremont, who read page 133, paragraph 1030, as follows: "In the field, or on the frontier, the commanding officer may authorize a mounted officer who can not otherwise provide himself, to take one or two horses from the Government at cost price."): "Major White refused to do this. Then on his second visit with a line from Mr. I. C. Wood, I was willing to take my chances, and let him have the property *simply on his receipt* to file with my accounts, but even this he refused to sign! Now, General, as to the eighty thousand dollars you sent the ordnance officer to get from me. This was a large amount of money to be transferred from the quartermaster's to the Ordnance Department. Now, here please read this paragraph."

Fremont (reading): "Public funds must not be transferred from one department to another, without specific authority from the War and Treasury departments."

Turnley: "That is why your *verbal message* to me was not heeded. Two days afterward you sent me the same order in writing, and I handed over the eighty thousand dollars, but the officer gave me *his*

duplicate receipts for the same (a thing Major White refused to do for a horse), one of which receipts and *your order* I promptly mailed to the quarter-master-general for his information and instruction to me, and I have his reply to the effect that your order was not warranted by Regulations, and that the Ordnance Bureau at Washington had been directed by the Secretary of War *to refund the money*, *at once*, to the quartermaster's department. This, General, explains the eighty thousand dollar request. Now, as to the Hascall mules. Permit me to give my version on the matter. I never saw nor heard of the man Hascall (or Ed. Hascall) until he came into the office and requested me to have 300 mules, that he had somewhere in the city, inspected and vouchers given him for the same. I asked him to let me see a copy of his contract. He said he had no contract except an order from General Fremont "to purchase and deliver here one thousand mules for the Government." As I had no record of such, and nothing about it was of record in any thing my predecessor (McKinstry) turned over to me, I told Mr. Hascall I could not receive his mules and give vouchers for them on any such order and he left me. A few days after he came back with a pencil line from I. C. Wood, your aide-de-camp, saying: "General Fremont desires you will have some mules of Mr. Hascall inspected and received if proper." I then sent Mr. Isaac Jerome and Wm. G. Chambers, both in charge of horses and mules, to inspect and receive such as came up to the standard. They did so and reported to me, in writing, that they had inspected *280* mules for Mr. Hascall and found *30* in the lot fit for acceptance. These 30 they gave him a receipt for, and his vouchers

are in the office ready for him. Jerome and Chambers further reported that the mules were generally a very sorry lot of young animals, little switch tail things not worth harnessing, and, "they understood," had been gathered up at various farms throughout Missouri, sometimes taken without compensation to owners. This, General, explains the mule case. Now, General, your orders to me, in writing, duly issued, have been and will be obeyed, but not verbal messages, nor pencil notes with no date or signature. With these explanations, General, I leave the matter with you."

Our interview closed, and I returned to my office. I never heard any more of the proposed court-martial.

Before this occurrence, I had presented to Fremont a very fine saddle horse for his use in the field. I purchased the horse in May, 1861, at Annapolis, Maryland, from Lieutenant-Colonel Smith of the Thirteenth New York, as he did not like it. It was a coal black with magnificent mane and tail, held a high head and had a fine step. I designed the horse for my wife, but she did not care for riding and was in Chicago permanently, hence I had the horse shipped to St. Louis and taken from the cars to Fremont's house. He received it as a present from me, standing on his front steps, from the man I sent with it. The horse cost me $250.00 (the same that Smith had paid for it) and I never saw a finer parade horse, though his gait was not so easy in the saddle as some might want. Fremont never even sent me a pencil note of thanks, although I sent a line by the hostler with my compliments making him a present of the horse. I cared nothing about the matter so far as the value of the horse was concerned, but the want of breeding and

decent instinct in Fremont, in failing to respond, was disgusting to a gentleman. However, it was not so strange when one comes to realize what a cold egotist and brainless fraud General Fremont really was. He did not view me in any other light than one of his Hungarian underlings, whose chief delight and full reward should be in "serving the general". My greatest regret was that I was so much of an ass myself as not to have sooner discovered what an idiotic ingrate my "general" was! However, Fremont soon took the field, and formed a camp somewhere near Sedalia, Missouri, there to await events, but especially to collect (a la McClellan) a big army.

Meantime I was plodding away at the St. Louis depot, receiving and forwarding every kind of supplies called for, both by river and by rail. September had come and half gone; nights began to get cooler, and Fremont directed McKinstry to write me to send up all the overcoats I had, to which I replied I had none on hand, but expected some from the Philadelphia clothing department. Two days after, I got a telegram from Fremont, saying "he understood a large lot of army overcoats had arrived in St. Louis from Boston, and for me to purchase and forward them." While I was reading the telegram on my table, I looked up and discovered the man Salova looking over the same paper I was reading!

I did not let on that I saw him reading my telegram over my shoulder, but merely asked him what I could do for him. He replied that he had some overcoats that he wished to sell to the Government, and he understood I wanted some for General Fremont's army; if so, he desired to sell five thousand. "What

is the price?" I asked. He said, "*Eleven dollars each.*" "Where are they," I asked. "At the express office," he replied. "Well," said I, "it is not convenient just at this hour for me to act in the matter, but I will see you here at nine o'clock to-morrow morning, and we will see what we can agree on about it." "Very well," said he, and he left the office. I called my store-keeper, Mr. Coburn, an excellent and reliable man of fifty years of age; a Vermonter, whom I had employed especially for his trustworthiness, and told him to go to the express office and ascertain if there were any overcoats there; if so, how many, where they came from, and who had them. Mr. Coburn was gone about an hour when he returned to me with the report that the small man who accompanied him to me was *super-cargo* of the lot of five thousand army overcoats, made in Boston and sent to St. Louis for sale, to whomsoever wanted them; the price was eight dollars each. "Well," said I, "have you sold them?" "No, sir, I have not, but I have partly promised a man that he can have them, provided he can satisfy me as to paying for them." I asked him who that man was. He said: "He is a man by the name of Salova, but as I have not made any binding contract with him, I am still free to sell to you if you so desire." "Well," said I, "we will inspect them and ascertain the quality, make, etc., and if they will answer the purpose I will purchase them for the Government, and pay you ten thousand dollars in cash and the balance in U. S. Quartermaster's vouchers, to be paid as soon as funds are received for the purpose." "That will do," said he. I sent Mr. Coburn to inspect the coats and bring me one as a sample. He soon brought me the coat, and I

saw it was all right, of army pattern and material, and not waiting to count the coats then in the boxes, I told the super-cargo that I would keep and count half of them and ship the other half immediately, uncounted, to the proper officer in the field, at General Fremont's headquarters, and let him count them as they were issued, and I would pay him when I received that officer's receipts. This was agreeable to him, and in less than two hours two thousand of the coats were on the cars, en route to Fremont's camp. Next morning Mr. Salova called, as agreed, to consider his offer of coats. I told him that $11 was too much, the Government price was only $7.50, and I had bought for $8, since I saw him, all that I wanted. He was surprised at this, and asked me who I bought of. I told him and he was shocked—for an instant almost speechless. "Why," he exclaimed, "you have bought my coats." He appeared utterly dumbfounded at the turn of affairs. I told him I was not aware that I purchased his coats, that I had bought them from a young man who said he was from Boston, and came as super-cargo, with the coats for sale. He turned and left the office, and I heard no more about it, but the next day I received a telegram order from General Fremont to close my business in St. Louis and turn over the office to some other officer, and report to him for duty in the field. Query—how much interest had Fremont in Salova? Of course Salova had dispatched Fremont what had occurred, and Fremont was disappointed and vexed at the turn things had taken. His *chum* had slipped up on a very nice speculation, say three dollars each on 5,000 overcoats. $15,000 was a big thing to let go all at once. I thought I saw through the mill-stone.

CHAPTER XV.

The order to close up and leave the depot at once was short notice and not an easy matter. I had more than a dozen clerks busy making up my quarterly and monthly accounts for the Treasury Department, all of which I would have to examine myself and sign, duly make up and transmit with proper letters of advice. However, I cut out the work for the clerks, closed my money accounts and turned over the funds in my hands to Major Robert Allen, who had *fortunately* arrived about October 1st, and in fact superseded me as *chief*, and would also supervise the final making up of my public accounts; so, in a few days, I left and went as far as Jefferson City, where I received information that the Secretary of War (Simeon Cameron) and Adjutant-General Thomas were on their way to St. Louis, and their mission was for the express purpose of ascertaining what Fremont was doing, and what he proposed to do. So I concluded to tarry at Jefferson City till I could hear from the Secretary of War, which I did the next day by a telegram sent me to "wait where I was" till his arrival, which occurred the following day, and after inspecting the town, the Secretary told me to join him and the Adjutant-General, and we all proceeded by a car to Fremont's camp, some miles southwest of Jefferson City. Fremont had his troops paraded in order, and gave the Secretary and Adjutant-General a review, after which a luncheon was served in camp, in the open air, and the Secretary was ready to return to St. Louis; but, just before starting, the Secretary of War told Fremont that he "desired Captain Turnley to remain with

him," to which of course Fremont assented with bad grace, and evident reluctance and disappointment! After we returned to St. Louis, the Secretary and Adjutant-General spent some days inquiring into the manner in which the public affairs had been carried on in St. Louis, and then issued an order that Captain Turnley remain on duty at St. Louis, a copy of which was sent to Fremont. Maj. Robert Allen was highly pleased with this turn of affairs, for he began to realize that there was more to do at that depot than he felt disposed to load himself with. General Halleck had arrived in the meanwhile, and taken command of the entire department, and this made it vastly more agreeable for all of the general staff officers, as everything was then conducted on the well-known rules and regulations of the army. The inspection of General Fremont's camp and troops and his plans (whatever they were, if he had any) did not, it would seem, accord with the views of the Secretary of War and the Adjutant-General, for soon after their return to Washington Fremont was relieved from his command and returned to St. Louis, preparatory to reporting at Washington for service in some other part of the country.

It was while thus in St. Louis that the poor unfortunate gift horse was returned and hitched to the curbstone in front of my office! I have always half suspected that Mrs. Fremont was the authoress of that ill-bred and spiteful act, though it was only a suspicion. Mrs. Fremont, properly known as Jessie Fremont or Jessie Benton, was a daughter of "old Tom Benton," as the late Senator Benton was known, and she had all the vanity, arrogance and self-conceit of her father. She never let a favorable chance slip to avenge herself

for any supposed wrong done her or hers by any other person. Why she should have thought for a moment that one so low in rank, and so utterly without political friends or influence as I was, could have been the means of inflicting any wrong or injury on her or her ambitious and much favored husband, was a mystery to me. But the grossness, not to say ineffable meanness, of returning a gift horse in the way it was done, left no doubt in my mind that I was thought to be in some way instrumental in causing Fremont's withdrawal from the command.

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Previous to Fremont's leaving St. Louis for the field, a Mr. Edward M. Davis was appointed assistant quartermaster, August 3, 1861 (but from what State did not appear on the army register). This man Davis was put on duty about Fremont's headquarters, on Chouteau avenue, St. Louis, along with the man I. C. Wood, who sported the title, Maj. I. C. Wood, A. D. C. Davis, it appeared, by Fremont's order, purchased five thousand blankets for the soldiers, in Philadelphia, shipped them in bales to St. Louis. Fremont ordered a board of three officers (myself being chairman) to meet and examine the blankets, etc. We did so, found the blankets not of army pattern, but very thin and rather shoddy. The invoices with them giving prices ranging from $1.18 to $1.45 per blanket, which was less than half the price of our regular army blankets. The great need of blankets by soldiers then in the field led me, as a member of the board, to recommend that we accept the blankets, and issue two, in place of one, to each soldier. The other two members, Captains Haines and Hendershott, however, would not

agree to receive them, so we rejected the lot, and the board adjourned. I noticed the blankets had been purchased from a Mr. *C. H. Davis*, of Philadelphia, but I did not at the time think about any relationship between E. M. Davis and C. H. Davis, but it turned out that they were brothers, and they were displeased at having their blankets rejected, and appealed to Fremont. Fremont ordered the board to *reconvene*, which was done, but a like rejection of blankets resulted. Fremont disapproved of the rejection and approved of my recommendation (which was to receive the blankets at the low prices of $1.18 for part, and $1.45 for the other part). This was done, and the E. M. Davis paid the C. H. Davis in Philadelphia, 31st of August, 1861, about $12,500 for the blankets, but the bill had been changed from $1.18 and $1.45 per blanket to *$2.60 and $3.85 per blanket,* thus perpetrating a huge swindle against the Government!

Of course, it was all cooked up at Fremont's headquarters. This affair came out and was exposed before the congressional committee in November, 1861. in their sittings in St. Louis. But whether Fremont was personally cognizant of the felony, was never known.

The whole truth requires a few words more concerning the condition of the *horse*. As I have stated, the saddle horse was above the average in shape, color and style of make up. When I delivered him at Fremont's residence he was in prime condition. A splendid curved neck with long, flowing mane, reaching far below the under side of the neck and very thick set; while his tail was unusually large in volume and reached to his fetlocks. No horse ever had a finer

mane or tail than this one. But when returned and tied to the hitching post in front of my office, he was indeed a sorry sight. One of my stable men passing on the sidewalk first saw the horse, and knowing him better than I did, recognized him, came up to my office and told me the horse had been returned surreptitiously and tied where he was sure to be seen by me or my employes. I at once descended the steps to the street and saw the horse! I would never have recognized the animal as being the same horse I had presented to Fremont. As stated, Fremont had not taken the horse with him to the field, but left him with his wife and family, to use in the city. The horse was so thin that we might call him poor in flesh; his mane *was cut off to only a few inches long*, and his fine tail was literally chewed and hacked off in terraces as if the calves had dined off it for a week. Of course it had been done out of pure cussedness and malignant revenge, but by whom I was left to conjecture. I never believed that Fremont had the spirit or courage to take the trouble to do such an act himself, personally—but old Tom Benton's children were of a different breed, and were capable of anything in their power. They even defied and neglected *each other* in matters purely benevolent and sympathetic in which the average person of culture and civilization would be moved by the pulse of humanity. Not so with the Benton female. A savage, demoniac spirit was readily at hand when any of the family were crossed or thwarted in their designs or ambitious efforts. Hence, the question, *who mutilated the poor horse?*

Personally, while I don't know, yet I firmly believe that "Jessie" could have readily answered the question if so disposed.

If my efforts to curb Fremont in his wild, unsystematic (in fact unlawful) way of extravagance, caused his removal then he had only himself to blame. I was a bonded disbursing officer of twenty years' experience, had great responsibilities, had qualified myself for such duties by a thorough knowledge of the laws and regulations governing the service; and while he was a major-general, not under any pecuniary bonds, but by reason of his rank had great power, yet he was just as much a servant of the laws and regulations as I was, however little he seemed to take this view of his duties and power. No doubt, my reports to the War Department, accompanying his orders, enormous contracts and estimates, had something to do with directing attention to his methods of command in St. Louis. I worked faithfully day and night, and with the greatest harmony, under Major Allen, than whom there never held a commission in the army a better man, nor more incorruptable, sagacious and useful, or one more patient, vigilant, courageous and inflexible. Such were his salient traits of character. Allen was physically lazy—but mentally industrious—and I felt that I was his chosen worker to execute his designs. I continued at that depot work in St. Louis till near the beginning of February, 1862, when Allen told me that General Halleck desired me to go to Cairo and take charge of the quartermaster's work at that place. I hastily arranged my current public duties and by direction of Allen called at Halleck's office to receive any special instructions he might have. Brigadier-General, U. S. Grant, in command of volunteers, was in command of the southwestern district of Missouri, headquarters at Girardeau, but southern Illinois had

been added to his district and about the first of September he moved his headquarters to Cairo. He had been there in command nearly five months when Halleck began to think it was time for him (Grant) to be on the move. When I called on Halleck, it so happened, he was reading a report from Grant, on the condition of his command and the affairs at the Cairo depot generally. Halleck had not been pleased with the state of affairs at Cairo for some weeks, and had fully made up his mind to make a change. I told him I was ready to take the cars for Cairo that night, and had called to get any special instructions he desired to give me. He readily answered that he had no special instructions further than to proceed to Cairo and "report to General Grant that you have been sent to that place to establish and take charge of a depot, and that I desire General Grant to be ready to take the field, with his command just as soon as it is possible to do so; and you are directed to supply General Grant with all needful transportation." Halleck then stated that he had reports from Grant that one or two assistant quartermasters, who had been placed on duty at Cairo, Grant had found it necessary to relieve from duty and place under arrest, and also his commissary was in arrest. Captain Reuben B. Hatch, of the volunteers, who was the first assistant quartermaster sent to duty at Cairo, was the first to be placed under arrest, and Grant, with his depot, was in a bad way for want of duty officers. The causes for these arrests may have been good, but Halleck had not received any charges against these officers, and was out of patience with the delay and inefficiency of the service at Cairo generally, as well in the commander as it

appeared in the officers of lower rank. He desired me to make this known to Grant so soon as I arrived at Cairo.

Before closing my St. Louis experiences there is one incident which requires a place in my reminiscences, as illustrative of the adage, the *unexpected* happens and the improbable may often be *expected!* This remark may savor of an Irish bull, which is all the more appropriate because an Irishman is the subject of the short narrative I will give.

While Phil. Sheridan was on a board examining accounts in St. Louis, as I have already narrated, good old General Samuel R. Curtis (who had been left in the city in command when Fremont left) had later been ordered to take the field and establish headquarters at or near Springfield, Missouri. Curtis was a graduate of 1831, but left the army for civil pursuits a year after. He promptly offered his services in the Mexican war and again in the war between the States, though he was old for the service.

Before leaving St. Louis for the field he came to my office and asked me if it was possible for him to get a *graduate* for his chief quartermaster. I told him "Yes, very easily. Captain Phil. Sheridan is now on duty in this city examining quartermaster's accounts as a captain assistant quartermaster and he can be detailed to go with your command as your chief quartermaster." Curtis was delighted with this, and so was Sheridan. All went well, until in camp at Springfield some weeks thereafter. I had issued and sent to Curtis all the horses I had on hand, but he still had one company of cavalry without horses. So he concluded to send out through the neighboring coun-

ties around Springfield and *impress* some horses from the farmers and others. He therefore sent his chief quartermaster, Sheridan, an order in writing to take, or send out, a party to *impress horses* to mount that company. Instead of obeying the order Sheridan actually had the impudence (no doubt alcoholic) to write a note to General Curtis, that he would not obey the order, because he had "not been assigned to duty with that command to *steal horses!*" Of course, Curtis put Sheridan in arrest at once, and telegraphed me to send him another quartermaster. I answered him that he had in his command a brigade-quartermaster (Captain Ferd. S. Winslow, afterward a banker in Chicago) and he could be assigned to the duties *vice Sheridan*. This was done, and in a week I received a note from General Curtis explaining, and regretting, the circumstance of having to arrest Sheridan, and intimating that Sheridan was drinking too much whisky to be useful, and he thought it was too big a load of *the article* that led Sheridan to disobey his orders! However, I heard nothing more till Sheridan himself arrived in St. Louis, in arrest to be tried on the charges Curtis had formulated. Undoubtedly a trial would have resulted in dismissal, or perhaps worse. I also regretted the turn of affairs as much as Curtis did, as well on Phil's account as for the credit of my department. Knowing Curtis' extreme gentleness and goodness of heart, I set about trying to prevail on him to withdraw his charges and let Phil. Sheridan have another chance. This Curtis finally assented to and he withdrew the charges, but did not want Sheridan back with his command, as he discovered Winslow was much the better man in the place. It was thus that I rescued

Phil. Sheridan from an ugly scrape and sent him to Milwaukee to inspect horses then being delivered at that place for the army. He was not there long till the governor of Michigan telegraphed asking me "if I knew of any officer of the regular army who would like to take command of a Michigan regiment of cavalry?" I showed the dispatch to Major Allen, my chief, and he replied, "No, I don't know of any such officer." I answered that I believed it would just suit Phil. Sheridan. "All right," replied Allen; "then telegraph Sheridan and get his answer. If he says 'yes,' answer the governor and I have no doubt General Halleck will authorize the transfer." This was done. I telegraphed Sheridan as follows: "Would you take the colonelcy of a Michigan regiment of cavalry?" His answer was as follows: "Why do you ask me such a question? Do you think I am demented? Of course I will jump at the chance. Let me know all about it. P. H. Sheridan."

Of course he was relieved from inspecting horses at once, and as soon as he could close up official quartermaster's work he set out to join his new regiment. I think, however, the regiment had moved to Kentucky before Sheridan reached it. That was the last I saw of Sheridan till after the close of the war, and that was the beginning of Phil. Sheridan's career. He made a brilliant career, but in one instance, at least, not in fairness to a brother officer! Sheridan and Grant together treated outrageously unjust General G. K. Warren. General Warren was a graduate of 1850, three years senior to Sheridan, was second in his class and was a fine engineer. Sheridan was thirty-fourth in his class, and from some cause had a blind and unreasoning hatred of

Warren! Sheridan had got whipped in the last days of March, 1865, near *Dinwiddie court-house*, and it may be he (a la John Pope against Fitz-John Porter) wanted to lay the responsibility of his defeat on some one else, no matter how innocent his victim might be. At any rate, a few days after that Sheridan called on Grant for the *Sixth Infantry Corps* (Warren's) to support him, but with vulgar discourtesy objected to General Warren commanding it! Then it was that General Grant showed that lack of justice and fairness (sadly characteristic of Grant) by yielding to Sheridan to the extent of authorizing the inflated bull-frog to dismiss at pleasure General Warren. Palpable and brazen favoritism could not go further, and General Gouverneur Warren was *crushed* to save from just censure his inferior in every element constituting the gentleman and officer! The one was a gentleman by instinct, education and inheritance, a scholar and a thorough officer. The other a sensualist a slugger in warfare and a dolt in good society, devoid of that chivalric regard for justice and fairness due to a brother officer. I am warranted in expressing, in strong language, characteristics I thoroughly understood in both. As a lieutenant of engineers Warren was with me on my Missouri river trip in 1855 and 1856, and I learned well his lovely character. Sheridan also I learned pretty well. The message Sheridan sent back to General Warren (*when Warren had really saved the day by his quick and varied movements from one flank to another*, all made necessary by Sheridan's *ignorance and want of military skill or practical knowledge*) was most ungentlemanly, and profanely vulgar. The truth is, Sheridan's ignorance as to where Confederate General *Pickett's* forces were intrenched caused all the

confusion and delay and almost lost a victory! Warren sent Sheridan word by his adjutant-general that he, Warren, in his multifarious flank movements (which in fact saved the day) found himself in the enemy's rear. Sheridan's return message by Warren's own adjutant-general is quite sufficient to show his character. Said Sheridan to General Warren's adjutant: "Go, tell General Warren that *by God* he was not at the front! That's all my answer to General Warren's message." Sheridan relied upon General Grant to back him up in his cruel, disgraceful and *untruthful* charges and insinuations against General Warren! Gratitude or decent regard for truth was not a conspicuous element of Sheridan's character; in which, however, he was not very different from Ulysses S. Grant. Nor did Grant and Sheridan differ very much in relying mainly on the *slugging* process and indifferent to loss of the lives of their men, instead of using the strategic and tactical. Brute force characterized both officers' dominating propensity throughout their military operations. Inexhaustible force of men and means was indispensable to their success! Neither of them ever achieved a victory evenhanded with their antagonist, but in every engagement they used double the force and material of their opponent!

But, to return to my personal narrative.

Leaving St. Louis on the night train, I arrived in Cairo the next morning before people were out of bed and got a cup of bad coffee at the little St. Charles Hotel, standing on the Front, and *only street* in fact at Cairo at that time and very far to the southern part of the town. After getting coffee, I went in search of Grant's quarters, and found him in bed in his room,

over a little bank or broker's office located on this same front and only street. I called him up and we had a chat as he dressed. I told him my business, to which he listened attentively, and replied "all right, I am glad you come here for duty, I hope now to get something done and get into the field. Halleck is no more anxious for that than I am, and all I want is transportation for 5,000 men up the rivers, and a depot officer here who knows something and will do it." "This," I replied "you can have at the earliest date possible." I had been directed by Major Allen to call on him at St. Louis for steamers, also on Colonel Swords at Louisville, Ky., and on Captain John H. Dickinson chief quartermaster at Cincinnati, for all needed steamboats. I was thus enabled to supply Grant with all the transportation he required in a very few days, and so he was soon off with the first portion of his command, up the Ohio, the Tennessee and Cumberland rivers. I went to work to provide for proper storage and other necessary accommodations for an efficient army depot at Cairo. I clearly foresaw that point must be an important depot. It was a most central point and, as an army depot, the most important in the whole southwestern country. Located in the fork of the two rivers, and reached by water and rail, it was the grand center of every movement, in that region and became the most important point at which all needful supplies should be always kept on hand. Most of the town at high-water in either of the rivers, would be under water and the only safeguard was the *crest of the levee* on the Ohio river, and on which the railway tracks were laid, being only a small strip of dry land on which to erect store houses. This I improved,

however, and put men to work and soon had a large storehouse ready for use. Meanwhile, Captain Charles A. Reynolds, assistant quartermaster, reported to me for duty, as also Capt. Richard McAllister, assistant commissary of the subsistence department, and I was much relieved by assigning to those officers a portion of the details of the work to be done. I had also hired Capt. S. H. Turner, formerly of the Navy (away back in Mexican war times), to take charge of all the river transportation which had grown to immense proportions. Meanwhile, Captain, or Commodore, Foot's mortar boats arrived from St. Louis and had to be towed up the Ohio and Tennessee rivers for service, which required the strongest propelling force to be had.

These mortar boats were immense *scows* or *flatboats*, in the shape of a huge box, say forty feet long by twenty feet wide with the mortar and its ammunition on board. They drew from three to five feet of water and sitting square in the current, made it the heaviest possible draught against a strong current. The rivers were all rising rapidly with the melting of snows and the rains. It would be very difficult to describe the day and night labor necessary at that depot to meet the service. The tax on mind and body was intense and constant, and with my worn and debilitated condition in both body and mind by ten years' camp life on distant frontiers, I often felt like giving up entirely. After Grant took Ft. Donelson, February, 1862, the large number of prisoners taken were sent on steamers to Cairo to be distributed to places and prisons in the North, increasing greatly the work at the depot. Very soon General Pope began opera-

tions on the Mississippi river below Cairo, and continued till he captured Island No. 10, as it was called, and that expedition increased very much my labors at Cairo, and which were still further increased by the occupation of other points on the Tennessee and Cumberland rivers, and on the Mississippi as far south as Memphis, which place I had to visit and establish a depot. Memphis had but lately fallen into the hands of the Federals, and General Grant was there for a week or ten days with me arranging for its defense and protection and a depot for supplies. Gen. Geo. W. Cullum, of the engineers, was Halleck's chief of staff and he came to Cairo during February—messed with me and had office room with me, so he could be nearer the operations going on in Tennessee, Kentucky and Mississippi. Cullum's presence there gave me much relief. I was a Tennessean and therefore distrusted by the Northern politician and political generals and colonels, and I was hounded by every volunteer officer (for whom I was working day and night to fit out for the field) only because I was a Southern man and a democrat! I had been for fourteen years on the frontiers. since the Mexican war, from which service I brought with me the fatal Mexican diarrhea which had clung to me all the time, and by exposure and want of proper food, the disease had become chronic and crystallized into a gastritis, making my life and labors misery indeed. Cullum greatly relieved me when he got settled in his office at Cairo. A volunteer brigadier general by the name of Strong, a wool merchant of New York City, had been assigned to command that part of Cairo, I presume to get rid of him at some other place. He

was a nice, social, pleasant counter-jumper, and easy for an officer who knew his duties to get along with; but as for military knowledge or experience, the horse he occasionally tried to ride was about his equal! Cullum was a New Yorker, but an old graduate, and he and I, of course, knew our own business, and enjoyed many hearty laughs at meal time at the splutter and effort of our "woolen-mercantile-general." Cullum, as I have said, lived with me and knew my every act and thought, as also his and my day and night labors. We never talked politics but devoted ourselves to the duties of the hour.

One incident occurred about this time which I cannot omit to record. I had spared no pains to forward to Grant every thing he called for by river steamers. I had called on Colonel Swords at Louisville, and the quartermaster at Cincinnati, as also on Major Allen at St. Louis, for steamers for the purpose. At one time seventeen steamers were up those rivers on General Grant's calls; and none for two weeks had returned to Cairo! The daily pay for them was enormous; besides, I had none left for service, down the river or elsewhere! I had given the masters of vessels orders to discharge their cargoes and return as soon as practicable and report to me. Still no boats returned! Louisville and Cincinnati were calling for their steamers to return! I even heard that I was suspected of intentionally keeping those river transports out of reach of needed service. Under these circumstances I sent one of my office clerks on a steam tug, with written instructions to proceed up the Tennessee and Cumberland rivers, and have each and every master of vessel read it. The instructions were as follows.

"To the masters of steamers who have left the port of Cairo :

This will be handed to you by Clerk Ed. E. Whitehouse, and you are directed to return to this port with your boat without delay. All boats that fail to report at this depot within six days after reading this order will not receive any daily pay after the six days, unless the master can show written authority from the general commanding to remain longer."

My clerk visited all steamers and showed the order, and then visited General Grant's headquarters and showed the same to him (as I had told him to do). Grant read it, and kept it! and my clerk returned and reported his action.

I heard nothing more from it for ten days, when I received the same by mail from Major Allen's office in St. Louis, with General Grant's endorsement on it as follows :

"It seems to me Captain Turnley is more disposed to thwart my movements than to further them, at all events I know he cannot give me any advice. The rivers are full many places out of banks, and I need the steamers as floating storehouses and barracks, until the waters subside. U. S. GRANT,

Brig. Gen. Comdg.

Major Allen in his office in St. Louis read the paper and endorsement, then mailed it to me. I was both angry and surprised at Grant's endorsement. If he had endorsed merely the fact of high waters, and that he kept the boats on that account, it would have been perfectly satisfactory, because he was in command and had the authority to do as he liked ; but his gratuitous and unwarranted expressions, as to my motives,

or disposition to "thwart" his "movements," was beyond explanation, except on the ground that he meant to do me all the harm he could personally and officially.

I heard no more of the matter and my official relations with Grant went on the same as before. But my private opinion of him was greatly changed from that of early cadet acquaintance and army times, and has so remained to the present. I always knew from early cadet life that Grant was a quiet, cold, phlegmatic temperament, but never suspected, till then, that under and beneath all there lurked the spirit to wield a dagger or act the midnight assassin, if need be, to achieve his object. His imperturbable nature, however, was his salient point in character. He knew no friend, no foe, except what stood in his way as to methods. As I have before said, he was a slugger in the broadest and widest sense of the term. Some men fail because of drinking whisky, but Grant was one of the few temperaments who needed the stimulant in great quantity, and without it he, too, would have failed, even with "three to one." I have said nothing in anger, disappointment or revenge, but only the truth. Grant was exceptionally a great man, *in his way*, but his way was not in the line with a high sense of another's rights, feelings or comforts. As nature built him that way, he was not to be blamed for his methods. He could not help his make-up. It would be charitable to assume he was drunk when he wrote that endorsement, but I was not in a charitable mood when I read it, and I made up my mind he acted from a *malignant heart*, and chose a time and in a way he knew would best cater to the undercurrent of suspicion

which then attached to every officer of Southern birth in the Federal army. I showed it to Cullum, and he pronounced the endorsement simply *infamous* and suggested that I make a counter endorsement and send copies to the quartermaster general and Secretary of War. I thought the matter over for a day or two, and came to the conclusion that Grant really meant what he said, and that he had been just drunk enough to write it out on that paper on the maxim that "*in vino veritas.*" I therefore put the following replication on the paper, had copies made and mailed to Washington, as Cullum had suggested:

"In reply to General Grant's most incomprehensible endorsement, I have simply to say, first, that seventeen steamers had gone up river to his command, and none had returned to this depot. I had no river transport for service elsewhere, and that is why I sent notice to masters to return with their boats. General Grant says in the last part of his endorsement all he need have said at all, and had he done so, and returned it to me by my clerk, it would have been my duty and my pleasure to have fully acquiesced in his action. But General Grant went out of his official line to indulge in language as to my *motives* or *desires*, and is as unjust and as far from the truth as his method of expressing the same is *infamous* and *unworthy of a sober man*, which charity inclines me to think Grant *was not* when he wrote the endorsement. However, I shall say no more; 'soft words turneth away wrath.'

P. T. Turnley, A. Q. M., U. S. A."

Finally, after Grant captured Fort Donelson, with many thousand prisoners, he wrote me to prepare at Cairo to receive those prisoners by installments as he

would send them down the river on steamers. This was done, and after a time steamers began to arrive with from two or three hundred to seven or eight hundred on each boat. The rivers were high and it was a very wet, cold spell of weather. The prisoners (Confederates) had been for weeks in mud and water defending their fort, and when surrendered were in a sorry fix. Everything in the fort was captured, of course, by Grant and his army, among which was several hundred boxes and packages of Confederate clothing, much of which had never been opened. Scores of the Confederate soldiers on those steamers were sick with pneumonia, and every boat had from three to half a dozen dead on board, with no boxes or coffins to put them in. The sick and the well were alike thinly clad even for good weather (only summer pants and jackets); not many had coats, and not one had an overcoat. Not one in ten had a blanket, and the dead Confederate soldiers were lying about on decks and floors —had parted with life simply from exhaustion, cold and extreme exposure—with no head to direct and no heart to prompt the application of even the limited means at hand to remedy that condition.

As I have stated, nearly every boat had on it many packages of clothing yet no hand or voice was raised to open these and clothe the men. The sight was pitiable, all the more so, to a human Christian officer, as I claimed to be, and because of utter lack of heed or sympathy in the officers and soldiers composing the escorts or guards on the different boats. I called Cullum's attention to the condition of several of the prisoners, and after examining into the matter he became furiously angry and said severe things to the responsi-

ble officers. It required many days for all these prisoners to arrive and be disposed of. Some I put on cars at Cairo and sent up to Chicago, others I would direct to continue on steamers up to St. Louis and Alton. I kept ten or fifteen coal barges along shore at Cairo well supplied with coal for passing steamers, so that it was quite convenient for steamers to run alongside of a coal barge and replenish fuel.

An episode occurred during this movement of Confederate prisoners which ought to be embalmed in my reminiscences for future American citizens to read and ponder over, until such time as imperial power in this Union shall have succeeded our present so-called popular government, or the government of mob-ocracy or vox populi, and in its place establish the benign and divine government of the one dictator who will rule by divine right. Of course, those steamboats with prisoners were arriving at any time day or night, and the incident I am going to relate will be verbatim, as it occurred. It was on the wet, muddy, sloping levee at Cairo just midnight, the 22d of February—Washington's birthday, as if to render still more grim and remorseless the events then transpiring. My office was on the crest of the levee (say 300 feet back from the water's edge). The boat's whistle sounded a few miles above, indicating she was to land. I got my umbrella (for it was pouring down rain) and called a messenger boy of my office to carry the lantern. I called my chief superintendent of all work, Mr. William Chambers, also Isaac Jerome, in charge of ambulances, and we four took position on the levee and waited the landing of the steamer. In a short time, the gang-plank was run out, and a young man in part uniform came ashore and walked up the

levee to where I was standing with the messenger boy who was holding the lantern. The young man was, evidently, a lieutenant. He had his sword and straps on his shoulders, and a red stripe down the legs of his pants. Standing close behind me were Messrs. Chambers and Jerome, while the messenger boy stood at my left side. When the lieutenant was within a yard of me he stopped and asked where the quartermaster's office was. I replied, "here it is." He looked surprised for a few seconds, then repeated his question. I will give the dialogue verbatim, as best calculated to explain the incident.

Lieut. "Where is the quartermaster's office?"

Turnley. "Here it is."

Lieut. "Then, where is the quartermaster?"

Turnley. "Here he is. I am the quartermaster. What will you have?"

Lieut. "I have a lot of rebels on this boat and have orders to turn them over to the quartermaster at Cairo."

Turnley. "What is your name?"

Lieut. "Never mind my name—I want to turn over these rebels."

Turnley. "Let me see your orders."

Lieut. "That's my orders, to turn over these rebels to the quartermaster."

Turnley. "How many have you?"

Lieut. "I don't know, about three hundred and fifty, I guess.

Turnley. "What condition are the prisoners in? Are there any sick or dead men on your boat?"

Lieut. "Yes, I guess half of 'em are sick, and I heard the boys saying five or six of 'em are dead."

Turnley. "Have you any packages of clothing on board?"

Lieut. Yes, I understand there is a lot of rebel clothing on the boat, but I have not seen it."

Turnley. "Are the prisoners in need of clothing?"

Lieut. "Now, look here, Mr. Quartermaster, I dont want to stand here all night to answer questions about these Johnny rebs—All I know I have told you, and I want to turn them over and return to my regiment, as I was ordered."

Turnley. "Well, my young man (the lieutenant did not look to be even 18 years old), I have instructions to send your steamer and prisoners on up to St. Louis, and perhaps to Alton—therefore you will drop down the river a few hundred yards, to where you see those red lights on coal barges, and take on fuel enough to run you to St. Louis."

Lieut. "Not by a h—l of a sight will I go up to St. Louis. I am going back from here."

Turnley. "Yes, but my orders supersede your first orders, and I give them to you from a higher authority than the one who first ordered you to come here."

Lieut. "I don't care, I sha'n't obey you."

Turnley. "Then give me your name."

Lieut. "I sha'n't do that."

Turnley. "Who is that man just behind you?"

Lieut. "That is one of my sergeants."

Turnley. "Sergeant, are you on duty with the guard on that boat?"

Sergeant. "Yes, sir."

Turnley. "Are there any dead men on board?"

Sergeant. "Yes, sir, four."

Turnley. "Mr. Chambers, send a half dozen boxes or coffins from the shop to that boat, and go yourself and have the bodies put into them. And, Sergeant, I order you to go on board and tell the master of the boat to come here to me."

He did so, and in five minutes the master of the boat reported, and I directed him to drop down, take on coal, and proceed to St. Louis, which, of course, he proceeded to do. I had hired him and his boat weeks before, and had the written agreement in my office.

While this was going on a large crowd of people had assembled on the levee. The rain had slackened. Torchlights in hanging iron baskets along the levee lighted up the space with lurid, dismal shadows. I further directed the sergeant and master of vessel to open any packages of clothing on board and issue to those prisoners in need. The obstreperous lieutenant, meanwhile, stood listening to all my orders, and the master of the vessel started on board to execute his orders, when the lieutenant broke out afresh, as follows:

"D—d me, if I will go on with these d—d rebels! I was told to stop here and go back with this boat, and I mean to do it!"

Turnley. "My young man, you amaze me! I can hardly believe you are an American officer. You certainly lack the breeding and elements of a worthy officer, or even a gentleman, but your looks indicate youth and inexperience, while your actions indicate great ignorance, or something worse. I shall dispatch this steamer to St. Louis, and to-morrow I will endeavor to ascertain more about you."

Lieut. "What makes you so d--d kindly disposed to them rebels? As for me, I wish the boat would blow up and kill every son of a bitch of 'em."

Turnley. "Now, sir! Stop such language, or I will call the officer of the guard and put you under close arrest. I have been twenty years in the military service and feel ashamed to meet such a character holding a commission in the United States army! You say 'G—d d—d' rebels as fluently as you could speak of horse thieves and robbers. Let me say to you that these men are prisoners of war, and as such are entitled to humane treatment. As to being rebels, neither you nor I can decide the question. In 1776, General Washington and his entire army were marked as rebels, but they grew to be the greatest patriots. Since that day we have not had any occasion to study the subject very closely; at present, the most we know is that these men are *prisoners of war*, and you have shown yourself to be a brute in human shape to have them under your care, dying on board from neglect, cold and exposure, while ample clothing, captured from them, is at your hand to issue to them in place of the wet, muddy clothing they have on, and have worn for weeks in their trenches. This is all I have to say to you to-night, and I hope you will give what I have said some thought. To-morrow I will see you again."

This closed the incident, and by this time it was at least an hour after midnight. The boat was soon supplied with coal, a number of coffins put on board and the four corpses put in, so that their comrades might bury them at St. Louis or Alton, and everybody sought his bed for the rest of the night. Time went on, and so did daily rush of work. I almost forgot, in the succeeding months of labor and worry, this incident. Little, indeed, did I dream that at the very time I was talking to that insubordinate and idiotic fledge-

ling of a lieutenant, that a regularly *employed spy* and detective was in the crowd on the levee, close to me, taking down all that was said—and before noon the next day as much of it as he could *garble* or manipulate was sent over the wires to E. S. Stanton, Secretary of War. I did not learn this, however, until months after. It was on my return in July from establishing a depot at Memphis, to my office at Cairo that, in a large mail which had accumulated during my absence, I received the following as a third reminder from the War Office. The acting Secretary-of-War's letter is as follows:

WAR DEPARTMENT.

WASHINGTON CITY, D. C.,
July 5th, 1862.

Sir: Information has been received at this department from an apparently responsible source, to the effect that you have manifested a spirit of disloyalty, and that you have not properly and faithfully discharged the duties of your position as assistant quartermaster at Cairo.

It is alleged that you have frequently and publicly stated that your heart was with the South in this rebellion, and that you intended to reside there at no distant day; that upon another occasion, while you were present at the shipment of some captured goods, ordered from Cairo to St. Louis, for the purpose of clothing rebel prisoners there, you were terribly profane, and declared that the officers of General Grant, engaged in forwarding the goods, were infinitely worse than their original owners; that Washington and Jefferson were the first and greatest rebels our country ever had—and other language of similar import.

Concerning the second point in the information above mentioned, it is stated that your manners have been insolent, uncivil and ungentlemanly toward Union officers, and that you have tolerated like manners in your clerks, that officers and men have presented their requisition for property, properly attested and approved by the commanding officer, and the commandant of the post, all in due form, but that notwithstanding this, they were subjected to such insult and annoyance before obtaining their supplies, that they would sit down, weary and disgusted, declaring that they would rather pay out of their own pockets for the goods wanted, than again trouble you, and experience such bad treatment—that you are rich and therefore indifferent.

These statements are in the language of the informant, who seems to be responsible, and are communicated to you by order of the Secretary of War, to give you an opportunity of submitting any explanation you may have to make.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

C. P. Wolcott,

Assistant Secretary of War.

Capt. P. T. Turnley,

Assistant Quartermaster, Cairo, Illinois.

The foregoing was very interesting reading for me on the 20th of July when I reached Cairo from a most fatiguing trip to Memphis! I wondered and wondered and wondered, for three days and nights, who on God's green earth could have had the gall, enmity and fiendish spirit to give such statement to the War Department—at long range—and at the same time make it appear to Mr. C. P. Wolcott, Assistant Secretary of

War or to his chief, that it was "*apparently from a responsible source.*" However, guessing was useless, besides, this was the third reminder, and I proposed to make it the last! (In this I succeeded!)

I closed up my accummulated mail and rested a few days, reading over and over the Assistant Secretary Wolcott's letter; and I finally called my private secretary, Mr. Henry Whitehouse, to take and enter the letter as of record in my office.

I then wrote two different letters in answer. The first was a most respectful, polite and long letter, embodying the charity, benevolence, forgiveness and Christian love suggested by the Apostle's injunction to one's enemies. The second was shorter and more businesslike, but in every way respectful and official. I then ate dinner at 6 P. M. and went to bed at 9, slept soundly and woke up fresh, cool and collected, but did not go into the office where there were half a dozen clerks attending to the multifarious affairs of active current service, but staid in my room on that infernal levee at Cairo, hot as a July sun can make—stripped to my shirt sleeves, opened a bottle of Julien's best claret, and cooled myself with divers claret punches. Finally, about 12 M., I sat down to write a third reply to the Assistant Secretary of War. I had read over and over again my first two, and did not like either of them. There was too much of them. As by inspiration it flashed on me, why should I temporize or explain? I had nothing to explain! "The information received at this department from 'apparently responsible source,'" was every word, letter and syllable, false! It was useless for me to speculate as to who the malicious

fiend could be. As also futile for me to ask the author of such accusations. I therefore settled down to a very short and terse answer; because, first, I was amazed at the accusations, with not one iota of recollection of any occurrences which could have given grounds for such. Even the incident with the lieutenant, in charge of the prisoners away back in February, did not occur to my mind at the moment. Secondly, because I was placed in the position to "explain" in the dark whatever occurred, and to thus attempt to meet some hidden enemy or a conspiracy. I therefore made my answer short, independent and to the point which I and *not mine enemy* would have, as follows:

DEPOT QUARTERMASTER'S OFFICE,
CAIRO, ILL., July 25, '62.

TO THE HON. C. P. WOLCOTT,
Asst. Sec. of War, Washington, D. C.

Sir: On my return from Memphis three days since, where I went to establish a depot of supplies, I find in my Cairo office, your letter of 5th inst., which I have most carefully read and considered in all the hidden features as presented to my mind. To say that I am amazed at its contents falls far short of conveying my feelings. For me to offer "explanations" as the Secretary suggests, would be as ridiculous as futile on my part; because the whole tissue of accusations is to me the most extraordinary piece of fiction that a distempered mind could invent—or the most malignant assassin, in the darkness of night, would venture to concoct and utter!

Therefore, Mr. Secretary, I have to say, that if my constant day and night worry and labor, with every effort of body and mind, during—I may say for twenty

years—is not satisfactory to the Government nor received in confidence and good faith by the War Department—then I respectfully request the acceptance of my resignation, which was submitted by me while in Utah, May, 1860.

I have the honor to be respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

P. T. Turnley.

Assistant Quartermaster, U. S. A.

P. S. I contracted and brought from my service in Mexico, in 1848, that prevalent Mexican diarrhœa, which has continued with me ever since until I am now weak and feeble with a chronic gastritis, and must have relief from work.

I am, very respectfully,

P. T. Turnley,

Assistant Quartermaster, U. S. A.

War department in reply to mine:

WAR DEPARTMENT.

Washington City, D. C.,
August, 1862.

Sir: Your letter of 25th ult. is received and I am directed by the Secretary of War to say that your explanation of accusations filed in this office against you is entirely satisfactory.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

C. P. Wolcott,

Assistant Secretary of War.

To P. T. Turnley,

Assistant Quartermaster, Cairo, Ill.

So ended the matter and I was not long in turning my face northward toward the great Lake Michigan.

But I made it my business therafter to institute a quiet search for the author of that report, but only partially succeeded. I gathered little by little, from a couple of friends in Cairo, then from a friend close to General Grant's headquarters, sufficient to convince my own mind that Grant knew very much, if not all, about it. Then two years thereafter I got a few pointers from a sub-official about the office of Secretary of War Stanton. from which I was lead to think at least that a detective had been assigned to duty at Cairo, especially to watch me; of which, at that time. however, I was as ignorant as the unborn babe. Six years afterward, I had strong grounds for believing that Ulysses S. Grant suggested to the War Department to send to Cairo such detective, and in a measure, stood sponsor for the infamous accusations against me at that depot in 1862. A man by name of Allen Pinkerton, of Chicago (but prior to that from Canada), a mongrel Scotch-Welsh-English-Canadian. was in some way employed on the Potomac, or about Washington, to do detective work and after the war he established a large office in Chicago and a very extensive detective agency all over the country. When I returned to live in Chicago, in 1868, I sought an introduction to Pinkerton and visited him in his office frequently, and sampled his bourbon and brandy, for he was very hospitable. In this way, I got sufficiently acquainted to talk freely about war times then past and gone, and his work in it as a detective, till by and by he told me that back in the spring of 1862, the War Department had directed him to send a detective to General Grant, in Tennessee, for service at Cairo. This was enough for me to know and I had the satisfaction of knowing

I had barely escaped the barbed net laid for me by a worse than Judas Iscariot. I never have had reason to believe otherwise than that Grant at least knew all about it—horrible as it was to think this. On my trip to Cairo to establish that depot, in July, 1862, I took my wife along on the steamer, and the day after we got to Memphis General Grant and his wife arrived there also, and remained for a few days for Grant to give orders and gather facts as to the Confederate movements. During this time my wife and self exerted ourselves to make it pleasant for both Grant and his wife. We gave them the best dinner at the best hotel, still open, that we could get up, employed a decent hack or carriage and drove them all about the town, and as far out in the country as it was safe to go, for all of which Grant appeared as thankful as his nature enabled him to be, though he never overflowed with words pro or con. When years after this and after I discovered a chain leading up to him as having guilty knowledge at least of the snares laid for me away back in the previous spring, at Cairo, I felt a disgust not necessary to express in words. I chewed and then swallowed the cud of entire loss of confidence or respect for Ulysses S. Grant. As I am writing up this diary in my library, 584 Wabash avenue, Chicago, Grant—the great slugger—is taking his first lessons in the art of being President. So I shall possess my soul in peace, but try to keep warm my orthodox *anathema maranthas*, until his "Excellency" shall step down to the ranks of the humble citizen. I will then face the little-big man with my suspicions and beliefs, and hear his side of the story and have him explain his endorsements about steamers as well.

CHAPTER XVI.

I had, in April, applied to be relieved from duty, because of extreme weakness and feeble health. Soon after I took my wife and two little girls, Emma and Mamie, to Niagara and on through the lakes to Quebec, thence to Boston, and from there we stopped for a few days in Greenfield, Massachusetts, where I learned that General Charles P. Stone, my classmate at West Point, was in LaFayette prison. I was amazed at this; I knew he had been relieved from his command on the Potomac some time previous, and placed in arrest for some hatched-up semi-political action or words, but was surprised to learn he was in prison all the time since the previous March. Stone's sister, in Greenfield, informed me of this matter. He was one of my four room-mates at West Point when we first reported as cadets; we occupied the same room, as narrated in previous chapter. We had always been warm personal friends, he from Massachusetts and I from Tennessee. He had resigned from the army in 1856, and I knew he was one of the first to offer his services to the Federal Government, early in 1861. I was quite sure he could not be other than a loyal officer, and was uneasy to know why he should be thus a prisoner by his own government. *I* had perhaps *justly* been marked a fit subject for suspicion, myself, but Stone *never*. At the solicitation of Stone's sisters to do what I could to effect his release, or else his speedy trial, I went to Washington and called on President Lincoln, making known the object of my visit and relating to him all I

knew of Stone, our long acquaintance, etc., and then requested to know why Stone was thus a prisoner. The President heard me patiently, and said he "did not know," but he would write a line for me to hand to Mr. Stanton, the Secretary of War, and perhaps he could tell me all about it. I took his note, and as soon as I could get to Mr. Stanton's office, and to his presence, delivered it. He read it, and then asked me what I wished. I told him all I had said to the President, and much more of like tenor and effect. Considering the still warm accusations against my own loyalty and discharge of duties, I confess it was of doubtful policy for me to present myself to the Secretary of War in behalf of another officer, who, possibly, was under like accusations. But when I considered that General Stone was from old Massachusetts, to the manor born, I was sure there must be some mistake about his long imprisonment. Considering the reputation Stanton had for cutting officers short in their calls on him, it was to say the least, a hazardous experiment on my part; at a time, too, when the mildest suspicion was worked up against so many faithful officers, who were in common fairness and of right beyond suspicion. I felt, however, that innocence had no ground for shrinking from a humane duty. I had always acted the part of an honorable American citizen and a faithful, trusted officer in all duties confided to me, and my very boldness was a surprise to Stanton, who was noted for most arbitrary and unreasonable treatment of army officers, whom, from any cause, he did not like. Stanton had, before the war, been a loud-spoken democrat in politics, but from causes unknown to the outside world, he joined the federal republicans, and from a

democratic, peaceful, anti-war politician, he became a rabid war man. No doubt, Stanton became distrustful of the efficiency of educated officers, because of the many incompetent men given high rank through the political favoritism then rampant about Washington. This led him to doubt *all alike*, and he held himself ready to accuse, and to help persecute, whosoever carried a sword and incurred the displeasure of an influential political coterie. General Stone's arrest, imprisonment, and persecution was, in fact, the malignant work of a United States Senator from Stone's own State. Hell itself was smouldering in every politician's heart and mind, and in some it was seething hot and uncontrolable. Victims were demanded, and must be had at any price; so that in the case of General Stone, Stanton was merely the intermediate and passive official instrument of inflicting on an innocent officer irreparable, not to say brutal, outrage, to gratify the fiendish malignity of a political zealot, whose personal cowardice was measured inversely by his pretended zeal.

But Secretary Stanton, after hearing me through, was as courteous and considerate as I could have desired. Stanton listened to all I had to say with apparent interest, and dismissed me with the remark that he "would look into the case of General Stone and take action on it at an early day." With this assurance I left him and rejoined my family. It was less than ten days thereafter that I learned General Stone had been released without trial and returned to duty. But not on the Potomac or in Virginia. I think he joined Banks in the south trans-Mississippi. It was some years after I learned incidentally, that Senator

Sumner was the prime mover in General Stone's arrest, and was the power behind the throne which imprisoned an innocent officer under the very noses of Lincoln and Stanton, both of whom were politicians, and kindly catered to their political friends regardless of the sufferings and wrongs visited on the innocent. Such is *popular* government. What a commentary on our boasted government of law. God save the mark. And may God protect the weak, which, in our boasted free government, our laws sadly fail to do.

That autumn, I obtained an extension of leave till April. 1863, when I went to Washington and called on Surgeon-General Barnes. I was still weak and feeble, almost a skeleton, and Barnes was amazed at my appearance. Barnes and I had served together in Texas, in 1848, but we had not met since, until my call on him, as above. I told him of my lingering gastritis and nervous prostration, and that I felt as if a sea voyage would benefit me. He at once fully agreed with me that such was the best and proper course; and said he, "Go write you application for a six months' leave, with permission to go beyond the seas, and I will place on it such endorsement as will insure it being granted." This I did, and the next day I had the leave.

I wrote my wife, then in Chicago, to get ready to accompany me over the deep Atlantic. I called on the Secretary of State, paid the five dollars and obtained a passport, hurried to Chicago, to arrange private affairs and get my wife. We were living at Dr. David Rutter's (my wife's father), at 119 Wabash avenue, Chicago, and where we were to leave our two children (Emma and Mamie). I got my money matters arranged for our trip, and at 6 P. M., March 26, 1863,

we kissed the children good-bye, and took the cars for New York. The sleeping car at that day was a fraud and a discomfort, especially as the Michigan Central then boasted of great comfort to its passengers. However, we crossed at Detroit, took the Great Western to Niagara by 7 P. M. next day, about 230 miles from Detroit, thence by New York Central. At 6 the next morning reaching Schenectady, we were roused from our bunks and informed that the ice on the Hudson river prevented our crossing, and we had to change and go by Troy; we arrived in New York by midnight, and got a room at the Albemarle Hotel, on Thirtieth and Broadway. We remained at the Albemarle, visiting friends in the city and sight seeing, till the 8th of April, when we took a 7 o'clock breakfast at the hotel and then a carriage for the steamer Asia, bound to Liverpool. By ten o'clock all passengers were on board, and the vessel getting up steam, and by 12 M. we were off.

It is not necessary to describe our daily experience on ship board; that has been done a thousand times by better writers than I, and as our run to Liverpool was in pleasant weather, nothing of interest calls for notice.

April 19th we ran up the Mersey; dropped anchor at 5 P. M. and conveyed from the ship to the wharf by a small mail and passenger boat. Arriving at the wharf, the crowd of 100 passengers, who, for eleven days were social and entertaining to each other, now parted in a few moments never to meet again! To some, no doubt, it was a joyful relief, but to others, perhaps, a sad prospect in a strange land.

We hastened to the Washington Hotel, a large, fine hostelry, as things were then in that country. We got

to bed early, but by midnight, I became so sea-sick I had to get up and relieve my stomach by casting up accounts. This was the strangest feature to me of sea-sickness. I am not sea-sick on board ship, but a few hours after going on shore, I have my turn at it, much the same as others have on board. The next day we spent in a carriage sight-seeing and saw all we cared to, packed our hand luggage and the next morning, 21st, left for London. We spent forty-two hours at the hotel, had the simple hotel table meals, with no extras, and our bill for only two was five pounds, seventeen shillings and three pence, or $25.37½ American gold, or about seven dollars a day each! Leaving Liverpool at 11:30 A. M., we were off in the cars and at 6:30 P. M., we landed at our hotel, the Westminster Palace. In this we made a mistake, as it is one of the most expensive and least comfortable hotels in London For Americans not posted in the methods of those hotels where every thing you may want to a gill of cold water, must be ordered, and it goes on your bill. After a few days I found a quiet private house, kept by Mr. R. Flemming, on Halfmoon street, just off Picadilly street, to which we removed; and in paying our bill at the Westminster Palace, we discovered we had incurred a bill of $5.50 each, or $11 per day for the two, and yet we had not had as much food or accommodation in the four days as one person ordinarily consumes at an American hotel in one day. At Mr. Flemming's we remained until May 8th, having visited every point of historical interest. Meanwhile, I had engaged Louis Herite as a guide, or courier, as they are called, and at 10 A. M., May 8th, we set out for Folkestone on the English Channel, about seventy

miles from London, where we arrived at 1:30 P. M.; there we took steamer for Boulogne sur Mere, France, arrived that night at 7. Folkestone is a bright sunny little town not noted for anything special, unless it be as the birthplace of Harvey, the alleged discoverer of the circulation of the blood in the human system. Boulogne, France, is a quaint old place perched on the hill, not unlike Quebec, Canada. The place is quiet, surrounded by high stone walls, (say 600 yards square). The new cathedral is within these walls and was still unfinished. I noted that much of the marble used formerly in the old chapel was being cut up and used in the new cathedral. We spent till 12 noon on the 9th making a tour of the antiquated village. Leaving there at 1 P. M., on the 9th, we took cars for Paris, where we arrived at 7 P. M. and were soon in the little old-fashioned Hotel d'Orient, at 48 Rue Neuve St. Augustine. I did not feel well, and very soon settled in our room. Next day, Sunday, the 10th, I felt a little better and at 9:30 A. M., we took cars fifteen miles to the Palace Versailles. It were useless for me to attempt description in this narrative of the extent and magnificence of that old palace, other travelers whose pen and descriptive powers are more supple and agile than mine have doubtless done the work since my visit, now many years past. The extensive parks, woodlands, lakes and lawns, all in the highest state of preservation and repair, amazed and gladdened one's view, outside, while inside, the immense palace, with its great number of suits of rooms, gorgeous furniture, carriages of state used by former kings and princes almost bewildered the mind of a plebeian, from the wilds of our American frontiers. From there

we returned to Paris dined, and then strolled around the Jardin de Fleurs till 9 P. M. when we returned to our hotel. Monday we went through the (Jardin de Tuilleries, the Chapel des Invalids and (idolators like) looked at the tomb of Napoleon I, thence to the exhibition of industry, where are exhibited the numerous works of living artists, thence to the Cafe Canton, where three or four very homely females tried to sing in open air. Hundreds, if not thousands of seats and small tables are there provided for the throngs who frequent the place to while away a few hours. At one of these we rested a while, and took a cup of coffee, and heard the orchestra dispense very good music. After seeing all we cared to, we went to a French circus and saw very fine performances of riding horseback by four girls and four men, also excellent rope dancing by a small girl. It closed with a large car containing lions, being rolled into the ring, and the keeper of the brutes went into the cage or car and made his pets perform all sorts of tricks. We did not get to our hotel till near midnight and I was very tired. Mary, my wife, never tired of sight-seeing. I confess that my weak condition lessened very greatly my interest in everything. The next day, we went to the guard mounting in front of the Empress' quarters at the Tuilleries, but the crowd was so dense we soon tired of it and went to the Palace Louvre, and spent three hours going through it, viewing the hundreds of paintings of the French, Italian and German schools, till, tired out, we returned to the hotel.

However, I am drifting too much into detail. I shall stop at once. What I have said will give some idea of the labor and fatigue of sight-seeing in Europe,

and also of the extent we tried to ramble through the main parts of cities. I shall not give details any more, but leave Paris for Lyons, thence across the Alps to Genoa, Leghorn, Rome, Naples, and by steamer back to where we got cars at Milan. From Milan to Lakes Como and Maggiore, and back over the Alps to Geneva, thence to, and down the Rhine to Cologne on steamer, thence by rail to Brussels, and on through Paris back to London, thence by way of Carlyle to Edinburgh, from there to Glasgow, thence back to Liverpool, where we sailed for Boston, home and friends —where we arrived about the last of August. I felt no stronger in health than when I started. Indeed, I had worked harder than if I had been on duty, though quite unwittingly, and from curiosity! Anxiety of mind, too, worried me. Our civil war was going on fiercer than ever. I had four sisters, three in Arkansas, and one in Tennessee. All with families (one a widow), broken up on their little farm, by first the Federal, then the Confederate troops. Some of them living under bed-quilts spread over the bent bows of the bushes! I naturally felt a desire to be where I could render some assistance to my unfortunate sisters, when called for. They were suffering most emphatically the hardships of the innocents! It was slave-holder and anti-slave-holder now at war, yet my sisters never owned a slave in the world. Their husbands, sons and daughters were industrious workers, with neat farms, houses and barns—the fruit of their own labor; but now all torn up, destroyed or carried off by two contending factions, regardless of the innocent! On my way to Chicago, I stopped over a day at Niagara Falls, and while there received an order from the War Department, for-

warded to me from Chicago, to report myself in person in Wilmington, Delaware, to Gen. Irvin McDowell, who was there as president of a retiring board, whose duties were to inquire into the actual condition of sick and disabled officers, and recommend to the President such action as they believed best. Starting my wife on to Chicago alone, I returned East to Wilmington and reported as directed. I was examined and retired from active service in the following language:—"For long and faithful services and disease contracted in the line of duty."

I then went on to Chicago, where I rested from all labor with my wife and two children during that winter (1863). Early in 1864 I learned that two of my sisters in Arkansas, living six miles from Pine Bluff, were in a very destitute condition. One had four children, all girls, the other a widow with four children, two boys and two girls. I started to their relief at once. Passing through Little Rock I met General Fred Steel whom I had known as a cadet, and in the Mexican war. Steel was chief in command at Little Rock and that part of the southwest. With his permission, and in fact request, I rigged up a small steamer, which he desired to load with commissary stores for a detachment of troops at Pine Bluff, and went with it to that little town, fifty miles from Little Rock, where I found Colonel Clayton in command. I told Colonel Clayton my business, and he kindly placed an escort at my service, and I went to where my sisters lived (they were only half a mile apart, and six miles from Pine Bluff). After due examination I found I could do nothing for them where they were; so I obtained from Colonel Clayton three wagons, and

moved them all into the town of Pine Bluff, comprising twelve persons in the two families; and I rented a house sufficiently large to accommodate them and supplied them with provisions, fuel, etc., to last them for two months; or, till the first of May. Taking one of the oldest sons of my oldest sister with me, I traveled on horseback, fifty miles to Little Rock and thence by railway to Ball's Bluff, then operated by the Government; and from there by steamer down White river to the Mississippi river, and up that river to Memphis. There I met for the first time, my cousin, Laura Kibbe, with her four little children (the oldest only ten years) whose husband was somewhere with the Confederates, and she had sought shelter in Memphis with little else than her four helpless children! I was glad to be able to give her some assistance, though not as much as her condition needed. But I made her comfortable. From there I took a steamer up river to Cairo, thence by rail to Evansville, Indiana, in search of a more comfortable abode for my two sisters and families (left at Pine Bluff), to shelter them during the war. I failed to find one at Evansville, and continued on to Cincinnati and above that; still finding nothing I retraced my course back to Madison, Indiana, where, for four thousand dollars, I purchased a large, square double brick house—ample for the accommodation of them all; and started the oldest son, whom I had brought with me, back to bring the families to this new home; while I returned to my own family in Chicago to await notice of their arrival in Madison! After a couple of weeks' waiting, and getting no information, I returned to Madison and there waited till the steamer which they were on arrived; and, as speedily as I could, got

them in comfortable quarters. Some of them were very sick, dangerously so, with pneumonia. However, all got well and lived quietly, and with more comfort than for some time before. One of these sisters was the oldest of my father's family, and was at that time forty-six years of age, the mother of eight children, five of whom were living. Her three eldest were boys, and were conscripted into the Confederate service early in 1862. They served their term and returned home, but were again called upon for further service and having declined to go, it became necessary for them to leave home, or live in hiding, which rendered them useless to their mother either as help or protection. One of them sickened and died; and one other prepared, finally, to join a Confederate company rather than pass his time hiding in the woods. The third, and oldest, was the one I brought north with me. The other children were all girls, the eldest thirteen and the youngest four years. The other sister, then forty years of age, had four children, all girls, the eldest sixteen and the youngest but one year old. Of course their coming North necessitated their leaving behind all they possessed on earth (that had not been destroyed by armies) except the clothes they wore, and they had to be entirely provided for, while not one was able or capable of rendering any assistance! Meanwhile, and before their arrival, a third sister, unmarried, active and competent, had arrived from Mississippi (where she had supported herself by teaching for six years), and she put the new home in complete order and there remained to aid and assist the rest. Late in the fall of 1864 a fourth sister from East Tennessee, the birthplace of us all, with her three children also

had to flee from the terrors of war in Jefferson county, Tennessee! And thus it occurred that all of our "mother's chicks" had come together, by stress of war, which none of us had any hand in fomenting, nor much interest left in its termination!

But there was still our father absent from us! and worse still, he was languishing in a vile, cold and cheerless Federal prison at Knoxville, Tennessee, only thirty miles from his birthplace. To get him was the next step, and in doing so I cannot omit to record an episode in the life and treatment of my dear old father, John C. Turnley, near Dandridge, Tennessee, to whom I made a visit February, 1861, as related in previous pages. He has just gone to his peaceful grave two months past (June 10, 1871), and cannot know what I shall now record of his sufferings of body and mind, nor my expressions of his bravery and goodness of heart. But that others may gather knowledge of man's inhumanity to man, for the mere pleasure of passing the time I will indulge in a few pages which all people, North and South, might read with profit.

THE EPISODE OF JOHN C. TURNLEY'S SUFFERINGS.

Upon the first opening of the reign of terror in Tennessee, September, 1861, John C. Turnley, so long accustomed to hold the ear and confidence of his immediate community in political matters, stepped forth, and in plain and forcible argument pleaded for order; for unity of sentiment, if possible; but, above all, for mutual toleration; and for a time his white hairs were honored, and words welcomed and deferred to even at the most violent meetings of both political factions. He was a native of, and politically for Southern success, but not an original secessionist; yet, before and above

all, he labored for toleration and fraternal concord among neighbors. While any restraint of law remained in that distracted part of the State he wrought his good work; quieting political animosities, and inducing his neighbors and friends to await the results of war without personal bitterness. As an evidence of the single-hearted honesty of his life, numbers of his neighbors who took the opposite political side from himself stood his fast friends, mutually assisting and being assisted by each other.

The lower orders and the less intelligent portion of the people had been harangued into frenzy by demagogues of their own class, who, by a little more intelligence, had only become more brutal than themselves. They were, in some instances, preachers, who, having long practiced upon the credulity and superstitions of their subjects, had acquired a peculiar power over them. One of these human monsters has been already named, and while England records the name of Wat Tyler or Guy Fawkes, the State of Tennessee will preserve in execration the name of William Ganway Brownlow! Infuriated mobs traversed the length and breadth of the mountainous region with the spirit of demons! No age, sex, nor condition was spared; it would have been unreasonable to hope that such a man as Turnley—a landmark of peace and order, and one who scorned to dissemble his convictions of right for fear or favor—could escape! For awhile, indeed, a kind of respect attached to the old man who had so long been recognized as an adviser and counsellor, and by the needy as a helper (for his scanty stores were always open to the poor, and there was a seat by his fireside and a plate at his table for the humblest in the

land). Gradually, however, this restraint wore away as the fury of war increased, and as men's savage natures developed by internecine war, the appetite of the mob became whetted by indulgence. Turnley was scented out and made a close prisoner in his own house entirely because the old man counseled toleration and harmony. Nothing but the fidelity of his two faithful negro servants, who hid him in the cellar and resorted to innumerable devices to deceive and mislead his enemies, could have saved him from such a death as many of his neighbors met—some being scourged, others hanged and strangled by degrees, while a few were more mercifully shot!

The savage Indians were poor expedients compared with these equally savage and far more cruel whites of East Tennessee Knobs. If Brownlow published in his "Knoxville Whig" that such or such a one ought to be hanged, the obedient pack had but to catch the note, and the victim was dragged to a tree or gate post. Did he say one ought to be scourged, it was done even to the death; and if, in the very poetry of vituperation, he declared a man deserved to be flayed alive, it was executed with sickening fidelity! My father on being released from Knoxville prison walked, almost blind, thirty-two miles to his home, five miles from Dandridge, but was soon warned of death and danger, and fled by night to seek shelter behind the Confederate lines then at Bristol, ninety miles distant. Allen, his negro man servant, started with him and saw his old master safe on the road for twenty miles, and then returned to devote himself to the family who remained behind, and work on the farm. When his fidelity to them had brought upon his own head the violence

of the mob, he also had to conceal himself in the woods by day and worked in the field by night, that they might have bread for the coming year! Not less devoted were the female servants, Hannah and Adeline. They stood by their master and the family, defending and protecting all to the last! Turnley was not a slave owner, proper, but had only these three family slaves by inheritance.

These faithful negro slaves might furnish additional heroes and heroines for Uncle Tom's Cabin if Mrs. Stowe, the smutty novelist, should for variety take a fancy to subjects less sensual and less sensational than her "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

Turnley's personal safety from the violenceof the mob was thus secured, but the rest and quiet, so essential to restoration of his health, was impossible. For nearly three months he roved over the hills of Western Virginia. That section was filled with refugees like himself, insomuch, that hotels and taverns were crowded,and it was with great difficulty one could obtain even a night's lodging in a farm house. Turnley lodged from house to house, as he best could, often sleeping in the woods with a log or a stump for a pillow.

In his blindness and helplessness he lost his horse and soon after abandoned the few clothes he had taken with him.

In February, 1864, while walking in his field in his shirt sleeves, on the opposite side of the river from his residence, he was surprised by a mob composed of one Wilson Shadden, as leader, and others, and carried to Knoxville, thirty-five miles distant, in the night, where he was incarcerated in a large frame building, called the prison, then held by the Union forces, badly built

and very cold, while he had neither blanket nor warm woolen clothes. When arrested in his field he was crossed over the river in his own ferryboat and walked past his own door, but was not allowed to go in nor to receive even the overcoat one of his servants brought out to him. Added to this, he was almost blind ; for the exposure and hardships of the past few months had brought on granular inflammation of the eyelids.

The horrors of solitude to an active mind like Turnley's, dwelling in painful darkness and chafing against restricted liberty, cannot be conceived by one in possession of his unimpaired faculties, while he suffered almost torture with inflamed eyes.

At this time the rapidly accumulating prisoners at Knoxville (nearly all of whom were the oldest men in their counties, ranging from seventy to ninety) were disposed of by sending them in detachments, on foot, across the Cumberland mountains through Kentucky, thence to Ohio, Alton, Johnson's Island, Rock Island, and other Northern prisons. Why this method was adopted, whether it was a "military necessity," or whether it was the mere invention of cruelty cannot be stated, nor does it belong to the province of this narrative.

It was a hard march for young and able men, while for men old and infirm, as were most of those incarcerated at Knoxville, not one of them for any crime—save the *crime* of pleading for *peace*, few under seventy and many past eighty years of age, it was simply death, in its most painful form !

Every morning the prisoners were called on parade outside of the prison, and the names of those destined for transfer announced, varying in number from one

to ten; every day was the last parade for somebody. The doomed men wrung the hands of their companions in silence as they turned their backs upon home and hope. Few of them ever returned, and East Tennessee, thus bereft of her rod and staff, thus deflowered of the best and wisest of her population, tottered and retrograded full fifty years in her civilization and social condition.

There is something inexpressibly painful in the impending stroke; in the regular and certain fall of the ax that surely claims a victim at every blow, and the sentence is almost a mercy that puts an end to dread. The sentence daily deferred, yet daily suffered by the two friends, fell at last on poor old man Stevens. He knew that it was his last trial—the crowning sacrifice of a pure and holy life, for he had been preaching the Gospel of Christ nigh on to sixty years. He turned with a quick instinctive shudder to Turnley, now his constant companion—it was but for a moment, a flitting shadow of the flesh dimming, not obscuring, the grandeur of the soul, and again he was calm and serene as the blue heavens that looked down and pitied him. In a few hours he was on his hard march toward the Cumberland mountains, and fourteen days after—the same day on which he reached Camp Division, Ohio—he died.

Such was the end of Rev. Rufus M. Stevens, a man of peace, whose hand knew no art but that of healing, whose tongue had no utterance but of admonition and blessing.

Turnley was left in possession of Stevens' bed and such of his clothing as he was unable to carry with him, which Turnley, in turn, left with less fortunate prisoners, when some weeks after he was released from custody.

Mrs. White, a resident of Knoxville, never deserted the charge committed to her by her venerable friend, Stevens; she had never seen Turnley, knew him only as an old man, to the manor born, and one of the many sufferers of that unhappy time; yet, as long as he remained in prison, and even during "Longstreet's siege," when supplies were cut off and the provisions in the city were seized by the military authorities and dealt out in half and quarter rations to the citizens, Mrs. White's tray still came to Turnley's prison laden with such provisions and delicacies as she could obtain. Mrs. White resided in Knoxville, during all those months of trial, and was the angel of mercy and help to the old men prisoners.

In May, 1864, after an imprisonment of three months, Turnley, in company with many others, was released.

He returned to his home only to find the fury of the mob ten-fold increased. Most of those who were able to fly had done so, and of such as had no means of escape, or through desperate daring had chosen to remain, was furnished a human feast, sickening to think upon, even with ten intervening years to cast a friendly shadow over the loathsome details. The howls of Brownlow from the lair at Knoxville, reverberated through the mountains, rolled up the valleys and died in guttural menaces in the caves of East Tennessee, and every peal brought in its hecatomb of victims; it seemed that the wild beasts which possessed the land two centuries before, had returned in human shape, and now held carnival upon their human enemy. The methods of torture were as varied and infamous as they were cruel.

Meanwhile three of his daughters had taken refuge in Madison, Indiana, as before narrated, and were making strenuous efforts to get the father there also. Several agents had been dispatched to Knoxville, but all with like result—failure. The route from Knoxville to Bristol, a distance of more than a hundred miles, being reported as too dangerous to attempt, finally the youngest daughter (my sister) Miss C. L. Turnley, proposed to undertake the journey, thinking a woman acquainted with the country, might quietly slip through unmolested, where a man would certainly fall a victim to one party or the other.

I fully approved of her plans for the expedition. Setting out from Madison, July 15th, she proceeded to Knoxville, and thence, accompanied by her nephew, a lad of twelve years (whose mother, a sister, still occupied her little farm on French-broad river, nine miles east of Dandridge), picked her way cautiously and slowly from point to point till she reached Bristol, August 8th. Failing to find any kind of shelter in Bristol, she continued her journey three miles into the country where she obtained lodging with a farmer, Mr. Blackley.

It was the rumor that her father was somewhere in the vicinity that brought her hither. He, too, had heard of her approach, and the morning after her arrival he groped his way to Mr. Blackley's in search of her. Glad as he was, however, to see his daughter, and to hear from his other children and grandchildren, then concentrated at Madison, Indiana, he at first refused to go with his daughter to Madison, and it was with great difficulty this determination was overcome.

The first work was to improvise a change of cloth-

ing for him, as he had not been changed for nearly three months. A few yards of hickory cloth was found in Bristol at $30.00 per yard, enough to make a coat and pair of pants. This was the price, of course in Confederate money—but the price in Federal greenbacks was $15.00 per yard. An old tailoress (for tailors had all turned soldiers) was found to cut them, and Mrs. Blackley assisted Miss Turnley to sew them.

A few white muslin skirts of Miss Turnley's were transformed into shirts, and in twenty-four hours after her arrival a complete change of clothing had been invented.

After Turnley consented to return with his daughter, other difficulties arose—the means of getting there. They were then over a hundred miles east from Knoxville, and could only await the approach of the two hostile armies, and following the Confederates to their nearest approach, pass hastily through to the Federal lines. With either army was protection. Away from both was danger or destruction. They remained at Mr. Blackley's several weeks, awaiting the movement of the two armies. At last, General Eckle (Confederate), advanced to Jonesboro, but finding a strong Federal force menacing him at Bull's Gap, and finding his own forces inferior in numbers, without arms, without organization (being largely made up of detachments and stragglers cut off from General Wheeler's command), ordered a retreat.

The citizens who had so long been exposed to the ravages of lawless foes, murmured; the soldiers were sullen and dissatisfied; Eckle fell back to Jonesboro; the people hoped he would at least stand there, but contrary to all hopes and calculations, the retreat was

continued to the Watauga river, twelve miles behind Jonesboro. The soldiers, discontented with the officers, were almost mutinous, and in less than twelve hours after the retreat Eckle had been superseded by Morgan, who, full of courage and enthusiasm, advanced.

Bull's Gap was the supposed place of encounter. Morgan pushed his forces to Greenville, and how much courage and determination might achieve against such heavy odds in numbers, arms and organization was soon to be tested. The betrayal, surprise and murder of Morgan in Greenville is a familiar story to every Tennesseean, lamented or condemned according to the political bias of the individual. While the Confederate army, ignorant of the events of the night and early morning, lay awaiting orders, General Gillem (Federal) attacked them front and flank. Colonels Bradford and Smith (Confederates) manœuvred to gain time, but still hearing nothing from Morgan were at last forced to fight, and several hours of heavy skirmishing had taken place before they received the news of *Morgan's death* by betrayal and assassination at Greenville. It was now a retreat, which the greatest coolness and intrepidity on the part of the officers could scarcely save from a rout. The disappointed and disheartened Confederates fell back to Carter's Station, on or near the Watauga river. General Gillem, declining to follow, returned to Bull's Gap, and things were left pretty much as they had been for months past, save that Morgan was dead and the prestige of victory with the Federals. Eckle's generalship was vindicated, but at heavy cost. While it is not intended to cast the shadow of disparagement upon the character of so brave a man as Morgan, one who loved above all earthly things to

defend home and fireside, yet one is forced to the opinion that it was well for the Confederate cause when he had ceased from his labors and his blunders. It was also well for the Federals, because the violence of bushwhacking of like natures begat violence, and cessation of this kind of violence on either side was a relief and a blessing, no matter from what cause or motive.

Turnley had followed Eckle to Jonesboro, and was on the road to Greenville when the advance detachments of the retreat notified him of the change in plans. He waited in the house of Robert Campbell, Esq., till Generals Eckle and Vaughn themselves came up, and with them returned to Jonesboro, and remained through the confusion and panic that followed. Not many days after, General Williams, from the North Carolina division (Confederate), passed through. He came to the assistance of Morgan, but arriving too late passed on down the French Broad to Newport only eleven miles from Turnley's home, and he availed himself of this protection, and on reaching Newport rode on to his home without molestation. It was necessary, however, to secrete himself for a while from the fiends and human hyenas of that neighborhood (some of whom were those who had taken him to Knoxville prison), till safe convoy to Knoxville could be procured. After some little delay all was arranged, and he proceeded to Knoxville, and thence to Madison, Indiana, without further accident or hindrance, and thus after nine years of separation from all save one of his children, he was again restored to the heart of his family. The disease by which he had become almost blind yielded to medical skill under Doctor Cogill, of Madison, but not till forty days of most painful treat-

ment. For the two succeeding years, my father remained in that quiet retreat in Madison, Indiana, building up his shattered health, and watching with deep and painful interest the progress of the war, the evils and magnitude of which his son had clearly portrayed in his Dandridge address 26th January, 1861, and repeated at Greenville two days thereafter. It is a noteworthy fact that the writer's prayer for harmony in his address at Greenville, January 28th, should be followed by betrayal and assassination by a citizen or female of that village!

I have devoted more space than I intended to the imprisonment of my old father, but it seemed necessary, for a correct understanding of the matter, to picture the real state of affairs in that unhappy section of country at that time; no doubt similar conditions existed in many other places in the Southern States, but which I am not called upon to notice. But for a spirit of demoniacal violence, eastern Tennessee will always carry the palm! I cannot thus pass over east Tennessee's shortcomings and cruelties! That was my birthplace and home till nineteen years of age, and was the home of my father, grandfather and great-grandfather from 1785. It becomes, therefore, my duty to make a record of the diabolism of the time; also it becomes me to arraign General Ambrose E. Burnside as a heathen, outcast and a heartless ingrate! Burnside was in command at Knoxville, and walked through the prison almost daily, and saw and knew that old man to be the father of P. T. Turnley, of the Federal army—the same P. T. Turnley who had more than once helped and befriended the Cadet Burnside—yet he coldly and *inhumanly* permitted my father (past three-

score and ten) to linger in that prison, almost naked, nearly blind, and suffering for the kind of food his great age and lack of teeth required he should have. Burnside knew that I, like himself, was in the Union army, but in a distant part of the country—he knew I had saved him, while a cadet, from discovery, drunk and dismissal. Nothing short of a brute could have thus treated my old father!

However, these things constitute the *barbarism of war*—and we only discover the *barbarian* when events bring the opportunity to act! I ruled Burnside out of my books from that time on! He failed as a general, most ingloriously, on every tried field of battle! He was an *ignoramus* in politics; but his wife's money, and his own pusillanimous flunkeyism, put him into a corrupt and debauched Senate of the United States, where he was lost to sight—and where for the balance of his life he assiduously cultivated all there ever was of him, to-wit, *his whiskers!*

CHAPTER XVII.

I spent the rest of 1864 at home in Chicago, and in looking after my private affairs and providing for others dependent solely on me. Early in 1865 I went to Washington to see how the final settlement of my public accounts was progressing; and called at the quartermaster-general's office. General Meigs was absent, but General Charles Thomas, the assistant quartermaster-general, was acting in his place, and as soon as he saw me he expressed a desire that I would consent to take active service again for a special duty in

Denver, Colorado. Being a retired officer, I was not subject to detail or orders, and only on my voluntary action could I be assigned. The case was peculiar—exceptional, and not supposed to involve very great labor, or to be of long duration. Denver was in what was called "The District of the Plains," and was the headquarters of the troops in that frontier during the war. All sorts of irregularities had been practiced in the expenditures of the quartermaster's department for supplies of forage, fuel, transportation, etc., etc. Corn had been procured at twelve to eighteen dollars the bushel! Hay had been cut up on the prairies for enormous prices, sometimes forty to sixty dollars per ton, stacked within a mile of where it was cut! Fuel (wood) had been charged for delivered to troops guarding stage stations along the South Platte, from one to two hundred miles east from Denver, at as high as $100 the cord! And correspondingly high prices for many things! These prices had been allowed by the volunteer officers stationed in that region of the country, and vouchers made and certified to for the same, but not paid, leaving their payment to be made in Washington by the quartermaster-general on his approval. The quartermaster-general had examined some of these vouchers and refused to pay them, in fact, considered many to be fraud. Hence, it was urged that I go to Denver, establish an office and overhaul all these matters, correct abuses, and fix what ought to be a proper price for these supplies. After consideration I agreed to go, and came to Chicago to arrange matters and report my readiness. St. Louis was the point I would start from, so I went there, reported myself ready, and in due time received my instructions. I concluded to

take my wife and two little girls with me, although it was rather a hazardous venture, because the previous autumn and winter many of the overland stage stations between Fort Leavenworth and Denver had been broken up and burned by hostile Indians, and the Indians were still a terror to overland travel. However, I had passed too much of my army life on the frontiers among the Indians to feel much doubt about my being able to take care of myself and family on a trip of five hundred miles with any reasonable escort. I therefore took a steamer at St. Louis for Leavenworth, with my horses, mules and wagons on board, together with a clerk and teamsters, so as not to have delay at Leavenworth. We made slow progress up the river, and it was somewhere about Lexington, Missouri, that we got news of President Lincoln's assassination! When we arrived at Leavenworth I met a telegram stating my wife's father, in Chicago, had died the day after Lincoln's death, of apoplexy—attributed to his excitement on learning of Lincoln's tragic death. This upset us greatly, and we wished that we were all back at Chicago However, we rested a few days, and I improved the time to get my baggage wagons and ambulance, and my wife's private carriage, which had been sent also from Chicago by rail, in readiness; and getting a proper escort of ten men, which, with my armed teamsters, I considered ample security for the trip. About the 20th of April we set out for the long march to Denver, over five hundred miles. I had procured a couple of Canadian ponies for my two little girls (Emma and Mamie, ten and seven years of age, respectively), with little boys' saddles to ride astride. We had the children dressed in Zouave pants

for comfort and convenience so they could ride the ponies "a la boy." This they did all the way to Denver—five hundred miles. I traveled at the rate of eighteen to twenty five miles per day, according to grass, water, fuel, etc., pitching our tents at night, and sleeping on our blankets spread on the dry grass; or if wet, we spread down our India rubbers first. We heard of Indians often, but never saw any, though a stage station was burned the next day after we had passed it, showing the proximity of Indians on our trail. No doubt they knew all my movements, and saw how vigilant we were both day and night, and no doubt thought it too hazardous for them to attack us. In twenty-three days' travel we reached Denver, all in excellent health, and I proceeded to relieve the officer there on duty, Captain C. L. Gorton, and to get into the harness of official work. Of course, the tragic death of Lincoln just at the close of a four years' terrific war, in which two million men were under arms, and twenty-five millions of people exulting with joy, and half as many more depressed with defeat and ruined homes, left little room for interest in other matters in the War Department or about the frontiers, or the Indians. The occasion was favorable for the sixty-eight major-generals and the two hundred and seventy brigadier-generals to hustle around for new commands somewhere on earth for a service that would secure them their salaries. One of these, Mr. Patrick E. Connor, was in Utah when the war closed, and very soon he made his appearance in Denver, with his staff, of course; and I, being only a poor, insignificant captain, was subject to his orders, especially as he brought a quartermaster with him who coveted the post of

Denver. I was soon informed that I would be relieved and assigned to duty with a column of troops to *take the field for an Indian scout.* Captain Royal L. Westbrook was the one General Connor ordered to relieve me. This was not what I had expected, nor the spirit of my orders. I had repaired and re-established the telegraph communications from Denver to Fort Leavenworth, so that I could communicate readily therewith, and I at once telegraphed the chief quartermaster at Leavenworth, and also General Pope at St. Louis (who was, in fact, the chief in command of all the frontiers), protesting against the change. Without going into details, it is enough to say that I prevented being displaced by Connor's order, and remained at the post to do the work I had been specially sent there to do, while also carrying on all current duties required in the district of the plains. General Connor was fitted out with the necessary teams for his Indian scout, and soon left, taking his quartermaster with him, and I was left to my duties unmolested. I soon began to overhaul those extraordinary accounts, and after duly cutting down the extravagant prices to a reasonable and proper figure, they were ready to deliver to their proper owners, or to go to Washington, St. Louis, or Fort Leavenworth for payment. I had authority, however, to pay such as I might have funds sufficient to liquidate, and I managed to pay most of the smaller vouchers, and thus save the time and trouble of transmitting small accounts so far. My health had much improved during the latter part of 1864, and when I accepted this service I really felt able to perform it though by no means robust. My weight had increased from 127 to 145 pounds and I had

a reasonable appetite, and slept fairly well at night until in August; I then began to feel the same electrical influence of that mountain climate which had so nervously prostrated me during the years '58-9 and '60 in Utah, but which my sojourn near the sea coast and on salt water had greatly relieved. My appetite began to fail me, my inability to sleep soon began to destroy my strength and energy. At this time, a sore near the root of my tongue began to grow into a boil, and became a small carbuncle, which I nursed, but continued at duty suffering in silence the inexpressible pain no mortal need care to experience. When it was fairly on the wane I felt a sore coming on the back of my neck just behind the left ear. It grew into a fine large carbuncle. I was now in as bad a condition as I cared to be, weak and debilitated, with no appetite for food, and very little assimilation of what I did eat, unable to sleep, and nervous beyond description. The ordinary term "nervous prostration," falls short of expressing my condition, so I applied to be relieved but got no answer. I then used the telegraph for the same purpose, to Leavenworth, St. Louis and Washington—but could get no reply; and I finally forwarded my resignation. I received no reply to this up to September 26th when Major General G. M. Dodge came into the post from an Indian scout, and I determined to avail myself of the privilege of an "immediate and unconditional" clause in a tender of resignation, which allowed the immediate commanding general to grant at once a leave of absence, while action was being taken on the resignation at Washington. General Dodge indorsed and inclosed my tender of resignation and recommended a leave at once. I went to work closing up my business so as to leave,

when I received a reply from Washington dated Nov. 20, 1865, that my resignation would be accepted to take effect 31st of December, 1865, but nothing said about a leave. I closed up, however, and turned over the department to Captain Bean, who had come from Fort Halleck (250 miles west of Denver) for the purpose of relieving me. This enabled me to pack up and get ready for a 500 mile travel in mid-winter to Atchison. My wife and children were, of course, to come with me. The stage line had been re-established and was running tri-weekly from Denver to Atchison; but it was crowded full every trip, and very uncomfortable as well as expensive. I had my private ambulance put in the most comfortable order, and like the omnibus in style, having windows put in, a seat on either side the full length of the bed, and wide enough to lie on and sleep, if desired, and also rear steps. I had a small stove made out of a large camp kettle with a small smoke pipe three inches in diameter going up through the center of the roof, and hooks by which I could swing or suspend the little stove, and thus protect the same from the irregular motion of the wagon. A couple of sacks filled with charcoal, tied on the axles underneath, a lantern and a lamp, matches, hatchet, monkey-wrench and our robes and blankets, with a couple of pillows, fixed us out with a fair prospect of comfort. The snow was then a foot deep all over the country, even to Leavenworth, and the temperature below 20°. The stage stations were twenty miles apart, and the question was, as to my mules being able to travel daily that long distance, with anything like speed. We certainly did not want to crawl over the prairie at the rate of only fifteen or twenty

miles a day, in such cold weather. I therefore interviewed the stage agent at Denver and proposed to him to carry the mail on my ambulance to Atchison, if he would allow *relays of stage horses* from the different stage stations to pull my ambulance. The agent was fully willing to do this, for I had done many things to accommodate the stage line interest at that post, and this arrangement would carry my ambulance at stage rate travel to Atchison, which meant at about five miles an hour. In this manner we whirled out of Denver the 18th of December, 1865. Our experiences on the way were full of interest and sometimes alarming. One evening, five miles west of Julesburgh, on the South Platte, we broke a wheel, and had to limp into the station on foot, in darkness and freezing cold, and have the wheelwright employed at the military post work all night to mend it. Moving on next day and part of the night, we passed another military post, and replenished our charcoal; then while traveling at night along the south side of the Platte river in the snow, we lost our road, some ten miles before reaching Fort Kearney. It was near midnight, bitter cold—16° below zero—and the driver had to stop and take his lantern, on foot to search for the road—full an hour—but at last we found the trail and got into Kearney Station 3 o'clock in the morning. We could only find space to spread our blankets on the floor in the cold room; but we felt thankful for even that. The next morning we found it 22° below zero; and the stage driver who was to drive our ambulance, was slow to face the frosty air; so we got a cup of black coffee and got off about 10 A. M. That day we traveled slowly and only passed two stations. It continued cold, and the snow

was deeper as we came east though the greater travel kept it better packed down. The next day it was still 16° below with a keen wind blowing. The second day after leaving Kearney we got a very bad driver from that station; impudent, reckless and dissipated. He pretended to feel himself insulted or scandalized, at having to drive a team hitched to a *private conveyance*, but I explained to him who I was, and the reason why I was thus using the stage company's relays of horses and drivers, and that I was carrying the regular United States mail. It made no impression on him whatever, and he drove in the most reckless manner; had my carriage not been of the strongest make it would have broken down right on the snow covered, bleak prairie, far from assistance, and jeopardized the lives of us all in the intense cold? To control this as well as I could, I took a seat with him in front, which in no wise calmed his brutal temper. He was evidently one of these frontier desperadoes who had left civilization for a cause, and floated out to the lawless regions of the frontier where he could pass incog. while gaining a living driving a stage, until a favorable opportunity offered to become, perhaps, a highwayman! My twenty years' experience with frontier characters enabled me to measure him pretty well, and I made up my mind that we were not safe in his hands, and at the first station I would get rid of him by some means. We reached the next station at 2 P. M. where we had to change horses. A small detachment of volunteer soldiers stationed there gave protection from the Indians, though not having anything to do with the stage company's affairs further than to protect the place. As soon as we drove up

near the stables I jumped off and sought the officer in command; he proved to be only a sergeant, but a sensible, intelligent man; and I related to him who I was and how I was traveling with my wife and children, told him what kind of a driver I had taken on at a previous station. The sergeant knew the fellow from reputation, and quite agreed with me that he was not the man to have on this occasion. I then asked him if he could not get me a man at least to the next station, where drivers were to be changed. He said one of his squad of soldiers' time would be out in a week, and he already had a furlough till that time but was waiting the arrival of some more of the same company to join them when all would proceed to Leavenworth, for final discharge—that he was a good man (from Iowa, I think) and if he was willing to go, and I could wait till he could get ready, he would willingly let him go. In five minutes I was face to face with the soldier and told him what I wanted; he only hesitated because he had not a cent of money and would not have till mustered out and paid off; and if he went with me, would find himself at Atchison with no money. I saw the point, and not caring to count dollars just then, situated as I was with wife and children on a perilous trip, I told him if he could get ready in half an hour and be on the driver's seat before the other fellow got through his drinking at the stable, and would stick to me to the Missouri river, I would give him one hundred dollars! This opened his eyes as large as saucers and his assent to it came just as soon as he could recover his amazement. The sergeant heard it all, and helped the man to get together his gun, box and blankets, which were soon on the front

seat. The stable men (as was their business) had already hitched the fresh horses (while the old driver was warming himself and swallowing bad whisky, which was to be had at every station). Just as soon as the soldier driver mounted the box I was by his side. We drove off at a full sweeping trot and were more than a hundred yards on the road before the half drunken driver knew it. He came staggering out and hollowing at the top of his voice to stop, but we only drove the faster. And that was the last I ever saw of that driver. We reached a pretty fair and comfortable station that night at dark, and there rested till the next morning, when we continued on, finding the roads much better, the snow being settled and firm from the travel over it. Meanwhile, our previous day's fast driving, and the roughness of the road, had well nigh used up one of the wheels of my ambulance, and by three o'clock that afternoon it was ready to drop down. In fact it did break down, in the middle of the road, about five miles before we reached the Big Sandy Creek. We took out the horses and sent the driver on them forward to the station to procure a vehicle, and means to draw our broken one to the station. Leaving our heavy luggage in the ambulance, but taking our small valuables in our arms, we walked to the next station before dark. On our way we met our driver coming back with means to bring all up, which he did almost as soon as we arrived. We found at this station a German family by whom we were most kindly cared for. The women of the family became much interested with Emma and Mamie, our two little girls, and the children sang several little songs which amused them greatly. One, especially, called "Johnny Smoker," attracted

them. They went into ecstacies over it and had it repeated several times. The German man of the house was a blacksmith and wheelwright and the very man to mend my ambulance wheel; but it was Saturday night and the following day Sunday; yet I wanted the work done right away, as if no Sunday existed. The man hesitated a little, but finally went at it, and the next day it was finished. After thanking him and paying our bills, we resumed our journey. If I remember rightly this Sunday at the Big Sandy was Christmas day, 1865, and the sixth day out from Denver. Our calculations of five miles an hour, and to run night and day, was a dream not to be realized at that season of the year, and especially at that time when a foot of snow covered mother earth nearly the whole way. Several days and nights it was 20° below zero, and we thought we were doing remarkably well under all circumstances. From the Big Sandy we struck rougher roads, and, in a few days, a "January thaw" had begun so that roads were heavy and we were compelled to travel still slower, but had no mishaps at all. We reached Atchison about the 29th of December where we rested over night. Depositing my ambulance with the stage company's agent there, we took the cars the next morning to St. Joseph, Missouri, and went to the house of Leander Black, who had prepared a sumptuous dinner for us, and we met, for the first time, his wife and family. We had an agreeable time till the hour arrived to take the night train to Chicago. Mr. Black had a fine carriage and a splendid span of horses, and took us from his home to the station in St. Joseph, and showed us all possible attention. From St. Joseph to Chicago in those days

meant from eighteen to twenty-four hours on the cars, and we arrived in Chicago about dark, the closing hours of the year 1865, and went to Mrs. E. T. Rutter's house, on Superior street, Chicago. We had left her the previous 15th of March living at 119 Wabash avenue. Doctor Rutter had died there the 15th of April, and she had changed her residence to Superior street in the meantime. Mrs. Rutter's three sons were with her, and her other daughter, and when my wife arrived it made her entire family of children once more all together under the maternal roof. Her invalid sister, Mariell, was also with her, while my two little girls and myself made a pretty large family (ten) for a small house. We all rested, and soon regained our usual habits of sleeping, eating and daily duties. The 12th of February, 1866, leaving wife and children at Mrs. Rutter's, I went to St. Louis, to complete closing up my public business, and on the 1st of March my wife joined me there, and we procured a house on Washington avenue, and prepared to go to housekeeping.

Very soon the children joined us, and we lived quietly there until September, 1867. During the latter part of 1866 and the spring of 1867, I suffered with continued carbuncles, having four of the worst ones on my neck. I began to think that carbuncles would be my death. I suffered, also, greatly with ulcerated molar teeth, apparently the best teeth I had, but I had to have them taken out—and to one who has never had a good, square, well-rooted molar drawn, at the same time having a full-grown carbuncle on his neck, I will just suggest that he prepare himself to say his prayers in a secluded closet with becoming rever-

ence and resignation! I sat on my chair, or half reclined on bed or sofa, with my head drooping forward, for nearly two months, with constant recurrence of these infernal inflammatory gangrenous ulcers! Just so soon as one was lanced and began to subside, a sore spot would manifest itself only a little distance from it, and in a few days unmistakable signs appeared of another of the pests on the way! It required about the same period of time for each to sprout, grow, mature and then subside! I did not follow Job's wife's advice, "curse God and die," because it all came about on account of my impoverished blood, and not by God's decree! Besides, I am not one of those who believe Deity meddles with such details! I was full of poison, which had been gradually accumulating in my system for more than seven years, and my stay on or near the salt water had only started a change of system, which, had I remained on the sea, would no doubt have worked me out of the condition.

But my going back to the uncongenial, electrical atmosphere of the Rocky mountains spread this poison in my system afresh. I found in St. Louis about as uncongenial atmosphere as I had ever tried to live in, and after I was able to travel I spent the summer away from there, and concluded to purchase a residence in Chicago and make that my home. Accordingly, in September, 1867, wife and self looked around for a place and finally purchased 584 and 586 Wabash avenue, and speedily removed our household effects from St. Louis to it, where we were soon quietly at home. During my long siege with the carbuncles, in St. Louis, Dr. Johnston (a son-in-law of the then millionair James Lucas) attended me and prescribed for

my weak, emaciated condition, good whisky or wines. I had lived almost on calisaya drinks for months, with no benefit, so I first tried rye whisky, but tired of it very soon; then I tried sherry and Madeira wines, but soon found it difficult to get them down, so repugnant did the flavor become to my taste and smell. Then I tried Ike Cook's Imperial Catawba, which I liked better, and drank freely of it for a month, but tired of it also. I sent to Kentucky for some good old Bourbon, which finally arrived. A five-gallon keg costing me then (1867) just $55.00, or $11.00 the gallon. This was just after the close of the war when everything had war prices, besides the Government tax on whisky was enormous, and then the article I had received was the best and the oldest I could find, and was in every respect such as one would ordinarily pay $2.00 or $2.50 per gallon for, in 1850. The house I got it from in Kentucky declared it was fifteen years old, and it cost enough to be three-score and ten. I was not disposed to grumble at $10.00 a gal. for the best. I began using this about September, 1867, and at that time I weighed 137 pounds. I did not have very much appetite, though I ate sufficient to keep me about. I slept about four hours of the twenty-four and could not even coax myself to sleep any more. At first I took a half gill of the old Bourbon before sitting down to breakfast, but soon quit it, not feeling well after it; then I took the same quantity just before sitting down to dinner and found it worked well, it gave me an appetite and seemed to help assimilation of food and to favor digestion. After a while I again tried the half gill before breakfast, and finding it worked well, kept it up. This made a gill a day. I soon added another half

gill before supper, which also worked well; and then one on going to bed, making now two gills per day, and it seemed to give me increasing strength, comfortable sleep at night and a good digestion and in one month I had gained six pounds in weight. I then began taking a gill at about 10 A. M. another at 12 M. and one at 3 P. M. and another one during the evening, thus making nearly a quart each day. Yet, strange to say, I never felt the least intoxicating effect from it, but ate with the greatest appetite, digested my food perfectly, and slept as sound as anyone could from the time I went to bed till daylight. Meantime, I had in four months increased in weight to 159 pounds, and in every way felt strong and active, but no effects at all from the great amount of bourbon. So I kept it up during 1868 and 1869 when I weighed 181 pounds. I then began for the first time to feel the effects of the whisky; while not intoxicated by it, yet I felt indifferent, my head was not "level" as they say—I was forgetful of things to be done, etc. In fine, I was then swallowing more whisky than the diminished poisons in my system could neutralize. So long as the poisons in my system would absorb, or in turn be absorbed by the whisky, I was the gainer, and felt no ill effects but when the poisons had been eliminated by the alcohol, then the latter became detrimental to me both physically and mentally; hence, this was the time to swear off and keep sworn off. I did this measurably well, but for the information and guidance of others I will state that any person who has been in the habit of drinking freely of liquor, say a quart per day, or even a pint, and desires to quit it, or to dimin-

ish the amount, there is only one way to do it, and that is to quit entirely, at once, in *toto*—not little by little, but all at once and not touch one drop for at least one year or more. No man ever yet quit drinking gradually. Totalism is the truest ism for sobriety that words ever coined into expression; and the only moderate drinking that a man who has been a free drinker can possibly permit, is total abstinence, otherwise he will continue his free and liberal drinking. (So much have I to say on the temperance question, for which I make no charge.)

I have been requested by many personal friends to give my individual opinion in regard to the relative efficiency and generalship of some leading commanders in Federal and Confederate armies, more especially of regular officers and graduates of West Point with whom I have long been acquainted. I find many entries in my note books on this point made between June, 1861, and January, 1866. Heretofore I have thought it injudicious to do so. On reflection, however, I can see no impropriety in at least recording my personal opinion in my memoirs, for whatever value such opinion may be to others; nor do I think any apology necessary for expressing my own opinion of officers holding conspicuous public positions, whose actions I watched with impartiality, and with whom I had many years of personal acquaintance, and with many of them, friendly, social relations. Nothing has occurred since the late war closed to change opinions I formed during the conflict as to those conspicuous in command.

General Irving McDowell was the first actor on the field, and the first failure, in July, 1861, at the first

Bull Run. McDowell was a graduate of 1838, a native of the State of Ohio; was a scholarly, polite and affable gentlemen, ambitious, of course. He had been through the Mexican war as a staff officer with General John E. Wool. He was mustering officer (of volunteers) in Washington City in the summer of 1861, and when the public clamor became strong for a forward move on Richmond, McDowell was promoted to a brigadier-general by influence of Salmon Chase, also an Ohio man (one of President Lincoln's cabinet). McDowell at once set about organizing an army of volunteers. Having collected twenty-eight to thirty thousand men by the middle of July, he was ready to march against the Confederate forces then assembled in the region of Bull Run. The Confederates were also green volunteers, and commanded by the Confederate General P. G. T. Beauregard, who, by the way, was McDowell's class-mate at West Point. So far as discipline, drill and service were concerned, the Federal and Confederate volunteers in the battle were entirely similar and equal as to military experience, or rather, lack of experience. Of course, the Confederates had selected the battle ground, but had only nine thousand in force to McDowell's thirty thousand. The engagement began July 21st and waxed hot all the forenoon, when fresh Confederate troops arrived and won the battle. McDowell lost that first battle because he failed to have one or more of his four divisions (of seven thousand men each) ready at the proper time to re-inforce his divisions previously engaged, a thing Beauregard and Johnston were vigilant to do. This was the secret of McDowell's failure at that time. A like defect in his career as a commander was visible in

his course ever after. He was never designed or destined to be a successful general on bloody fields of battle, albeit he was without a peer on a peaceful parade where bright bayonets and a cap-a-pie display of gold lace was the engagement. McDowell was heavy and formal in mind and body; was a high liver, a proud, ambitious man, and was dominated by a spirit of great dignity. He was a failure at the beginning, and no less so at the ending, but, all the while, among personal friends and in social society, an agreeable gentleman and a scholar.

The next on the theatre was George B. McClellan, who had been made major-general to rank next to the venerable and distinguished Scott. His commission as major-general was the same date as McDowell's to a brigadier (May 14, 1861). He graduated second in the class of 1846, was the youngest cadet in the class; in fact he lacked several months of being sixteen (the required minimum age by law when he entered the Academy, June, 1842). He had been pushed the previous years in private schools over most of the West Point course of education, expressly to enable him to graduate head of his class, but he was second at the graduation. He served creditably under Lee and Beauregard as an engineer in the Mexican war, and after that on several pieces of engineer work—more of a civil than a military nature. He was sent as one of the military commissioners to the seat of war in Europe, in 1855, especially to gather information on military organizations on a large scale, resigned from the army in 1857, and became chief engineer of the Illinois Central Railroad. He was president of the Cincinnati & Ohio Railway when called again into

service, April, 1861, and was placed on the army roster, as before stated, next to the distinguished General Scott. This was a most responsible position for one not yet thirty-five years of age. It placed him over many old officers of long and distinguished service, and who were in the United States army before McClellan was born! This naturally excited surprise and criticism in older heads, while it tended to turn McClellan's head into realms imaginary, and visions of superiority non-existent! No wonder the administration which had perpetrated this strange error of placing at the head of the largest army known in modern warfare and history a man so youthful and untried, became anxious to undo it! Political freaks are apt to essay strange things, by strange methods of government, more especially in a government assumed to be based on vox populi! Under the circumstances, it is not to be wondered that the administration should seek opportunities to remove McClellan, and, when no good reason was found, then to *create one!* This, in fact, was done. McClellan was very far from being a great man or a strong man, yet he was superior to the political cabal in Washington City, who made him the victim of their political machinations. McClellan was industrious, vigilant and energetic; but, of course, he was vain and aspiring. He was not a social man, nor one who sought or permitted intimacy. His strongest characteristic was *exclusiveness.* If I except his father-in-law (General R. B. Marcey), I doubt if he had among all his able and older commanders one intimate, confiding friend. Greater was the pity and misfortune for McClellan, because, when his day of trial came, not one sympathized with him or cared to help him. In fact, his char-

acter and predilections as a man rather invited his enemies to undo him. McClellan was not in touch with simple republican-democratic methods, manners or associations of his country. Few men of American lineage, whose birth, education and associations had been of democratic environments, were more *undemocratic*, or, I will say, *less democratic*, than George B. McClellan. He was an aristocrat of the imperial, monarchial type, by nature and instinct. His most congenial and coveted companions and confidants were those worthless and graceless scions of effete titled vagabonds of European dynasties. McClellan was a good organizer (as well he might be, from his observation of large armies in Europe). He was a reliable and competent engineer, a safe and cautious commander (all too cautious for a great captain); he was moral, temperate and honest, but he lacked the elements of a great commander of soldiers on bloody fields. McClellan lacked fearfully and fatally the courage of his own judgment. He cowered before as vile, not to say, treasonable cabal of political demagogues as the century produced during that conflict. McClellan should have realized the fact that *he, and not a political cabal in Washington*, commanded the army, and that that army was all that could secure what it was created for, when commanded *by only one chief head*. McClellan was energetic and active in almost every line of operations in fair weather and calm sailing, but when aggressive work was required, when to *lead* became a duty instead of following, when the hour to assume responsibility and action came, then McClellan was a cripple, almost a cipher, not from physical cowardice, but from moral fear and distrust of himself. At such

times, his halting and faltering courage was in sympathy for others and not fear for himself. In other words, McClellan desired always to save his soldiers, and for that very reason was too much of a woman ever to become a great general. Of course, it is a crowning virtue in generalship to save the soldier when possible, but there comes a time when the die must be cast, and the deadly conflict begin. This hour of onslaught, wisely and opportunely chosen, comprises high elements of generalship, and exhausts a general's duties in the line of saving his soldiers, each one of whom now faces his duties of enlistment and shares responsibilities. For a general to hesitate and falter at this hour is to lose all. McClellan failed not once, but three times, to attack his enemy at the proper time, which nothing could palliate or retrieve.

But these failures were not all his own fault. Nothing was plainer to the dispassionate looker-on than that the cabal at Washington did not mean McClellan should go to Richmond. Nothing is ever gained by witholding the truth as relates to public acts, or to official character, least of all when one has none other than honest motives, to speak of those whose character one has closely studied. McClellan had few faults and many virtues. He never used tobacco nor liquors, nor used profane language, but the elements of a great military captain could not be found in his make-up, simply because God did not so endow him. Added to his weaknesses was his fear of a lot of political rascals. My respected class-mate (who was five years my junior in age when we were cadets together) has long since retired from public service, and while I have spoken only the truth, as I

understand it, I can not feel that I have been harsh or unduly critical.

John Pope next figured on nearly the same theatre where McDowell had exploited incompetency. I may as well say here, before I forget it, that Pope and McDowell, while differing greatly in some personalities, yet were much alike in conducting their military operations, and truth compels me to say that I do not think either of them had ever been good *Sunday-school pupils*, or else their teachers failed greatly to impress on their young minds the *Ninth Commandment.* McDowell was by far the more magnanimous and just however, for he did, on one occasion, like a good fellow, frankly and publicly assume all responsibility of his Bull Run failure; while Pope meanly, cowardly, even *vengefully*, left no stone unturned to cast the responsibility and odium of his failure on innocent men! Pope's prosecution, and *persecution*, of Fitz-John Porter, on what he *knew* to be *false assumptions, false charges and garbled facts*, forms an episode in the late military operations in Virginia without precedent; and shows a lamentable lack of manly courage and consistency in General Pope as a commander and as a man. I knew both men as cadets, lieutenants, and field officers. I was a quiet looker-on at what passed, free from prejudice, partiality or favor, and my opinion has never changed from the conviction that John Pope was cruelly, and wickedly, wrong in his malignant persecution of Porter. Porter was vastly superior to Pope as an officer, soldier and commander. I wondered at the time that disputation was going on why Porter did not rally his friends and crush Pope for his falsehoods and garbled reports! At a later day, however, I learned the main reason was

that Pope wat first in the field, to secure *political backing*, and that, in fact, Porter was condemned before he was tried, and before any of the true facts of his case had been presented. Even long after these facts were collated, very few of Porter's friends could be rallied to face a political prejudice! Grant showed his time serving duplicity by refusing *for years* even to investigate the matter at Porter's urgent solicitation. Such treatment by Grant of a brother officer, when he was down under the feet of a lot of howling politicians, was about the true measure of U. S. Grant's personal friendship, and measured the degree of his magnanimity and his dull appreciation of fair dealing and justice to others.

General Pope was deficient in nearly every element requisite to a competent or skillful general, and also was lacking in some of the virtues that go to make the gentleman. I write this in all kindness and charity, but must speak the truth.

Next in order is Ambrose E. Burnside, who shone as a *transitory faint light* on the Virginia battle lines. I have had occasion in another place to pay my respects to Burnside. Meanwhile, it goes without saying (as the French express it) that Burnside did not amount to even mediocrity as a general. So I need not waste paper and time with him, the more especially as I have expressed myself in plain English elsewhere.

General Joseph Hooker ("Old Joe," as he was called) also failed on that line; and, from want of capacity too, because there was no political pull against Hooker. No doubt, Joe's *whisky* was bad, and too much of it was all the worse "for Joe." Still "old Joe" was a good man, and a kind friend.

General Sherman I never served with, but knew him in the old army, and also as superintendent of a street railway in St. Louis. He had resigned from the old army in 1853, but re-entered as colonel of the Thirteenth Infantry, May, 1861, from which he rose to the highest grade. He was always affable and my friend. I had not seen him, however, for nearly a year, until January, 1862. While I was establishing an army depot at Cairo, I had occasion to visit Paducah, Kentucky, and Shawneetown, Illinois, which I did by going on a steamer up the Ohio with army supplies. At Paducah, on my return, Sherman got on board to go to St. Louis, and came with me as far as Cairo. He was so changed from what he was when I had last seen him in St. Louis, that I was at a loss how to appear sociable with him. He was exceedingly reticent, and appeared to be all the while in a meditative mood. I dared not ask him if he was sick or ailing. He would walk the deck of the steamer by the hour, now and then stopping for a moment to look over the railing at the water below, then glance furtively at the heavily timbered shores. I could not draw him into social conversation, all I could do, so I let him alone. He continued on the steamer up river to St. Louis. I never saw him thereafter till I met him in the Tremont House, Chicago, in 1869. Undoubtedly Sherman was greatly perturbed in mind when on that steamboat. It was about the time he had called for one hundred thousand troops for service through Kentucky and the South, and the newspapers, as well as President Lincoln and his chief officers, were making strange of Sherman's extravagant call and wild ideas of what he conceived to be a necessary military force. I was not surprised, myself, at

Sherman's call for such a force, for I considered such a force was required, nor do I believe Mr. Lincoln was, in fact, very much surprised. I recalled to my mind my interview with Mr. Lincoln at Springfield the year before, as previously narrated. I have long since believed that my first impression at meeting Mr. Lincoln in that Springfield interview was correct, and that his then expressed belief "that a couple of regiments would be ample to settle impending troubles," and his expressed amazement at my views (suggesting several hundred regiments would be required) *was a false pretense* on his part, and was done for the purpose of drawing out my own views.

It is plain to my mind at this writing (1870) that Mr. Lincoln dissembled and cloaked his *true feelings and opinions* in that interview, and that he was, no doubt, at that time formulating a call for his seventy-five thousand men as soon after his inauguration as circumstances would permit. Mr. Lincoln was too sagacious a politician not to have then seen much more clearly into the future than I did and more than he admitted. I have always considered General Sherman the most complete all-round general that the war produced on the Federal side of the conflict. He was nervous and quick of action, yet methodical. He was a student of *strategy* and *tactics*, and not a slugger, as were Grant and Sheridan and Burnside. Sherman could meet the enemy with equal numbers on both sides and by strategic and tactical manœuvres hold his own, nor lose unduly the lives of his men; whereas, the three other generals named had no other genius but brute force, and were never capable of meeting a foe on equal terms as to numbers, but required two or three to

one, whose lives they appeared to view about in the same light as they did their mules or beef cattle. Their successes were entirely due to an inexhausitble supply of men, munitions and food. Not one single ray of true generalship did the three generals named ever cast on the horizon of a battle-field; not a strategic move did either of them ever make showing genius, nor a tactical manœuvre showing skill. When our next great war (which will be due in a few more years) shall have been fought to a finish—whether a domestic, foreign or a mixed war—the vaunted prowess of generals in our late rebellion will not be heard so much and will drop out of mind save as recalled from the musty records of departed penny-a-liners.

General George H. Thomas, General George G. Mead, General Fitz-John Porter, General William B. Franklin, General W. F. Smith and General John Sedgwick were all able men, and to them could have been safely entrusted the highest commands. McDowell, Pope and Burnside did not approach either of the six named in skill or generalship; while Grant and Sheridan both required *the earth* to achieve success!

But I will leave until later to write up my notes as to Grant and Sheridan. I may conclude, however, not to write anything more about them.

On the Confederate side, General Robert E. Lee was the ablest general the South had. No doubt, one or two others would have proved as able had they been by accident or otherwise intrusted with the chief command. The Confederate president, Davis, was the heaviest load the Confederate army had to carry; and the Confederate Congress was a collection of men which will ever mark a precedent in pretended intelli-

gent legislative bodies as the most colossal, stupendous, incomprehensible collection of idiocy, selfishness and blind malignity! Why it was such a collection of blind, half-witted, self-conceited men could sit in legislative halls for three and a half years passes understanding!

Thomas J. Jackson (know as Stonewall Jackson, from a remark made by Confederate Colonel Barnard E. Bee, at the battle of first Bull Run) was perhaps the most active, energetic and daring commander in either Confederate or Federal army. Jackson utilized his opponents' errors and mistakes with a rapidity and effectiveness seldom if ever before achieved by a commander! He did more execution with smaller force, and with less loss to his command, than any other commander on either side. Jackson was not only my classmate, but also my *roommate* at West Point. I knew him well, and have referred to him when in Mexico, in another place in these pages. In some respects Jackson was a singular character. He was extremely reticent, almost taciturn; with great power of mental abstraction and concentration; unique in singleness of purpose, and untiring in the execution of a purpose. In religion he was a Presbyterian, in which he might be classed as an enthusiast! In fact, he appeared to an unbiased observer willing to offer himself, as a practical illustration of the doctrine of "fore-ordination," taught by John Calvin, of that church, long ago. He was not a great man, nor a learned man, either in theology or nature, or nature's laws. He moved and lived in a circumscribed circle, loyally and conscientiously consigning to *perdition* all whose doxy was not his or his church's doxy, and such character could

never be great! This, of course, was the result of his early education and environments, but, all the same, he was true to his teachings and his convictions; and therefore in no wise differed from other extreme religionists who have the courage of their convictions and the willpower to practice the same. The theory and belief in predestination or fore-ordination taught by Jackson's church relieves the subject from responsibility or forethought of consequences. Jackson came nearer filling the measure of what he professed than did his enemies or many of his friends.

There were several able officers in the Confederate army, George E. Pickett (also my classmate) and the two Hills, the younger Lees, J. E. B. Stewart, General Forest, G. W. Smith, P. G. T. Beauregard; the two latter were superior to the ones they were displaced for. Had G. W. Smith been sustained by the Confederate president and cabinet in Virginia, different results would have been achieved in the early part of the conflict. Had Beauregard been chief in command at Shiloh, with A. S. Johnston second in command, Grant would have met a crushing defeat at that time. As it was, Grant's army was whipped, but lack of generalship by the Confederates (Johnston being killed, Beauregard far off and not conversant with the plan of battle) allowed the Federals to recover and turn their defeat into a partial victory and rapid recuperation. However, political wire-pulling, prejudice, demagogism and favoritism, both North and South, brought incompetency to the front, and kept able men in the background. This is inevitable in our system of government, which pretends to believe the huge falsehood that *all* men are born equal, while facts and common sense know to the contrary.

I have thus far mentioned only graduates of the United States Military Academy, of whom I felt I knew enough about to warrant me in writing with freedom. But, it is due to our people at large to say that there came men from civil life into both armies who developed the highest elements of skillful commanders. I can not spare space to individualize, but it was plain to the looker-on that very many Federal and Confederate generals from civil pursuits excelled in many ways a large number of so-called educated military officers. In many ways this was natural. A strictly West Point course makes good drillmasters and painstaking disciplinarians, but not, in most cases, great generals. The hum-drum routine of too much detail rather obstructs growth to the higher field of action, which must not be encumbered with too many minor details of the company and the regiment. Not having these handicaps, some civilian generals developed superior talents as commanders.

Having touched on some of the principal commanders, as I knew them, and judged of their several capacities by their conduct at the time, I will dismiss the subject, only protesting that I have recorded my *individual opinion* in no spirit of disparging criticism, but simply as a looker-on during the bloody drama, which neither I nor mine had any part in fomenting, yet sufferred untold injury in its prosecution. Truly unequal are the burdens laid on human shoulders for man's ambition. So has it always been, and ever will be, till "only those who make the war shall be the men to fight." This, however, contemplates the dawning of that millennial star which may never shine. As the maloderous barn-yard pile brings foith gorgeous

flowers of sweetest fragrance to deck the lady's brow, so the hired soldier must fill the ranks, then lug the musket to the unmarked grave, unsung, unwept, where his mouldering remains bring fame and fortune to embellish a crown unearned for another's head to wear. And while this is going on, the unfortunate wife and husband, children and friends, must needs be suffering the pains of war without even the barbarous satisfaction of striking back. Such portions of the community are the prey of both contending factions, suffering robbery, insult and persecution because of their involuntary *existence on earth.*

I beg pardon if I have offended any one I have named in the foregoing expression of my personal opinion, nor do I underrate scores of others I have not space to name. Most of those mentioned are living at this date on which I am transcribing my rusty notes, and they are welcome to have the last say; while of those who have paid their last debt, I have tried to observe the good old Latin injunction, which says: "Of the dead let nothing be said but what is true."

On my arrival at St. Louis, February, 1866, to close up some matters, I wrote to the War Department to take up and settle my public accounts as soon as possible, as I then desired to go to Europe as soon as I could; but I received in answer, that as I had been one of the regular officers of the old army, and as my accounts to be finally settled comprised all my accounts since 1846, just twenty years, it was not expedient to take them up till after the settlement of the great army of volunteer officers accounts were adjusted—and it was not till March, 1868, that I got the treasury officials to take up my accounts.

They finally did so, and I sent for one or two of my former clerks—and with them applied myself for two months to going over, correcting, explaining and completing all my old accounts of the Mexican War; then of the frontier service, from 1848 to 1861; and lastly of the accounts during the years 1861–2–3 and 1865. This work I did at my residence, 584 Wabash avenue, Chicago, and then sent a clerk to Washington, where he rented a room to live in by the month, and so applied himself in the auditor's office and other offices there to aid and assist and expedite a final settlement. It was not till August, 1870, that I got all closed up—and had to expend for clerk hire, traveling expenses and other items, $1,296.96—for clerks alone, not including my own personal travel to and from Washington City, hotel bills, etc., etc.

But finally every account was settled. At the close of it a very amusing, but a delightful and pleasing, error was discovered in my Utah accounts of 1860. During my sale of mules and wagons in Utah, the summer of 1860, as previously narrated, large disbursements and large receipts of money occurred; and I paid off several hundred men on pay-rolls and discharged them; one roll comprising over sixty pages of fool's-cap size with over two hundred names and as many separate payments on it, the total amount being footed up at the bottom of the last page, and that carried to the account current, and entered as a credit to me. That pay-roll footed up properly $62,075.00 and was so written at the bottom, but when folded and the footings carried over and endorsed on the back, it was written $60,500.00, and this was the amount carried to the account current as the credit to

me. After all my accounts for that quarter were complete in my office at Utah, I counted the balance of money on hand and found it to be $1,575.00 *short*. I told my chief clerk about it, and we both counted the money. He was much perplexed about it (for he had handled all the money, having paid the men from day to day as they came in for payment and discharge) and he went all over the cash papers, but failed to find any error. Still a third time he went over the accounts, but no error discovered, and he became so nervous about it that he even asked for his discharge, which I declined to grant. But as the time required to forward my accounts was already past, I had to send them on to the Treasury Department as they were (showing $1,575 more money on hand than I really had), and I had to draw against my private funds to make up that amount. So it stood from 1859 to 1870, eleven long years, neither of us being able to explain it, and we settled down to the naked fact of so much loss, but unable to explain how it occurred. The matter had passed out of my mind in the activities of the eleven years, when the final overhauling of all the accounts in the Treasury Department occurred; this brought to light the transposition or erroneous carrying forward of the footing on the pay-roll. The comptroller even then required full explanation and corroborative proofs of how it had occurred, and that I had made good the apparent deficit, before he would issue me a warrant of reimbursement. This I furnished and got back my money. I relate this to show that such a thing as an undiscovered error may place a disbursing officer sometimes in a questionable relation, without the least thought or act on his or his employe's part

of a criminal nature. Many innocent volunteer disbursing officers in the late war suffered in this way.

Having closed all my accounts with the government, I called on the paymaster to draw my pay as a retired officer, and was informed that I was out of the service; that my tender of resignation, at Denver, in September, 1865, worked my entire separation from the army, instead of merely from "active service," as I had intended it to do. So that cut me off from all retired pay, and I said no more about it for some years. All the time I felt that I had been unfortunate in the language I used in wording my resignation, failing to use the language I ought to have used, but nevertheless I considered the action of the Department illiberal and unjust to me. Still I let it pass, as I was independent as to means for living at that time. Finally, after the great fire in Chicago, October, 1871, I lost so much, in a business way, that I felt the want of my retired pay which, in justice and equity as well as by law, I was entitled to. I had seen officers who had resigned, and some who had been dismissed for crimes of peculation and drunkenness, re-instated to the army, and then in a few weeks or days placed on the retired list for life by the president. This, of course, was a species of criminal favoritism which ought to be made impossible for any president or political administration to practice but it is a practice which will never cease, until human natures are changed. I applied to be re-instated, but President Hayes, holding my hand in his, with his other hand on my shoulder (in that patronizing, demagogical manner of professional politicians) declared he had no authority whatever to re-instate me, but, "if I would get a bill passed by Congress, to that effect, he would

most willingly sign it, etc., etc., *ad nauseam!* To all this I listened with due attention, and, in a few months I was edified by Mr. Hayes re-instating a *dismissed drunkard*, and immediataly putting him on the retired list for life! Likewise another officer who had been dismissed for stealing public money President Hayes restored to the army one day and the next day or week placed him on the retired list for life! And this is the kind of fair dealing and equity, integrity, honesty and patriotism with which the head and chief of the American Government thinks he can hoodwink the average voter, who is without friends or influence. But not much was I deceived. I was, just then, one of those who expected nothing, and was not disappointed. However, as many people swear we have the best government on earth, I need not swear, myself, at all—one way or the other—but I have my opinions all the same. These re-instated fellows were of the sovereign volunteer breed, having strong pulls and controlled votes to a much greater extent than an old regular, whose life had been passed in the military service while it was comparatively free from politics, and by no means popular with the *unwashed masses*. Mr. Hayes, of course, told a "whopper" to me then.

However, as all political government is mainly for the benefit of those who govern and run the machine, the neglected have no recourse but to submit. But as the poor devils who are forced to kneel at the confessional make haste to damn the confessor when they leave the chancel, so the outsider in a partisan government most heartily execrates the greater part of the political corporation he is compelled to accept and live under. The great pity is the injured don't live long

enough to get even. Surely nine out of ten will willingly accept old Dr. Johnson's expressive, but truthful, definition of the characters of those political mountebanks who float to the surface and wield power and control, where only honest men ought to be. A short time after the Hayes interview, I filed my petition with Congress for re-instatement to my place on the retired list, which I held when I yielded to the request of the assistant quartermaster-general to take special service at Denver, Colorado. This petition was, of course, referred to the committee on military affairs in the house, and a Mr. Sparks, of Illinois, was chairman of that committee. Bragg, of Wisconsin, and Tom Brown, of Indiana, were members of the same. These three men virtually ran that committee and killed my petition, as I might have expected. The chairman, Sparks, was a cold, calculating demagogue, of Illinois, rich in this world's goods (by receipts from political revenues). Tom Brown, of Indiana, was a blind, unreasoning republican, also rich, and incapable of seeing any merit in a petition from a Tennessee democrat. Bragg, of Wisconsin, was a little man in every sense. His principal business was to take his liquor straight, amuse the crowd, and pass as an oracle on Wisconsin democracy, which at that time was infinitesimally small, but of which he claimed with reason to be a leading member. So it was and ever will be under a like regime. My case received the coldest kind of treatment from the two, so-called, democratic and one republican political demagogues. I then filed my petition in the Senate and called on John A. Logan, of Illinois, at the Palmer House, Chicago. I gave him a copy of my printed petition, and explained the case. He was just then from

a political tour in the southern part of the State, was tired and when I called on him was lying on a lounge in his room, in the Palmer Hotel. I sat down by him, and read my petition, explaining as I proceeded. He listened with one arm back under his ponderous head,—the other crossed over his colossal chest—and no doubt he had his mind a thousand miles away roaming over the political fields yet to be conquered by his patriotic efforts. However, he *perfunctorily* took the paper, by pointing his kingly hand toward the table for me to lay it. Just then some of his political heelers, in Chicago, came in (a thing, no doubt, his mind was on while I was reading my paper). Among them I noticed a Mr. Tuthill. I left the room, however, feeling that I was in the way of a love-feast. Well, my petition was with Logan about three years, and all the time he was chairman of the Senate military committee, but he never did anything, never even brought it before his committee. I doubt whether he ever read it, or even filed it with his committee. I even doubt whether he ever took it from the table in the Palmer House. About a year after this interview with Logan at the Palmer House, Mrs. Logan, his wife, arrived there and I hastened to call on her. She was a Tennesseean and so was I. I heard that she was the "gray mare" of the team, and I laid my case before her queenly majesty with that suavity of a true Frenchman, and supplied her with a copy of my petition, all in nice clear print, the same as I had to given Logan. Of course, she was profuse in promises to keep the "general's mind" on my case, etc., etc., and she took the copy as evidence of her expressed intention. (*That copy was found in the hotel room she had occupied, after she*

had gone.) But I still had hope, for I had not employed reliable agents. Logan was an idle, dissolute lieutenant in the Mexican war, from Leavenworth to Chihuahua, in 1846. He saw no fighting or hard service and but little marching (as he rode daily in a commissary wagon) and drank commissary whisky by day, and at night around the camp fire he won the other fellows' spare cash at draw poker and old sledge. All his life till March, 1861, he had been a brawling democrat. But scenting safety and a greater revenue as well as a wider field for promotion, he turned his coat the "other side out," and out-Heroded Herod as a republican. Stephen A. Douglas' untimely death, early in 1861, left his large democratic following in the northwest (especially in Illinois) without a leader; but before his death Douglas gave strong utterance to the sentiment that "the Union must be preserved!" *et cetera!* This was John A. Logan's favorable moment to don Douglas' cloak of union, which no politician knew better than Logan how to flaunt before the public, and with the luck of the Irishman he succeeded. He was made a brigadier-general, March, 1862, and took the field with energy and perseverance, in pursuit of fame and revenue, I have mentioned "dirty work Logan" in previous pages. His strongest cards to play were the political passions and prejudices engendered by the war. He was devoid of any real or true patriotic sentiment, personally. Utterly selfish, grasping and ambitious, and withal shrewd and energetic, he lost no opportunity to further his purposes of self-aggrandizement. His ten days' speech in the Senate (long after the war) in a vile, cunning and malignant tirade against removing the unjust sentence passed against General

Fitz-John Porter, under false presentations, measures Logan's malignity of heart and his unbounded prejudice, as also his lack of a spirit for common justice. The grim monster, however, cut short Logan's vaulting ambition and few were the really sincere mourners. I have written nothing in anger, but merely what I believe true. But, political partisanship made senators and congressmen tumble over each other to vote a large pension (reaching thousands a year, besides thousands more as extras) to the widow and this in the very face of dozens, yes hundreds, of poor widows of faithful military officers, who were asking in vain for pensions of only a few hundred dollars which was most justly due them by the services of their husbands; while false claimants were filled to repletion with spoils of dishonest legislation. Logan was nearly all his life a pensioner on the government at many thousands a year, whereas the widow's deceased soldier served for only a few dollars a month. "What fools we mortals be!" to dream that honesty or equity ever has or ever will obtain in government. The few who happen to be born with these virtues either die early, or live only to record the fallacy of the theory, and to emphasize the bitter fact that the many are divinely created to slave for the few.

Viva la humbug and political hypocrisy!

Failing with my petition in the Senate, I tried that double-headed, back-action machine called the "Court of Claims." In it also, I failed! After three years of trying how not to do it, it fully succeeded. It was meant to do this in its organization. It threw out my case because there was no political profit in it, it being only a plain simple claim for justice by an humble

individual, with no pull in politics. So I dropped the case, and have hustled for my bread and meat, while corrupt and hypocritical administrations have showered riches on every rascal whose trumped up claims their political friends could turn to advantage! Such, however, is the character of the boasted American republic, and will continue to be until it becomes so rotten and offensive as to arouse not southern but north and southwestern rebellion to the point of crushing political office-holders and thieves who have first deceived and then robbed the nation! This last failure saved me much worry and some expense. Being now quite past my three score and ten, in fairly good health (thanks to a robust ancestry) and despite the poisoned and diseased system engendered by Florida and Mexican War, and ten years of frontier hardships between the Missouri river and the Pacific coast, I can endure with peaceful mind the wrongs which corruptly administered governments have inflicted on deserving citizens—even when aggravated by seeing many thousands of unworthy characters placed on the pension rolls of the nation.

THE END.

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